This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

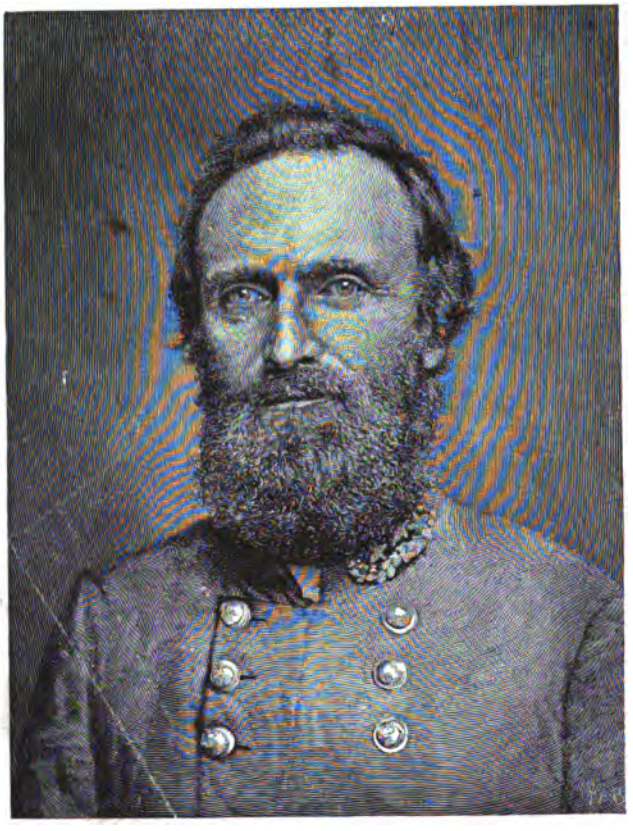
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



L. H. Davidson

MEMOIRS OF

STONEWALL JACKSON

BY HIS WIDOW

MARY ANNA JACKSON

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

LIEUT.-GEN. JOHN B. GORDON

AND REV. HENRY M. FIELD

AND SKETCHES BY

GENERALS FITZHUGH LEE, S. G. FRENCH, LAFAYETTE MCLAWS, M. C. BUTLER, BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, JAMES H. LANE, WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO, SAMUEL G. MCGOWAN, HENRY HETH, BASIL W. DUKE, EX-GOV. F. W. M. HOLLIDAY, REVS. J. W. JONES AND J. R. GRAHAM, COL. AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN, CAPT. JOSEPH S. MORRISON

AND

VISCOUNT (GENERAL) WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND COL. G. F. R. HENDERSON, PROFESSOR IN THE BRITISH STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLY, SURREY, ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE PRENTICE PRESS.
COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING COMPANY,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
43763
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

COPYRIGHT, 1895,
BY
COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING CO.

TO

THE GRANDCHILDREN OF GENERAL JACKSON

JULIA AND JACKSON CHRISTIAN

This Book is Dedicated

IN THE PRAYERFUL HOPE THAT AS THEY GROW IN YEARS THEY MAY
DRAW INSPIRATION FROM HIS EXAMPLE, AND CONFORM THEIR LIVES
TO THE SAME EXALTED STANDARD OF CHRISTIAN DUTY, WHICH
MARKED THE CHARACTER OF THEIR GRANDSIRE, AND WHICH
WAS ALSO REFLECTED IN THE LIFE OF THEIR YOUNG
MOTHER, WHO WITH GENTLE FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWED
HER FATHER AS HE FOLLOWED JESUS

PREFACE.

For many years after the death of my husband the shadow over my life was so deep, and all that concerned him was so sacred, that I could not consent to lift the veil to the public gaze. But time softens, if it does not heal, the bitterest sorrow; and the pleadings of his only child, after reaching womanhood, finally prevailed upon me to write out for her and her children my memories of the father she had never known on earth. She was my inspiration, encouraging me, and delighting in every page that was written; but the work was not more than half completed when God took her to be with him whose memory she cherished with a reverence and devotion which became more intense with the development of her own pure and noble character. After her departure, which was truly "sorrow's crown of sorrows," I had no heart to continue the work; but, remembering how earnestly she wished me to write it for her and her children, I renewed the effort to finish it, for the sake of the precious little ones she left. In forcing my mind and pen to do their task, I found some "surcease of sorrow" in carrying out her wishes; and, as I went on, the

grand lessons of submission and fortitude of my husband's life gave me strength and courage to persevere to the end.

If it be thought that I have been too free in my revelations of what was so purely personal, in that it pertained to his home circle, it must be remembered that this was written expressly for his grandchildren, who in no other way could ever know that tender and exquisite phase of his inner life, which was never revealed to the world.

MARY ANNA JACKSON.

NOTE.

On pages 56 to 88 there appear frequent and extended extracts from an interesting article by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, entitled "Personal Characteristics of Stonewall Jackson," which was published in the *Century Magazine* for October, 1886. The appropriate credit for the use of these extracts was inadvertently omitted from the first edition of this work, and the Publishers are glad of the opportunity to make this acknowledgment to the author of the article referred to.

A similar acknowledgment is due to the late Colonel William Allan, of General Jackson's staff, for the use of materials furnished in his admirable "History of the Valley Campaign."

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Old English and Scotch-Irish Stock	1
II.	"The Boy is Father of the Man"	14
III.	Four Years at West Point—1842-1846	30
IV.	The War With Mexico—1846-1848	40
V.	Ten Years in the Virginia Military Institute —1851-1861	51
VI.	The Professor—Trip to Europe—1851-1856	81
VII.	Second Marriage—Home Life—1857-1858	89
VIII.	Home Life Continued—1858-1859	112
IX.	War Clouds—1860-1861	133
X.	Harper's Ferry—1861	148
XI.	The First Battle of Manassas	174
XII.	Winchester and Romney Expedition—1861-1862	206
XIII.	Kernstown, McDowell, and Winchester—1862	236
XIV.	Cross Keys and Port Republic—1862	266
XV.	The Richmond Campaign—1862	289
XVI.	Cedar Run and the Second Battle of Manassas	306
XVII.	Maryland Campaign and Sharpsburg—1862	329
XVIII.	Home Joys—Birth of a Daughter	353
XIX.	The Battle of Fredericksburg	364
XX.	Winter Quarters, Chaplain, and Correspondence—1862-3	381
XXI.	The Last Happy Days—Chancellorsville	407
XXII.	In the Valley of the Shadow—at Rest	433

SKETCHES.

PAGE

1. A Chaplain's Recollections of Stonewall Jackson —Chaplain J. Wm. Jones 466
2. Reminiscence of General T. J. "Stonewall" Jackson—Rev. James R. Graham, D. D. 485
3. Some Personal Reminiscences of Lt.-Gen. Thos. J. "Stonewall" Jackson—Maj.-Gen. Wm. B. Taliaferro 508
4. Personal Recollections of "Stonewall" Jackson —Brig.-Gen. Bradley T. Johnson 527
5. General Jackson—Brig.-Gen. James H. Lane. . . . 534
6. Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.—A Tribute to General Jackson—Lt.-Col. Augustus Choate Hamlin 542
7. Tribute to General Jackson—Brig.-Gen. Basil Duke 562
8. Jackson the Hero—Maj.-Gen. S. G. French 566
9. Personal Recollections of General Jackson— Maj.-Gen. Lafayette McLaws 569
10. General Stonewall Jackson — Maj.-Gen. Henry Heth 576
11. First Sight of Jackson—Brig.-Gen. Samuel G. McGowan 577
12. "Stonewall" Jackson's Place in History—Col. G. F. R. Henderson 579
13. General Jackson—Viscount (General) Wolseley. 601
14. Incidents in the Life of Stonewall Jackson— Maj.-Gen. M. C. Butler 605
15. General Jackson, One of the World's Greatest Soldiers—Maj.-Gen. Fitzhugh Lee 607
16. Harper's Ferry—Capt. Joseph G. Morrison 613
17. "Stonewall" Jackson—Col. F. W. M. Holliday . . 621
18. Appendix 627

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
General Thomas J. Jackson, *Frontispiece.*	
Father of Stonewall Jackson	13
Birthplace of General Jackson, Clarksburg, W.Va.	15
Stonewall Jackson at the Age of 24	48
The Virginia Military Institute	54
Presbyterian Church and Lecture Room at Lexington, Va.	58
"Cottage Home"—The Morrison Homestead	88
The Jackson Dwelling, Lexington, Va.	107
Mary Anna Jackson, Wife of General Jackson	148
"Old Sorrel"	172
General Jackson, at the Battle of First Manassas (Bull Run)	202
Jackson's Attack on the Right Wing of the Federal Army at Chancellorsville	307
Julia, Daughter of General Jackson, at 12 Years	360
Julia, Daughter of General Jackson, at 16 Years	360
Julia, Daughter of General Jackson, as a Bride	360
Monument Where Jackson Fell at Chancellorsville, Va.	432
Jackson's Tomb, Lexington, Va.	465
Prayer in Stonewall Jackson's Camp	480
Some Relics of General Jackson in Mrs. Jackson's Home	492
Jackson Commanding Second Corps at Fredericksburg	526
Portrait of General Jackson, Best Extant	541

PAGE

Map of Battle of Chancellorsville 549

General Jackson's Sword 561

Stonewall Brigade Planting Their Cannon 590

A Charge and Capture of Federal Breastworks at Chancellorsville 600

Statue of General Jackson at Lexington, Va. 612

Statue of General Jackson at Richmond, Va. 620

General Jackson, from a Medallion Worn by Mrs. Jackson 626

Foley's English Statue of Jackson, Front View . . . 630

Foley's English Statue of Jackson, Back View 632

Julia Jackson Christian, at 4 Years 640

T. Jackson Christian, at 8 Years 641

INTRODUCTION.

By Lieutenant-General John B. Gordon.

The volume to which this is intended as a brief introduction has already won its way to distinction. It is now to be issued as a second and improved edition. The value of this book, which insures a more complete understanding of "Stonewall" Jackson's life and character, can scarcely be overestimated. Mrs. Jackson gives to the world, in a simple and thrilling story, a less conspicuous but scarcely less important phase of the life and character of the great warrior. She gives his domestic life, which is the better side of him, if indeed any one phase can be considered better than another in a life like that of General Jackson, which in every sphere was wholly consecrated to duty. From no other source could have been obtained such information and data concerning one of the most remarkable men who has ever figured in the history of this country. His career as a soldier was brilliant and dazzling. It had neither the dimness of a dawn, nor the fading of a twilight; but was full-orbed from first to last. Yet the philosophic historian will no longer consider the splendor of his success in war, without at the same time contemplating the simplicity and purity which, like a halo of light, encircled his domestic and religious life.

To the casual observer General Jackson might

appear as a man of strange contradictions; but such a conception of him would be entirely erroneous. There was in all of his mental and moral characteristics the most perfect harmony. The writer of this introduction has frequently had occasion to correct an impression, more or less prevailing, that General Jackson, when upon his famous marches or in battle, became so intent upon victory as to lose sight, in some measure, of the sufferings and lives of his men. Nothing could be further from the truth. That he did, on his forced marches, tax to the utmost the strength and physical endurance of his men is undoubtedly true; but his object was to achieve results by surprises if possible, rather than through hotly contested and bloody battles where the enemy was fully prepared; and he succeeded because he struck when and where he was least expected. It is also true that in delivering battle his methods might be regarded as almost reckless by those who failed to understand him, but what seemed reckless audacity was the essence of prudence. His eye had caught at a glance the entire situation, and his genius, with marvellous celerity and accuracy, had weighed and measured all the chances of success or failure. While, therefore, others less gifted or officially more timid were hesitating or slowly feeling their way, by employing in detail insufficient forces, Jackson, without for one moment doubting his success, hurled his whole army like a thunderbolt against the opposing lines and thus ended the battle at a single blow. The victory was won at the least possible cost of blood and life to his army.

General Jackson's conversation and bearing were dignified, natural and unassuming. Few men ever lived who won so great reputation in so short a period and yet remained so free from the usual weakness of personal vanity. He was essentially a modest man, and yet his faith in his own intuitions never faltered. When his judgment was once made up, his reliance upon it was absolute. He listened respectfully and patiently to suggestions from those under his command, and then courteously but firmly rejected them when they conflicted with his own unerring judgment.

In issuing orders or giving verbal instructions his words were few and simple; but they were so clear, so comprehensive and direct that no officer could possibly misunderstand and none dared disobey.

He had at times the aspect of an austere man; but it was only the semblance and not the substance of severity. Mrs. Jackson, in the beautiful picture which she draws of his most pronounced characteristics, demonstrates—as those who] knew him best always realized—that his nature was gentle, emotional and affectionate and that his sensibilities were both delicate and refined. His official and dignified reserve, which, like an impenetrable armor, protected him from unseemly familiarity and inquisitive meddling with his plans, was never interpreted as coldness by those who followed him; for they knew that beneath that official exterior there was another Jackson whose great heart was beating with ceaseless and fraternal solicitude for their welfare and safety; that under that brow always placid, even in the fury of battles, there was a mighty

brain throbbing with electric energy and working for their success with the power and precision of the most perfect machinery. Hence he attached his men to him by the strongest of ties, and aroused among them wherever he appeared an enthusiasm that was boundless.

It is fitting perhaps that General Jackson's unostentatious, sincere and deeply rooted religious faith should be treated as his noblest and crowning characteristic. His trust in God and reliance upon an overruling Providence permeated his thought and guided his actions at all times and in all stations. Whether he was dispensing light and joy in the family circle, kindling the noblest aspirations among his pupils in the school-room, planning in his tent his masterful strategy and praying for heavenly guidance, or riding like the incarnate spirit of war through the storm of battle, his sublime faith never faltered.

In looking back over the career of this American phenomenon, it is difficult for the writer to find his counterpart in history. Perhaps in quickness of decision at the moment of extremity, in rapidity of movement, in the originality and peculiar qualities of his genius, General Jackson more resembled Napoleon Bonaparte than any of the great warriors of the past. It would be the rankest sacrilege to compare, as a man, the character of Napoleon to that of the matchless Jackson. In this regard they were as wide apart as the poles. It requires, however, neither the partiality of friendship for Jackson, nor any coloring of his record, to justify a comparison between the two as great military chieftains. The

writer submits in conclusion that when an unbiased and intelligent analysis is made of the character of "Stonewall" Jackson, of his opportunities and resources, and of the results achieved by him, he will undoubtedly be accorded in history a commanding position among the great generals of the world.

INTRODUCTION TO FIRST EDITION.

THE time has come when we can do justice to those who were once in arms against us. Our heroes, on the one side and on the other, are nearly all gone to the grave. As they drew near the end, those who had been separated in unnatural strife felt the old love come back again, and yearned for mutual recognition. General Grant, on his death-bed, opened his heart to General Buckner, speaking with the utmost tenderness of the South, which had suffered so much. It was his dying wish that all her wounds might be healed; and that henceforth the North and the South should stand together, equal partners in one glorious Union. It is only a few months since General Sherman was borne through our streets, and among those who followed at his bier was his great adversary, General Johnston, who, by a singular coincidence, survived him but a few weeks. Thus the warriors who once "to battle rode" at the head of hostile armies, now fall into line in the great procession to that realm of silence in which all enmities are buried.

In this bearing of our great soldiers towards each

other, they who were "first in war" were also "first in peace;" and it were well if they should remain "first in the hearts of their countrymen," as the leaders whom we are to follow in the work of reunion. "Why, then, do we recall the memories of a war that is ended, and that had better be forgotten? Let the dead past bury its dead." But out of that dead past comes the living present. A great war cannot be forgotten. If it were only as a terrific explosion of human passion, a tragedy of which all the world are spectators—it would have a terrible fascination. Civil war has a still more tragic interest, as it is a war between brothers, and, though family quarrels are proverbially bitter, yet all the while, deep down in our hearts, there is a lingering tenderness that other times and other scenes may awaken again.

To rekindle this feeling, if it be not the design of the present volume, cannot fail to be one result of it. It is a poor reconciliation which is obtained only by agreeing never to speak of the past. It is the very thing of which we should speak, kindly indeed, but without reserve. Men who are honest and brave have nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to conceal; and the better they know each other, the more will they be drawn together by the mutual attraction of noble characters. Besides, the four years of our Civil War were in some respects the grandest since the nation was born. Awful, terrible, it is true, but magnificent and sublime. Then for the first time the American people learned what stuff they were made

of. For the development of character those four years were better than a hundred years of unbroken prosperity. Better than all the summer sunshine on ripening harvests were the thunders and lightnings that woke a nation to life, and gave it the full consciousness of its power. Never did our countrymen rise to such heights of courage and devotion. Never did they perform such deeds, or make such sacrifices. We must be sunk low indeed if we are capable of forgetting the most splendid period of American history.

Nor would we have our annals limited to those who fought on the side that was victorious. A nation's life is counted not by years, but by generations. A generation that was distinguished by its wars is followed by one that is devoted to the arts of peace; and sons may be proud of the deeds of their fathers, and yet not think it a part of loyalty to keep alive their hatreds. Indeed, there comes a time when the great figures that pass before us on the canvas of history are so blended that we hardly distinguish friends from foes, but recognize them all as actors in a time that is forever past. And so we can read the story of Lee and of Jackson with no wish to depreciate their greatness, but claiming it as belonging to us, since, if they were Southerners, they were also Americans, and their illustrious names are a part of our common inheritance of glory. Therefore it is that we welcome a tale of war which may be said to be told in the in-

terest of peace, as it describes a career that illustrates some of the noblest qualities of human character. Believing that a generous recognition of what was true and brave on both sides is the surest pledge of complete reconciliation, I count it a privilege to have a part, however slight, in this tribute to a Christian soldier, who, if he were "not with us but against us," showed such high qualities, such power of command, such fortitude, and such true moral greatness, as to be worthy of the honor of us all.

Stonewall Jackson was the most picturesque figure in the war. Not so high in command as General Lee on the one side, or General Grant on the other, neither had a personality so unique. In Jackson there were two men in one: he united qualities that are not only alien to each other, but that seem almost incompatible — military genius of the highest order with a religious fervor that bordered on fanaticism; a union of the soldier and the saint for which we must go back to the time of Cromwell. A thunderbolt in war, he was in society so modest and unassuming as to appear even shy and timid. A character in which such contradictions are combined is one of the most fascinating studies to be found in American history.

One view of this extraordinary man has already been given to the world. In the great operations of war he was a character apart; a man of mystery; silent and uncommunicative; wrapping himself in his reserve as in a military cloak; asking no advice; forming his own plans, which those nearest to him could

not penetrate and hardly dared to conjecture, and which were disclosed even to his military family only when he gave his orders for the march and the battle. Such is Stonewall Jackson as his martial figure passes before us on the canvas of history.

But such is *not* the figure which it is the purpose of this volume to portray. The author has no thought of adding one more to the histories of the military career of General Jackson. That has been written by his old companions in arms, and by military critics at home and abroad who have made a study of his campaigns, following on the map those rapid marches in which he was not surpassed by Napoleon in his first campaigns in Italy; and finding in his peculiar strategy enough to give him a place among the great captains of the age.

But with Jackson, as with others who have acted a great part in public affairs, there was another side to the man—an inner life, known but to few, and fully known only to her who was united to him in the closest of all human relations. Of the war itself she has but little to tell us; for he did not confide his plans even to her. It was not that he distrusted her womanly discretion; but, in the midst of thousands of watchful eyes, had he disclosed to her the dangers into which he was going, her cheek might have blanched with fear, or a shade of anxiety passed over her countenance that would have set all to wondering what it meant. Only when he signified that she should retire to a place of safety had she a forebod-

ing of what was to come; though she knew not in what direction he was to move, nor how, nor when, nor where he was to strike. But, with a woman's loyalty to her husband and her faith in God, she was content not to know, and prayed only for the gift of patience as she waited for the event.

But when the battle was over, then the tidings came! Now we expect to know everything from the chief actor. But again we are disappointed, for in his letters, even when written from a field of battle, there is no attempt to describe it, and hardly an allusion to it, except in a general way, in the expression that often recurs in his letters, that "by the blessing of Almighty God their arms have been crowned with victory."

But this extreme reticence, which at first is a disappointment, when looked at a little more closely is a revelation of the man, as it shows the supreme self-command, which could turn at once from the terrible excitement of war and direct his thoughts into a channel so remote that it carried him quite away in an opposite direction. While the battle raged he sat on his horse unmoved in the very front of danger; but when the crisis was past, and he could be spared from the field, even though the thunders were still rolling in the distance, he rode back with the tension of his mind relaxed, and entering his tent, "shut to the door," and calmed his spirit in the presence of God.

Next to the acknowledgment of his Maker was the thought of home, and of the young mother with his child in her arms! The man of war was at the same

time the most domestic of men. All his heart was centred in one spot. Many who read these pages will be surprised at the revelation of his passionate love of home, to which he was eager to return, though he was never to cross its threshold again. While the world saw only the soldier with a coat of mail over his breast, those who knew him best saw under it a great human heart. Above all, to her who looked up in his face with perfect trust and confidence, that face was open as the day. To her this man of iron was the gentlest and tenderest of human beings; whose first thought was always for her; whose strong arm guarded her from harm; who would not "that even the winds of summer should visit her too roughly."

Such devotion cannot be forgotten even after the lapse of a quarter of a century. Still the yearning heart turns fondly to the past. Still the faithful bosom carries within it a great memory and a great affection. As she looks back through the mist of years, she sees not the military hero, the idol of the army, riding down the line of battle, but the husband of her youth, still the same. In her quiet hours, as she sits by her desolate fireside, the old days come again, and they are once more in the home that was always made bright by the sunshine of his presence. They sit round the old hearthstone, and kneel together in prayer, and walk to the house of God in company.

Filled with such memories, it is but the impulse of loyalty to the dead that she should wish that others

should know him whose name she bears as she knew him; that the world should appreciate not only the soldier, but the man; that they should know all the gentleness and the tenderness that were in that lion heart. This is revealed nowhere so fully as in his letters to her during the war, which those who have been permitted to see them privately have earnestly requested to have given to the public. If to any they seem too personal, I answer, that they are not to be judged coldly and critically, but with the sympathetic feeling of those who are themselves capable of such tenderness; and I have met the womanly shyness and timidity that shrank from this "unveiling," by saying, "Yes, you can leave it all out, and in every case you can replace the word of endearment by a blank; but every time you do this you leave out a touch of Stonewall Jackson, for this fond devotion, this exquisite tenderness, was a part of the man as truly as his military genius. Sacred, indeed, are these words of the dead, but nothing is too sacred to be devoted to such a memory." Knowing, as she only can know, all his worth—that he was not only strong and brave, but tender and true, with a heart as soft as her own, and that the nearer men came to him the more they loved him—she is right to let him speak for himself in these gentle words that are whispered from the dust. And sure we are that those who have read all the great histories of the war will turn with fresh interest to this simple story, written out of a woman's heart.

HENRY M. FIELD.

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD ENGLISH AND SCOTCH-IRISH STOCK.

In the year 1748 a ship sailed from the coast of England, bearing a number of passengers who were seeking new homes in the British colonies of America. In this vessel were a young man and a young woman, both from the city of London, but who were probably unknown to each other when they embarked for the strange land to which they were bound.

The young man, John Jackson, was about twenty-three years of age, and was endowed with many of the qualities which insure success in life—being true and upright, active and energetic, of quiet but determined character; and he needed only the help of the noble woman whom God gave him as a wife to make his home in the forest a happy and prosperous one. He was small of stature, but of good mind and sound judgment, and left the impress upon his generation of great goodness, industry, and tranquil courage. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and when, fifty years after he left England, his eldest son, George Jackson,

was a member of Congress at the same time that Andrew Jackson was Senator from Tennessee, they found, on comparing notes, that their ancestors came from the same parish near Londonderry.

Elizabeth Cummins, the young woman who was the fellow-passenger of John Jackson, was a handsome blonde, with the stature of a man, six feet in height, and as remarkable for strength of intellect as for beauty and physical vigor. She was well educated, her father having been in sufficiently easy circumstances to own and rent out a public-house in London called "The Bold Dragoon," from which he derived a good income, and he was supposed to own landed estates in Ireland. After his death, his widow married her brother-in-law—a marriage which was so repulsive to her daughter that she could not become reconciled to it. Her step-father, who was also her uncle, one day aroused her indignation to such a pitch that with her powerful arm she hurled a silver tankard at his head, and then fled from her home. She scarcely missed her aim, it is supposed, for, young as she was—not more than fifteen or sixteen—she was not of a nature to do things by halves. However, the unfortunate man must have recovered from the broken head, or family tradition would have recorded his death. It was the custom at that time for emigrants who had not the means of paying for their passage across the Atlantic to bind themselves for a certain term of service on reaching the colonies. As the circumstances of Elizabeth's flight made it impossible for her to procure money for her journey, she proved her heroism by adopting this mode of escaping from a life which had become intolerable to her.

John Jackson was so captivated with this stately Saxon beauty, that he eagerly offered her his heart, his hand, and his purse, but she proudly refused his assistance. During the voyage she formed the friendship of a family bound for Maryland, and accepted their offer of a home and employment, and thus earned the money to pay her passage. John Jackson's devotion, however, made an impression upon her heart, and a year or two later they were married in Calvert County, Maryland, he also having settled in the possessions of Lord Baltimore upon his arrival in the New World. It is natural to suppose that Elizabeth was the magnet that kept him from wandering farther until he succeeded in winning her for his wife. The young couple, in their desire to find new and cheaper lands, moved at once to Western Virginia, and made their first home upon the south branch of the Potomac, at the place now known as Moorfields, the county seat of Hardy County. But after a short residence in this beautiful valley, the enterprising spirit of the pair led them to seek broader lands, and they crossed the Alleghany ridge, and settled upon the Buckhannon River, at a place which was long known as Jackson's Fort, but is now the little village of Buckhannon. Here, surrounded by the Indian tribes, who were still contending with the whites for the possession of the lands, the settlers were often attacked by these treacherous foes. For their protection the whites were compelled to build stockade forts, to which they fled with their families in times of danger. Tradition has preserved many instances of the intrepid spirit which Elizabeth Jackson displayed on these occasions. She never quailed at the sound of the war-whoop, and her

voice was heard, not only in soothing and cheering the women and children, but in inspiring the men to heroic resistance.

When the American Revolution broke out in 1775, John Jackson and his older sons bore their part in it as soldiers, and at its close returned to their homes and devoted themselves to the improvement of their fortunes. The patriarch, John, and his true help-meet, Elizabeth, by their sagacity and industry acquired the most valuable lands of the country, and were enabled to endow each one of their eight children with a farm. Indeed, it is said that several patents are still in existence, transmitted to Elizabeth Jackson, in her own name—lands which proved valuable property to her descendants. Their eldest son was Colonel George Jackson, who lived at Clarksburg, Harrison County, and who received his title in the Revolutionary war. He represented his State in the General Assembly of Virginia, and also in Congress. After the death of his father he removed to Zanesville, Ohio, where he spent the remainder of his life.

The second son was Edward, the grandfather of the subject of this memoir. He made his home in Lewis County, about four miles from the village of Weston, and was a vigorous and energetic man, esteemed and beloved, and for a long time was surveyor of that region of country—a business that was very lucrative in those early days, and he acquired a large estate. He first married a Miss Hadden, by whom he had three sons, George, David, and Jonathan, and three daughters, of whom one married a man named White, and the other two married brothers of the name of Brake.

A second marriage added to his family nine more

sons and daughters, among whom was Cummins, the kind half-uncle who befriended Thomas J. Jackson in his youth, and the only one, so far as we know, that had much to do with his early life.

In their declining years the old couple, John and Elizabeth Jackson, removed to the town of Clarksburg, to be near their eldest son, George, and the death of the aged sire is thus described by his grandson, John G. Jackson, in a letter to Mrs. President Madison, whose sister he had married in 1801:

"Death, on the 25th of September, put a period to the existence of my aged grandfather, John Jackson, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The long life of this good man was spent in those noble and virtuous pursuits which endear men to their acquaintance, and make their decease sincerely regretted by all the good and virtuous. He was a native of England, and migrated hither in the year 1748. He took an active part in the Revolutionary war in favor of independence, and, upon the establishment of it, returned to his farming, which he laboriously pursued until the marriage of his youngest son, when he was prevailed upon by my father to come and reside near him; there he lived several years with his wife, enjoying all his mental faculties and great corporeal strength, until a few days before his death. I saw him breathe his last in the arms of my aged grandmother, and can truly add, that to live and die as he did would be the excess of happiness. He left a valuable estate at the entire disposal of the widow, with the concurrence of all the natural heirs, as his liberality had been amply experienced by them all in his lifetime."

The stout-hearted wife of his youth survived him until 1825, living to the extreme age of *one hundred and five years!* A great-granddaughter describes her at the age of a century as being well preserved and very interesting, and greatly beloved and revered by her long line of descendants.

By her rare physical and intellectual stamina, this remarkable woman was fitted to be the mother of a strong and noble race; and those of her descendants who have met with any success in life have shown the same clear intellect, sterling integrity, and force of will. The house of Jackson has much to be thankful for in both of these pioneer progenitors, for John Jackson himself, according to tradition, was the equal of his wife in uprightness, energy, and courage. General Jackson always had a pride in his ancestry, and wished that the high character of the fathers should be perpetuated in their descendants. Before the war, when one of his relatives was a candidate for some political office, he took the liveliest interest in his election, and wrote several letters in his behalf, one to his cousin, Judge William L. Jackson (at that time Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia), urging his support, and saying: "I am most anxious to see our family enjoying that high standard and influence which it possessed in days of yore." He always said his Jackson relations were very clannish, and he himself was warm in his family attachments, taking an interest in every worthy person who had a drop of his blood in his veins.

One of the most distinguished sons of the house was John G. Jackson, of Clarksburg, the eldest son of Colonel George Jackson. He was an eminent lawyer, succeeded his father in Congress, and was appointed

the first Federal Judge of the Western District of Virginia. He married Miss Payne, sister of "pretty Dolly Madison," the much-admired wife of President James Madison.* A second wife was the only daughter of Governor Meigs, of Ohio. He died in the prime of life in the same year with his venerable grandmother, 1825, aged forty-eight years.

---

* The following letter from Mrs. President Madison to Judge Jackson, expressing herself in regard to the illness of her sister (his wife), will be of interest:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., January 12th, 1807.

"Oh, my dear brother, your letter has plunged me in the deepest distress! What can I do for that beloved sister whose image and whose sufferings, I can say with truth, have never for an hour been absent from my mind? Week after week have I looked and prepared to receive and to nurse my dear Polly, and now, alas! she is too ill [for me] to expect at all. I have consulted everybody, my dear Jackson, whose judgment I could trust, and have been flattered with the hope, from them and my own opinion, that she would get well. Oh that Heaven may spare her to you and to us, my brother!

"I send you Doctor Jones's letter, whom I have seen and conversed with a great deal.—You cannot doubt your sister's love for you, and her soul-felt sympathy.

"Hasten to tell me your hopes are revived, and that I may yet see you leading to us my precious sister and your children. How dreary, how forlorn, does this world appear without you all! I cannot express to you the desolation that seems to surround me since I received yours of the 7th.

"All here is bustle and confusion, on account of Rose's arrival, the quarrels in Congress, and the multitude of strangers; but it falls upon my senses like the gloom of death!

"I hope Mr. Madison will get time to write to you. I feel scarcely able to hold my pen. Prepare for the next post, and tell me of your sweet little Mary also.

"Ever your affectionate sister, DOLLY P. MADISON.

"Anna is well, and feels for you as she ought. Adieu."

The other sons of Colonel George were Edward, a physician; William L., a lawyer, and father of the judge of the same name (now living in Louisville, Ky.); and George Washington, the father of Colonel Alfred H. Jackson, who was a staff-officer of General Jackson, was mortally wounded at the battle of Cedar Run, and lies buried near his beloved commander in the cemetery at Lexington, Virginia.

Jonathan Jackson, son of Edward, and the father of Thomas Jonathan, like his grandfather, John, was a man of short stature. There is a beautiful miniature of him, representing an open, pleasing face, blue eyes, and handsome mouth. He was a lawyer, having studied his profession with his distinguished cousin, Judge John G. Jackson, whose patronage induced him to settle at Clarksburg, and soon afterwards he married Julia Beckwith Neale, the daughter of a merchant of Parkersburg.

The following facts relative to the Neale family and also to Jonathan Jackson were furnished by Dr. David Creel, a connection of the Neales; and as they were written in his *ninety-first* year, this, together with his quaint style, will add to their interest. He died at Chillicothe, Ohio, only a few years ago. It appears that General Robert E. Lee had had some correspondence with him about the history of General Jackson. He wrote:

"The Clarksburg Male Academy was conducted solely by George Torvis, an old Englishman, a thorough scholar with long experience as a teacher. Among the pupils we found two noble and highly promising young men—Edward, son of George Jack-

son, and Jonathan, son of Edward Jackson, senior. These fathers were brothers, and among the pioneers of the country some time before the Indians had retired, so as to give assurance of peace and freedom from danger, and soon became wealthy and independent farmers of high standing and respectability. While at school with these young men, a mutual attachment was created, which was warmly cherished, and became stronger and more endearing while they lived, and sincerely lamented when they both died in the prime of life. Edward Jackson, after leaving school, studied medicine, and Jonathan Jackson read law. Both attained to some degree of eminence in their respective professions, with the esteem, confidence, and good wishes of all who knew them."

It is said that these young cousins, who were as brothers at school, in manhood became rival suitors for the hand of Julia Neale, Jonathan carrying off the prize.

"In paying the soldiers of the county of Harrison in the war of 1812, one or two of them, in consequence of sickness, did not receive their pay; but soon afterwards their friend, Jonathan Jackson, presented their claims and got from us the money for them. This was about the fall of 1813, at which time he was successfully engaged in the practice of law. He was also excise master, or United States revenue officer of the county."

Dr. Creel continues his account of the Neale family:

"In the early part of the nineteenth century, George Lewis and two brothers, George and Thomas Neale, removed from the county of Loudon to Wood County, in Western Virginia. George Lewis purchased a large tract of land lying on the Ohio River, six miles from Parkersburg, which had been located by General Washington, and left by his will to one of his legatees. George Neale, who had married one of his daughters, purchased several hundred acres of land from his father-in-law, and in a few years became a wealthy and independent farmer, respected and beloved for his noble attributes of character. Thomas Neale (the maternal grandfather of General Jackson) married Margaret Winn, the daughter of Minor Winn, who resided on the west side of Bull Run Mountain, only a few miles from where the first battle was fought in the late war. He located in Parkersburg and engaged in the mercantile business, and had a family of five children—two daughters, Harriet and Julia, and three sons, Alfred, Minor, and William. After our return home from the Academy at Clarksburg, we commenced teaching school in the village of Parkersburg, and among the pupils were three of Thomas Neale's children—Harriet, Julia, and his oldest son, Alfred. Of Julia we desire to speak particularly, not only because she was our great favorite, but especially because of her connection with the history of Jonathan Jackson, who became her husband, and the father of Thomas Jonathan Jackson.

"When Julia Neale became our pupil, she was about thirteen years old, endowed with a good natural mind, soon acquired the habit of close application, and gave us no trouble in her recitations. She was rather a bru-

nette, with dark-brown hair, dark-gray eyes, handsome face, and, when at maturity, of medium height and symmetrical form. And now, at the close of our ninety-first year, we still in memory behold her as standing before us reciting her lessons with a pleasant smile; and also in the maturity of womanhood, when her affianced lord came to pay her that homage which soon terminated in a matrimonial alliance. . . . General Lee, in his kind letter to us, was pleased to express the belief that this extraordinary man, 'Stonewall' Jackson, was indebted to us, more or less, as the instructor of his mother."

Jonathan Jackson began housekeeping with his young wife in a neat brick cottage of three rooms, which he built for a law office, intending in the future to erect a more commodious dwelling for his family on the front of the large, grassy lot. But his pecuniary misfortunes and untimely death prevented the realization of this hope. His four children were all born in the cottage, and it was preserved as the birthplace of General Jackson until a few years since, when the lot became so valuable with the growth of the town that the owner tore down the little cottage, and built a business house upon the ground.

Jonathan was a successful lawyer, especially as a pleader in the chancery courts, and with the comfortable patrimony which he had inherited from his father he had a promising future; but, being of a free, generous, and incautious nature, he became deeply involved by giving security for others, and when he was cut down in the meridian of life every vestige of his property was swept away. He was an affec-

tionate and devoted husband and father, and lost his life by a malignant fever which he contracted in nursing his eldest child, Elizabeth, who died of the same disease two weeks before her father. The three children that survived him were Warren, Thomas Jonathan, and Laura. His son Thomas, after reaching the age of manhood, erected monuments over the graves of his father and little sister in the cemetery at Clarksburg.

Clarksburg is a pretty and thriving town, situated in a picturesque country, and some of the Jackson family still live there and keep up the name with credit and honor. At Parkersburg also are found many of General Jackson's kindred on both sides of the house, who are noted for their enterprise, cultivation, and warm-hearted hospitality.

Several members of Edward Jackson's large family, in physical stature, showed what they inherited from their grandmother, Elizabeth Cummins.

One of her descendants, who bore the singular name of Return Meigs, was six feet and seven inches in height, and was proportionately strong and powerful. There is a little romance in the family about the way he got his name. When his father was engaged to be married, an unfortunate misunderstanding led to a temporary separation, which weighed so hard on the disconsolate lover that when the object of his devotion relented and said, "Return, Meigs," he declared those were the sweetest words that ever fell upon his ears, and he therefore commemorated his crowning happiness by giving his first son this unique name.

Cummins Jackson was also of lofty stature, and was noted for his herculean strength, which it is said he

proved by lifting a barrel of cider and taking a drink from the bung-hole; and, more marvellous still, that he could take up a barrel of flour under each one of his arms and carry them out of his mill!

One of his sisters, Mrs. White, known in the family as "Aunt Katie," was as remarkable as were the brothers, for her size, physical strength, and wonderful industry. In her old age, when she thought her natural force was much abated, she was known to spin upon her spinning-wheel twenty-eight "cuts" of flax a day, in addition to milking her cows! Twelve cuts a day was the usual task for servants.

FATHER OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

(From a painted miniature.)

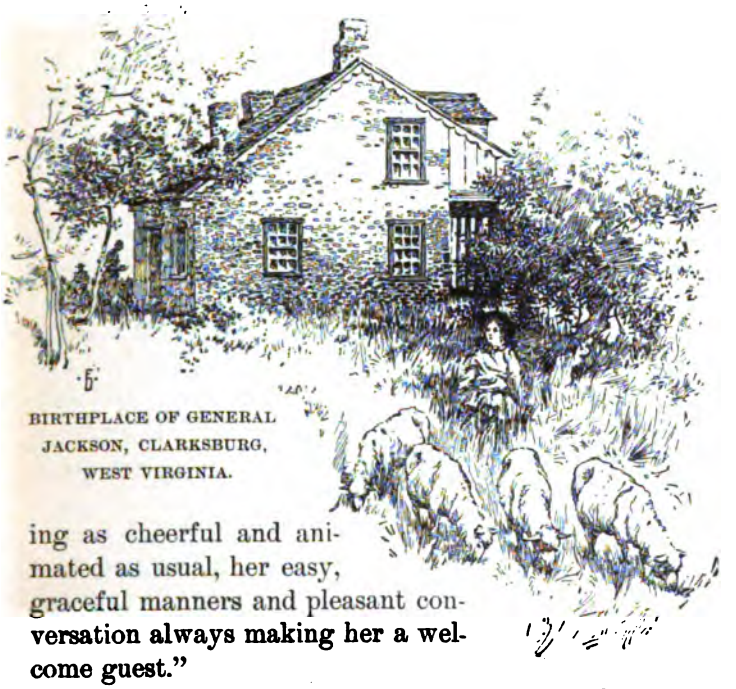
CHAPTER II.

"THE BOY IS FÁTHER OF THE MAN."

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON, the subject of this memoir, was born in the town of Clarksburg, Virginia, on the 21st of January, 1824; at least, that was the supposed date of his birth, for in consequence of the early breaking-up of his father's family no record of the event was ever found, and he did not remember dates with accuracy. Clarksburg is now in the State of West Virginia; but as he did not live to see the Old Dominion so cruelly sundered in twain, he died as he was born, a Virginian.

He was only in his third year when his father died (of whom he was too young to have any remembrance), and his mother was left a widow with three helpless children, without a home or means of support. But her own and her husband's relations assisted her; and as he had been an officer in the order of Freemasons (who had presented him with a gold medal in token of their respect), they now gave her a small house of only one room; and in this humble abode, with her fatherless children, she spent the greater part of the few years of her widowhood. Here she taught a little school, and also added to her support by sewing. The weight of the cares and struggles must have been very trying to her delicate frame; but she found relief in spending a good deal of her time with her

father in Wood County; and in the heat of summer she went to a place called "The Ridge," where her brother, Minor W. Neale, always accompanied and remained with her. A friend wrote: "I met her in the summer of 1827, in Wood County. She was looking as cheerful and animated as usual, her easy, graceful manners and pleasant conversation always making her a welcome guest."



BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL JACKSON, CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

In the year 1830 Mrs. Jackson was married a second time, against the wishes of her friends, to Captain Blake B. Woodson, of Cumberland County, a lawyer of good education, and of social, popular manners; but he was much her senior, and a widower without fortune. The relatives of her first husband offered to

help her if she would remain a widow, while warning her that if she married again they should have to take her children from her to support them. But all was of no avail, and the result was what they had predicted. Though Captain Woodson was always kind to the children, his slender means were inadequate to the support of a family, and necessity soon compelled the poor mother to give up her two boys to the care of their father's relations. The youngest child, Laura, she kept with her, and after the marriage Captain Woodson removed to Fayette County, where he had received the appointment of clerk of the county.

So Thomas, at the age of six years, had to take leave of his mother, to be sent to the house of his uncle. It was a heart-breaking separation. He was at this time a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy, with waving brown hair, to whom she clung with all a mother's devotion. She had him mounted on horseback, behind one of his father's former slaves, good "Uncle Robinson," of whom he was very fond, and after providing him with every comfort, and bidding him good-by, her yearning heart called him back once more, and, clasping him to her bosom, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. That parting he never forgot; nor could he speak of it in after-years but with the utmost tenderness. Warren had been sent some time before to the home of his aunt, Mrs. Isaac Brake, who wished to relieve the mother of his support, and she had consented on account of the greater temptations to the boy in town. Their mother lived only a little over a year after her second marriage, her delicate health completely giving way after the birth of a son, who was named Wirt. As she lingered

several weeks, she sent for her two fatherless boys, to receive her farewell and blessing; and her prayers, counsels, and triumphant death made an indelible impression upon the mind of Thomas, who was then seven years of age. In a letter announcing her death, Captain Woodson says: "No Christian on earth, no matter what evidence he might have had of a happy hereafter, could have died with more fortitude. Perfectly in her senses, calm and deliberate, she met her fate without a murmur or a struggle. Death for her had no sting; the grave could claim no victory. I have known few women of equal, none of superior, merit." Her remains were buried near the famous "Hawk's Nest" of New River, which her son visited in after-years, to find her grave and erect a monument over it; but nearly all who had known her during her brief residence there had passed away, and no one could be found who could point out the spot with certainty. After his return to his home in Lexington, he wrote to his aunt, Mrs. Neale, at Parkersburg:

"Sept. 4th, 1855.

"Though I have reached home, yet the pleasures enjoyed under your hospitable roof, and in your family circle, have not been dissipated. . . . I stopped to see the Hawk's Nest, and the gentleman with whom I put up was at my mother's burial, and accompanied me to the cemetery for the purpose of pointing out her grave to me; but I am not certain that he found it. There was no stone to mark the spot. Another gentleman, who had the kindness to go with us, stated that a wooden head or foot board with her name on

it had been put up, but it was no longer there. A depression in the earth only marked her resting-place. When standing by her grave, I experienced feelings to which I was until then a stranger. I was seeking the spot partly for the purpose of erecting something to her precious memory. On Saturday last I lost my porte-monnaie, and in it was the date of my mother's birth. Please give me the date in your next letter."

It was left to the generous impulse of a Confederate soldier to do, after General Jackson's death, what he was so anxious to do himself, in preserving his mother's grave from oblivion. One who visited the spot writes:

"On the top of a beautiful wooded hill, near the mining village of Anstead, Fayette County, West Virginia, is an old graveyard, still used as a burying-place by the dwellers in this mountain region. It is greatly neglected, and many graves are scarcely to be found, though a few are protected by little pens of fence-rails. The location is so beautiful, and the view it commands so extensive and exquisite, that it is worthy of being well cared for. Among those who lie buried here is the mother of that noble Christian soldier, General Stonewall Jackson. This grave, or spot—for the grave is scarcely to be recognized—has been kindly cared for by Mr. Stevens M. Taylor, formerly of Albemarle County. But no stone was erected until a gentleman of Staunton, Captain Thomas D. Ransom, one of his old soldiers, seeing the neglected condition of the grave, had prepared a simple but suitable monument—a tall slab of marble with an inscription, giving the dates of her birth and death,

and adding that it is 'a tribute to the mother of Stonewall Jackson, by one of his old brigade.'"

Such a mother could not but leave a deep impression upon the heart of such a son. To the latest hour of his life he cherished her memory. His recollections of her were of the sweetest and tenderest character. To his childhood's fancy she was the embodiment of beauty, grace, and loveliness; and when, a few months before his death, while he was in the midst of the army, a little daughter was born to him, he wrote that he wished her to be called "Julia," saying, "My mother was mindful of me when I was a helpless, fatherless child, and I wish to commemorate her now."

After the death of their mother, the children were sent back to their Jackson relatives—Warren returning to Mrs. Brake, and Thomas and Laura finding a home for a time with their aunt, Mrs. White, and later with their step-grandmother Jackson, who was always kind to them. Laura, who is still living, does not remember that Thomas ever lived with either of their uncles-in-law Brake, and says that it was their brother Warren, and not Thomas, who ran away when a little boy from his "uncle Brake, because they couldn't agree"—a statement which accords with the character of the boy. Thomas and Laura lived with their step-grandmother until her death; and after the marriage of her two daughters, which left no ladies in the household, Laura was sent to find a home among her Neale relatives, and lived with them until she was married to Mr. Jonathan Arnold, of Beverly, West Virginia. Her two sons, Thomas Jackson and Stark W. Arnold, were the only nephews of General Jackson.

The grandmother lived at the old Jackson homestead, in Lewis County, and at her death her son Cummins became the head of the house; and being a large-hearted, generous man, he not only kept Thomas with him to rear and educate, but he also gave Warren a home after he ran away from his uncle Brake. The story runs that this boy, Warren, when only nine or ten years old, left the house of Mr. Brake, who had offended him by sternness, and walked four or five miles into the town of Clarksburg to the house of Judge Jackson, his father's cousin, and asked Mrs. Jackson to give him his dinner. While eating at the table he very quietly said: "Uncle Brake and I don't agree; I have quit him, and shall not go back any more." Mrs. Jackson was surprised and, disapproving of such independence in so young a lad, tried to persuade him to return, but his unvarying answer was: "No, he and I don't agree; I have quit him, and shall not go back any more." He then went to the house of another cousin, asked if he could spend the night, and told her the same story. The next day he walked eighteen miles all alone, to the home of his uncle Cummins, who received him with great kindness, and the two orphan boys were very happy at being together under the same roof. Here the three children went to school, when there were any schools in the neighborhood, and Thomas and Laura spent much time in play, he always having a care over his little sister. He was a cheerful boy, and, his sister says, sang a great deal; but in after-years he did not show any musical talent, though very fond of hearing music.

The boyhood of Jackson showed that, truly,

"The child is father of the man,"

for it was marked by the same energy, determination, and perseverance that were to distinguish him in his future career. No matter what he undertook, whether of work or play, he "never gave up." At school, one day, during recess, he became absorbed in making a cornstalk fiddle, and when the bell rang for resuming study he worked away as if he did not hear it, totally oblivious of his duty to return to his lessons. Laura was sent to call him, but his reply was, "Wait till I finish this fiddle!" and not until the teacher went out and compelled obedience did he relinquish his task.

The children wandered all over the farm, and engaged in many youthful enterprises, one of which was the making of maple sugar. The trees stood on the other side of a creek which had no bridge over it, but, nothing daunted, our young hero went to work and framed a little raft, upon which he and Laura would cross daily, and busy themselves in drawing the sap and boiling down the sugar. In after-years, when he became the leader of armies, he often had occasion to build bridges across streams for his troops, in which he showed the same indomitable perseverance in overcoming obstacles that he had shown when a boy.

Laura followed him everywhere, even in his rabbit hunts, in which he was quite an expert. After running a rabbit into a hollow log, he would place Laura at one end and himself at the other, and in this way they often caught the little creatures with their hands. He busied himself in making rabbit-snares, bird-traps, and in other rustic diversions. In his childhood he was extravagantly fond of the violin, and after coming into possession of one of his own he made faithful

efforts to learn to play upon it, but, not being endowed with the gift of music, this was one of the few things he attempted in which he did not succeed. When a boy, he did learn a few songs, among them a military one, called "Napoleon's Retreat."

This united, happy life of the little brother and sister did not continue more than a year or two, when they were separated, never to have the same home again. But he cherished a warm attachment for her, and kept up the most affectionate relations with her as long as he lived. With money he saved from his pay at West Point he bought her a silk dress as a present upon his return home during his first vacation.

Cummins Jackson was a bachelor of middle age, and being a man of independent fortune and a kind heart, he was disposed to do all in his power for Warren and Thomas. The latter, it is said, was his favorite, and he could not have been treated with more kindness if he had been his own son. He gave the lads all the advantages of education his county afforded, though these were not great in that new and unimproved region. It was the custom to have schools for only about three months during the winter season, so the boys were engaged during the remainder of the year in assisting their uncle in the operations of the farm and mills.

At school Thomas was studious and persevering, showing a great desire to make the best of his advantages; but Warren was the reverse, and as he grew up his strong will, which had never been controlled, and his independent and restless spirit impelled him to launch out for himself and seek his own fortune. His uncle thought it best not to thwart him in this,

and so the boy left this kind uncle and good home when he was about fourteen years of age. But the saddest part of this exodus was, that he persuaded his young brother, of only twelve, to accompany him. Thomas was very reluctant to go, for he loved his uncle, and was happy in his free and bountiful home; but his affection for Warren, and perhaps the latter's authority over him as an elder brother, were too great to be resisted. They went first to the home of their uncle Alfred Neale, who lived on James Island, in the Ohio, and were most kindly received by him and his good wife; but as this uncle prescribed for them the same excellent discipline as their uncle Cummins—that they should work on the farm and go to school—Warren again rebelled, and spread his unfledged wings for a flight farther down the Ohio, taking Thomas with him.

Several months passed, and their friends heard nothing of the young wanderers; but in the autumn they came back, like repentant prodigals, glad enough to return to kindred and friends, but in such a sad plight that it was touching to see them. Their clothes were worn and soiled from travel, and their faces bore the marks of sickness and suffering. Their story was that, after floating down the Ohio, and earning their living as best they could, they landed on a small island in the Mississippi, near the southwestern corner of Kentucky. Here they spent the summer alone, and supported themselves by cutting wood for the passing steamboats.

Their lodging-place was a miserable cabin, and the island being exceedingly malarious, they contracted chills and fever, which made such ravages upon their

tender frames that they could stand it no longer; so by the kindness of a captain, who gave them passage on his boat, they were enabled to reach home—no doubt wiser, if not better, for their escapade.

Thomas determined at once to return to his uncle Cummins, where the comforts of home and the fine air of his native climate soon restored him to his wonted health and strength, and here he remained until he received an appointment as a cadet at West Point.

But Warren was too proud or ashamed to seek again the shelter of a roof which he had so rashly left, so he went to the house of his aunt, Mrs. Isaac Brake, which had been his home after his separation from his mother, where he received the kindest treatment; but he never recovered from the effects of the exposure and hardships encountered during that disastrous trip, and after lingering a few years he died of consumption at the age of nineteen. Before his death he sent for Thomas and Laura to come and see him once more, and, mounted on horseback, they rode across the country to pay this last visit to their dying brother. They found that this long illness, with the influence of his sainted mother, had changed the ungoverned boy to such gentleness and submission that he no longer wished to live, but was able to depart in perfect peace.

After the wholesome experience of his adventurous trip down the Ohio, and the recovery of his health, Thomas showed a greater desire than ever for self-improvement, and he became a valuable assistant to his uncle in the management of his farm and mills. Classical academies had not then been introduced into that part of the country, but there were good English

schools; and he was a diligent, plodding scholar, having a strong mind, though it was slow in development. In arithmetic he was quick, and found no difficulty in excelling his classmates; but in his other studies he had to work hard, yet he always "stuck to it" with a tenacity that would not "let go." He never left a lesson unmastered, and if he had not been able to finish a task with his class, he would, when his time came to recite, acknowledge frankly that he knew nothing of *that* lesson, not having yet perfected the previous one. In this way he sometimes fell behind his class; but as he had a retentive memory, the knowledge that he gained with so much labor was indelibly impressed upon his mind.

His temper as a boy was cheerful and generous, and his truthfulness was proverbial. There was an instinctive courtesy in his conduct; his sense of justice was very strong, and as long as he met with fair treatment from his associates, he was gentle and peaceable; but he was quick to resent an insult, and in a boyish combat would never yield to defeat. He was a ringleader in boyish sports, an expert in climbing and jumping; and whenever he was captain in any game his side was pretty sure to come off victorious.

In the management of his uncle's farm and mills, Thomas early learned to put his young shoulders to the wheel, and he soon proved so capable that he was intrusted with the duties of overseer of the laborers in getting the largest trees out of the forest, and conveying them to the mill to be sawed into lumber, in all which he showed great intelligence as well as endurance and efficiency.

This free and active life was well adapted to both his physical and moral development, and as his uncle treated him as a companion, trusting and relying upon him, he grew very manly and independent for a youth in his teens. His bachelor uncles, it appears, were fond of sport, of fox hunts and horse racing. His uncle kept a number of blooded horses, and had a four-mile race-track on his farm, and "Thomas," as he always called him, was his trainer, and so well taught was he to ride that he was never thrown. Naturally he came to share in the pleasures of the chase, and to ride his uncle's racers as soon as he was old enough. With his determination to succeed in everything he undertook, he did not fail in this accomplishment, for his neighbors said, "If a horse had any winning qualities whatever in him, Tom Jackson never failed to bring them out on the turf!" But though he won races for his uncle, and won a good deal of money, he never had the least propensity to the vices that belong to sporting characters.

When riding home late one night, he was startled at beholding a tall white spectre flitting across the road. The horse became frightened and plunged backward; and Thomas confessed that at first he, too, was somewhat dismayed at such a ghostly apparition, but, determining to conquer all fear, he put whip and spurs to his horse and forced him to gallop past the object of terror, which he soon discovered, from the shouts of laughter from the roadside, was one of his uncles, who had tried to play a joke upon him by wrapping himself in a sheet and taking his stand at the foot of a hill he was to pass.

This free life he could enjoy without being at all

spoiled by it; and though he spoke of himself as having been "a wild boy," he was always noted for his uprightness, honesty, industry, and truth. In his after-years he was not disposed to talk much of his childhood and youth, for the reason that it was the saddest period of his life. He had been very early left an orphan. Losing first his father and then his mother, he had no home life, but grew up among remoter kindred. All this made the memory so sad that he seldom referred to it.

One who knew him at this time says: "He was a youth of exemplary habits, of indomitable will and undoubted courage. He possessed in an eminent degree a talent for mathematics, and was unwilling, while at school, to acknowledge his incapacity—'give him time'—to solve any proposition. He was not what is nowadays termed brilliant, but he was one of those untiring, matter-of-fact persons who would never give up when he engaged in an undertaking until he accomplished his object. He learned slowly, but when he got learning into his head, he never forgot it. He was not quick to decide, except when excited, and then when he made up his mind to do a thing, he did it on short notice and in quick time. Thus, while on his way to school, an overgrown rustic behaved rudely to one of the school-girls. Jackson was fired at his cowardly conduct, and told him he must apologize at once, or he would 'thrash him.' The big fellow, supposing that he was an overmatch for him, refused, whereupon Jackson pitched into him, and gave him a severe pounding."

This manly and independent spirit impelled him at an early age to seek a support for himself, and his

friends procured for him the position of constable of Lewis County. He was but eighteen years old, and it was contrary to law that a minor should hold this office, but the influence and guarantee of his uncle, with his own good character, overcame this objection. At this time his health was somewhat impaired, and it was hoped that the out-door life and horseback exercise would invigorate him. The duties of the office required both courage and determination, qualities that he soon showed that he possessed. Prompt in meeting his own engagements, he enforced the same upon others. Collecting debts is always a thankless task, but it had to be done; and Jackson did it kindly, but firmly. In one case a man had made repeated promises to pay, but would never keep an appointment for the purpose. After exacting one more promise that he would pay, *without fail*, upon a certain day, the young constable pledged himself to the creditor that on that day he should have his money. The day came, and the constable and creditor were on hand, but the debtor was again missing, and was not seen in the village all day. The young deputy, however, had given his word, *and kept it* by paying the money out of his own pocket. The next morning the delinquent appeared upon the scene, riding a fine horse, but as the custom of the country did not permit a man's horse to be taken from him while he was on his back, the young officer waited until he saw the man dismount, and then reproaching him for his breach of faith, he seized the horse. The man resisted, and a furious struggle followed, during which he succeeded in remounting. This at first disconcerted Jackson, but, not to be outwitted by this

manœuvre, he held on to the bridle, and seeing near by a stable door standing open, he led the horse up to it, and quietly told the man he must "get off or be knocked off," the door being too low for him to go through on horseback. Thus the fugitive was fairly caught, and after resisting and begging, he finally slipped off and left the horse in the possession of the young representative of the law.

But this business was distasteful to Jackson, and he gladly resigned it on receiving an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point.

Before closing this chapter, it may be of interest, although it will be anticipating a few years, to know the end of the good Uncle Cummins, who was a second father to Thomas in his boyhood. After the close of the Mexican war and the annexation of California, the discovery of gold created great excitement throughout the country, and caused a tide of emigration to the Far West. Catching the popular enthusiasm, and inflamed, perhaps, with a spirit of adventure, this uncle, though in his fiftieth year, left his Virginia home and travelled by wagon-train across the plains, but lived only a few months after reaching the Pacific coast. His nephew, Thomas, inherited a few hundred dollars from his estate, which he gave to his aunt, Mrs. White, who was then in straitened circumstances, in gratitude for having given him a home when he was first separated from his mother.

CHAPTER III.

FOUR YEARS AT WEST POINT—1842–1846.

WHILE the young Virginian was riding over the hills of his native county, enforcing the law, he was dreaming of other things. A desire for knowledge had been the passion of his youth. With the pride of descent from a family that had stood high in the country round, he felt deeply the disadvantages which his early orphanage and poverty had entailed upon him, and was ambitious to make a position for himself, and keep up the prestige of his name. He had determined to earn the means to procure a liberal education, when the opportunity came in a way he had not anticipated. A young man from the Congressional district in which he lived had received an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, but after entering had found that the discipline and the hard study were too severe to suit his self-indulgent tastes, and resigned in disgust and returned home. Of course, this was the talk of the neighborhood; and one day that Uncle Cummins was having his horse shod, the blacksmith looked up and said: "Now here is a good chance for Tom Jackson, as he is so anxious to get an education." His uncle caught at the suggestion, and going home told his nephew of the opportunity to get a cadetship at West Point, which fired his heart with such eager hope that

he began at once his efforts to secure the vacant position. He had many friends who had observed his manly spirit, and were ready to help him; and all joined in a letter to the Hon. Samuel Hays, member of Congress from the district, asking him to use his influence to have him appointed. Of a prominent lawyer connected with his own family, the young applicant felt at liberty to request a more confidential testimonial, but he was asked "if he did not fear that his education was not sufficient to enable him to enter and sustain himself at West Point." For a moment his countenance fell, but, looking up, he replied: "I know that I shall have the application necessary to succeed; I hope that I have the capacity; at least, I am determined to try, and I want you to help me." This friend *did* help him, and wrote a letter of hearty commendation, in which he dwelt especially upon his courage and resolution. As soon as the letters were despatched to Washington, he began to review his studies, in which he was assisted by a lawyer in Weston, who made it a labor of love. In due time the answer came from Mr. Hays, promising to do all in his power to secure the appointment, and Jackson resolved at once to go to Washington, to be ready to proceed to West Point without a moment's delay. So eager was he to start that he did not wait for any preparations, but, packing his plain wardrobe into a pair of saddle-bags, he mounted a horse near sundown, and, accompanied by a servant who was to bring the horse home, hurried off to Clarksburg to catch the stage-coach. Upon his arrival he found that the coach had already passed, but, nothing daunted, he galloped on and overtook it at the next stopping-place, and continued his journey.

Arrived at Washington, he went straight to Mr. Hays, who showed his interest and kindness by taking him immediately to the Secretary of War; and in presenting him, explained the disadvantages of his education, but begged for him favor on account of his manly determination. The Secretary plied him with questions, and an eye-witness describes the parley between them as being "gruff and heroic, but, with the grit of Old Hickory, this young Jackson was neither to be bluffed nor driven from his purpose," and so much pleased was the Secretary with his manliness and resolution that he gave him the apppointment and said to him: "Sir, you have a good name. Go to West Point, and the first man who insults you knock him down, and have it charged to my account!"

Mr. Hays kindly invited him to spend a few days with him in Washington to see the city, but with the one all-absorbing thought now in his mind of that long-desired education coming within his grasp, he declined, saying that one view from the top of the Capitol would be all that he could treat himself to at that time. Accordingly he ascended the dome, and took a view of the magnificent panorama before him, and then immediately proceeded on his journey.

Mr. Hays gave him a letter of introduction to the faculty, bearing testimony to his excellent character and courageous spirit, and asking that due allowance be made for his limited education; and his letter had such weight that the authorities were very lenient in their examination, and he was admitted. Here then, in June, 1842, at the age of eighteen, we find him where he had so longed to be, a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. His friends had done for

him all they could; henceforth his career was to depend upon himself.

When he entered upon his studies, he was made at once to feel his deficiency in preparation. An old friend and fellow-classmate says: "He had a rough time in the Academy at first, for his want of previous training placed him at a great disadvantage, and it was all he could do to pass his first examination. We were studying algebra, and maybe analytical geometry, that winter, and Jackson was very low in his class standing. All lights were put out at 'taps,' and just before the signal he would pile up his grate with anthracite coal, and, lying prone before it on the floor, would work away at his lessons by the glare of the fire, which scorched his very brain, till a late hour of the night. This evident determination to succeed not only aided his own efforts directly, but impressed his instructors in his favor, and he rose steadily year by year, till we used to say: 'If we had to stay here another year, "old Jack" would be at the head of the class.' . . . I believe he went through the very trying ordeal of the four years at West Point without ever having a hard word or a bad feeling from cadet or professor; and while there were many who seemed to surpass him in the graces of intellect, in geniality, and in good-fellowship, there was no one of our class who more absolutely possessed the respect and confidence of all."

He himself said that he "studied *very hard* for what he got at West Point," and after entering and seeing the amount of study he had to do, and the large number of cadets who failed annually, he fully expected to be dismissed at the close of his first year, and in

anticipation he endured all the mortification of going home and being laughed at; and he even prepared what he would say to his young friends, intending to tell them, "If *they* had been there, and found it as hard as he did, they would have failed too." He was always amused when speaking of this period of his life, and of the importance he then attached to the opinions of his young friends and companions. But to his surprise he passed his first year, and from that time he made steady progress until at the end of four years he graduated, seventeenth in a large and distinguished class of over seventy. Among his classmates were Generals McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, and Gibbon, of the Federal army; and Generals A. P. Hill, Pickett, Maury, D. R. Jones, W. D. Smith, and Wilcox, of the Confederate army.

When he went to West Point he was fresh and ruddy in complexion, but had not yet attained his full height, and is described as being a slender lad, who walked rapidly, with his head bent forward. He had a grave, thoughtful face; but when anything interested or excited him his form became erect, his eyes flashed like steel, and a smile, as sweet as a woman's, would illumine his whole face." The life he led there, and the constant exercise of drilling, soon developed his frame, and he became very erect, grew rapidly, and presented a fine, soldierly appearance. The habits of neatness and system which are taught at West Point clung to him through life, and punctuality was ever regarded by him as a virtue. In his intercourse with his associates he was not sociable, except with a few congenial friends; but he was invariably kind and courteous to all, and always ready to aid in nursing

the sick and in helping those who were in trouble. During his second year he was known to receive some demerits, which he had not incurred himself, but he chose rather to bear the blame silently than to expose those who had unjustly cast it upon him. He said he did not remember to have spoken to a lady during the whole time he was at West Point, but he devoted himself with all his mind and soul to his studies, giving but little time or thought to anything else. After his arduous daily studies, he found recreation in walking, and with a companion or alone he wandered over the beautiful hills and valleys around West Point, and delighted in climbing Fort Putnam, or "Old Put," as the cadets called this great cliff, which is a very striking feature in the scenery, and from which he greatly enjoyed the fine view of the majestic river, and the varied and lovely landscape.

While at West Point he compiled in a private blank-book, for his own use, a set of rules and maxims relating to morals, manners, dress, choice of friends, and the aims of life. Perhaps the most characteristic of these maxims was, "*You may be whatever you resolve to be;*" but others will show the standards by which he shaped his own conduct and character:

"Through life let your principal object be the discharge of duty.—Disregard public opinion when it interferes with your duty.—Endeavor to be at peace with all men.—Sacrifice your life rather than your word.—Endeavor to do well everything which you undertake.—Never speak disrespectfully of any one without a cause.—Spare no effort to suppress selfishness, unless that effort would entail sorrow.—Let your

conduct towards men have some uniformity.—Temperance: Eat not to dulness, drink not to elevation.—Silence: Speak but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.—Frugality: Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; waste nothing.—Industry: Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off unnecessary actions.—Sincerity: Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly.—Justice: Wrong no man by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.—Moderation: Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries as much as you think they deserve. Cleanliness: Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation. Tranquillity: Be not disturbed at trifles, nor at accidents, common or unavoidable.

"Motives to action: 1. Regard to your own happiness. 2. Regard for the family to which you belong. 3. Strive to attain a very great elevation of character. 4. Fix upon a high standard of action and character.

"It is man's highest interest not to violate, or attempt to violate, the rules which Infinite Wisdom has laid down. The means by which men are to attain great elevation may be classed in three divisions—physical, mental, and moral. Whatever relates to health, belongs to the first; whatever relates to the improvement of the mind, belongs to the second. The formation of good manners and virtuous habits constitutes the third.

"Choice of Friends. 1. A man is known by the company he keeps. 2. Be cautious in your selection. 3. There is danger of catching the habits of your associates.

"4. Seek those who are intelligent and virtuous; and, if possible, those who are a little above you, especially in moral excellence.

"5. It is not desirable to have a large number of intimate friends; you may have many acquaintances, but few intimate friends. If you have *one* who is what he should be, you are comparatively happy.

"That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue in each, but virtue of the same kind: not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved."

He had also copied the following rules from a book of etiquette on *Politeness and Good-breeding:*

"Good-breeding, or true politeness, is the art of showing men by external signs the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by good company. It must be acquired by practice and not by books.

"Be kind, condescending, and affable. Any one who has anything to say to a fellow-being, to say it with kind feelings and sincere desire to please; and this, whenever it is done, will atone for much awkwardness in the manner of expression.

"Good-breeding is opposed to selfishness, vanity, or pride. Never weary your company by talking too long or too frequently. Always look people in the face when addressing them, and generally when they

address you. Never engross the whole conversation to yourself. Say as little of yourself and friends as possible.

"Make it a rule never to accuse without due consideration any body or association of men. Never try to appear more wise or learned than the rest of the company. Not that you should affect ignorance, but endeavor to remain within your own proper sphere."

During these four years at the Military Academy he had but one personal difficulty. This was caused by another cadet changing his uncleaned musket for Jackson's, which was always kept in perfect order. The trick was very soon discovered by the latter, whose suspicion fell at once upon the real culprit; but as his gun fortunately had a private mark upon it, he knew it could be identified; so after telling the captain of the circumstances, he quietly bided his time until that evening at the inspection of arms, when his clean, shining musket was found in the hands of the man whom he had suspected, who, when he was accused of the dishonorable deed, attempted to shield himself by telling a falsehood. Jackson, who was disgusted with the indolence and meanness of the cadet, declared that he was a disgrace to the Academy, and that he would have him court-martialled and dismissed. It was only by the urgent remonstrance of both cadets and professors that he could be induced to give up his determination. The disgrace of the young man overtook him, however, in a short time after, when he was expelled from the Academy for violating his parole of honor.

Jackson graduated on the 30th of June, 1846, at the

age of twenty-two years, and received the brevet rank of second lieutenant of artillery. His attachment to his Alma Mater was very strong, and upon revisiting the place, on a bridal tour, in the summer of 1857, his delight was unbounded. The reunion with his old professors and brother-officers was most cordial and gratifying, and with the latter he had long talks and many hearty laughs over old barrack reminiscences. At the dawn of day he was off to climb the heights of Fort Putnam, and once more to enjoy the view of the Hudson, winding among the hills and dales of that enchanting region. There was scarcely a spot that he did not visit in and around West Point.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAR WITH MEXICO—1846–1848.

When young Jackson graduated at West Point, the war with Mexico had begun, and his whole class was ordered to proceed at once to the scene of action. Our lieutenant had orders to report immediately for duty with the First Regiment of Artillery, and went directly to New Orleans, from which he sailed for Mexico. General Winfield Scott was the commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. The war continued two years, and Jackson was in most of the battles that were fought from Vera Cruz to the fall of the capital, which ended hostilities.

On the 9th of March, 1847, thirteen thousand five hundred men landed in one day upon the open beach near Vera Cruz; and as they disembarked from the many vessels of the squadron, under a cloudless sky, and marched in perfect order, with martial music and colors flying, amid the cheers of the enthusiastic soldiers, and took their positions by sunset, it was a spectacle that impressed Lieutenant Jackson as exceeding in brilliance and animation any that he had ever witnessed. The city was taken in a few days, and in the battle Captain John Bankhead Magruder greatly distinguished himself as commander of his battery of light field artillery. He was a very strict disciplinarian, and the position of second lieutenant being

vacant in his battery, there were not many young officers who desired the place. But Jackson, who saw that its dangers and hardships offered advantages for quick promotion, applied for and received the appointment. Magruder was a daring officer, always in the thickest of the fight, where his dash and heroism won him great distinction, in which his subordinates were bound to share, and, of course, had the opportunity of winning glory for themselves.

In the battle of Cherubusco Captain Magruder lost his first lieutenant, Mr. Johnstone, early in the action; and as Jackson had to take his place, he was advanced next in command to the captain, whom we will leave to describe the manner in which his young lieutenant acquitted himself. In his official report, Captain Magruder says: "In a few moments, Lieutenant Jackson, commanding the second section of the battery, who had opened fire upon the enemy's works from a position on the right, hearing our fire still further in front, advanced in handsome style, and being assigned by me to the post so gallantly filled by Lieutenant Johnstone, kept up the fire with great briskness and effect. His conduct was equally conspicuous during the whole day, and I cannot too highly commend him to the major-general's favorable consideration." For his gallantry in this battle he was promoted to the brevet rank of captain.

In storming the Castle of Chapultepec, Captain Magruder again compliments him highly, and recommends him for promotion thus: "I beg leave to call the attention of the major-general commanding to the conduct of Lieutenant Jackson of the First Artillery. If devotion, industry, talent, and gallantry are the

highest qualities of a soldier, then is he entitled to the distinction which their possession confers. I have been ably seconded in all the operations of the battery by him; and upon this occasion, when circumstances placed him in command, for a short time, of an independent section, he proved himself eminently worthy of it."

General Scott, in his official report, makes honorable mention of the part young Jackson bore in this assault, and Generals Pillow and Worth both add their testimony to his meritorious conduct. General Pillow says: "The advanced section of the battery, under command of the brave Lieutenant Jackson, was dreadfully cut up, and almost disabled. . . . Captain Magruder's battery, one section of which was served with great gallantry by himself and the other by his brave lieutenant, Jackson, in face of a galling fire from the enemy's position, did invaluable service."

General Worth speaks of him as "the gallant Jackson, who, although he had lost most of his horses and many of his men, continued chivalrously at his post, combating with noble courage."

A brother officer, who was not only an eye-witness, but an actor in the storming of Chapultepec, gives the following details of Jackson's part in the assault:

"Lieutenant Jackson's section of Magruder's battery was subjected to a plunging fire from the Castle of Chapultepec. The little six-pounders could effect nothing against the guns of the Mexicans, of much heavier calibre, firing from an elevation. The horses were killed or disabled, and the men became so demoralized that

they deserted the guns and sought shelter behind a wall or embankment. Lieutenant Jackson remained at the guns, walking back and forth, and kept saying, 'See, there is no danger; I am not hit!' While standing with his legs wide apart, a cannon-ball passed between them; and this fact probably prevented him from having any confidence in what the soldiers playfully called being 'stung by a bomb.' The assaulting columns for the storming of Chapultepec consisted of 250 regulars from Twiggs's Division and 250 regulars from Worth's. These were all volunteers for the forlorn hope. The officers and non-commissioned officers were induced to volunteer by the promise of promotion, and the men by the promise of pecuniary reward. The rifle regiment under Colonel Persifer F. Smith, the Palmetto Regiment, and the Marine Battalion under Major Twiggs (brother of the general) supported the storming party from Twiggs's Division. When the castle was captured, many of the stormers dispersed in search of plunder and liquor. A few pursued promptly the retreating column of Mexicans. Lieutenants D. H. Hill and Barnard Bee followed down the causeway towards the Garita of San Cosme. Every shot told on the huddled and demoralized thousands of Mexicans, but their fire back upon the thirsty, pursuing Americans was harmless. After the chase had been continued over a mile, Lieutenant Jackson came up with two pieces of artillery, and joined the two young officers. They now pressed on vigorously. Captain Magruder himself soon appeared with caissons and men, but no additional guns. He expressed a fear of losing the two guns, as the division of General Worth was far in the rear, but he yielded to the

solicitations of the young men, and continued the march. Shortly after the arrival of Captain Magruder a column of two thousand cavalry, under General Ampudia, made a demonstration of charging upon the guns. They were unlimbered, and a rapid fire was opened upon the Mexicans, who retreated without attacking the artillery. It was not judged prudent to proceed farther, and the command halted until General Worth came up. The part played later in the day by the battery at the Garita of San Cosme is mentioned in the official reports. For gallantry in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco, on the 20th of August, Lieutenant Jackson had been brevetted a captain; and now this storming of Chapultepec, on the 13th of September, won him the brevet of major. In the first batch of brevetted promotions there were only five or six who received double brevets, and these were the first who were promoted on recommendations from the field." Jackson was among this number, and was the only one of his class who rose to this distinction. "No other officer in the whole army in Mexico was promoted so often for meritorious conduct or made so great a stride in rank."

In the storming of Chapultepec, when at the moment of greatest danger he was almost deserted by his men, he refused to retire without orders from his commander. However, he was soon relieved by reinforcements. Years afterwards, when his pupils at Lexington were asking him for the particulars of the scene, he modestly described it, when one of them exclaimed, in astonishment, "Major, why didn't you run when your command was so disabled?" With a quiet smile

he replied, "I was not ordered to do so. If I had been ordered to run, I should have done so; but I was directed to hold my position, and I had no right to abandon it." In after-years he confessed that the part he played in stepping out and assuring his men that there was no danger, when the cannon-ball passed between his legs, was the only wilful falsehood he ever told in his life! In speaking of the storming of Chapultepec to a friend, he described one of those awful casualties of war when, in consequence of some misunderstanding on the part of the besieged in observing directions to clear the streets of the city of non-combatants, the guns of his battery were ordered to sweep a street which was filled by a panic-stricken crowd, and after the smoke of the charge had cleared away he could trace distinctly the track of destruction his own guns had made. No one felt more than he the horrors of war; but, with his high sense of a soldier's duty, he felt that he had no right to "ask the reason why," or to stop to consider the consequences. As he often said, "*My duty is to obey orders!*"

After the occupation of the city of Mexico by the United States troops, there was a season of rest for several months, which was very refreshing and delightful to Major Jackson; and as he, with a number of other officers, had their quarters in the national palace, he used to say jocularly that no one came nearer to realizing the boast of the politicians of the day, that "their soldiers should lodge in the halls of the Montezumas!"

Here his life of ease and luxury was quite a contrast to the stormy period through which he had passed; and when we hear of his adopting the Spanish cus-

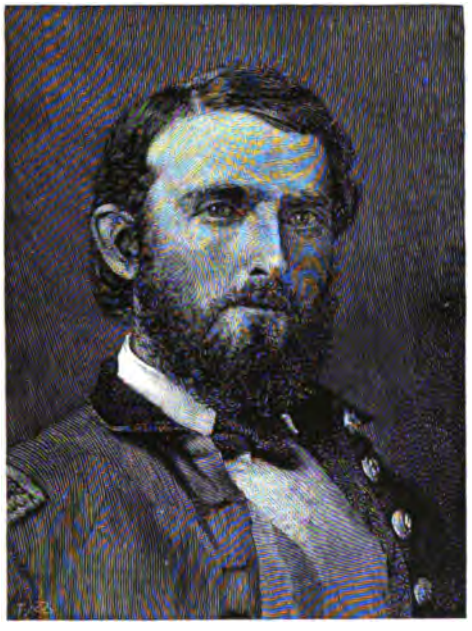
toms—taking his morning cup of coffee before rising, his late dinner, in which Spanish art almost rivalled the delicious fruits of that semi-tropical climate—it does not surprise us that, for the mere delight of living, he considered the city of Mexico to surpass all others he had ever known. But notwithstanding his luxurious and attractive surroundings, the young soldier never neglected his duties, which he performed with the utmost punctiliousness.

After the cessation of hostilities and the peaceful possession of the capital by the United States army, the people began to yield kindly to the advances of the conquerors, and there was soon a friendly commingling of the two nations which had so lately been in deadly conflict. The homes of the old *noblesse*, whose pride was their pure Castilian blood, were opened in cordial welcome to the American officers; and the charms of society never had greater fascination for Major Jackson than when in the presence of the beautiful and graceful Mexican women. However, there was one drawback to his perfect enjoyment, for, much as he could feast his eyes, he could not have the pleasure of conversing with these charmers, as he was ignorant of their language. But to a go-ahead young man this was a trifle easily overcome; so he went to work and studied under a Spanish gentleman, until he soon learned both to speak and read Spanish fluently. His admiration for the language was great, and he always said it was meant for lovers, the terms of endearment being so musical and abundant. He adopted them for his own use, and delighted in lavishing them upon those dearest to him. Indeed, he acknowledged that he came very near losing his heart

in Mexico, the fascinations of at least one dark-eyed señorita proving almost too great for his resistance; but he found safety in compelling himself to discontinue his visits, and thus escaped capture. "Discretion is the better part of valor" was a maxim that he often quoted. He formed some warm attachments for his "fine Spanish friends," as he called them, and brought home a number of interesting little souvenirs with which they presented him: among them a handsome paper-knife, card-cases, gold pencil, and a massive silver spoon that might have been designed for royalty, it having a curious little compartment in the centre, for the purpose of testing poison! Those who knew him afterwards as so strict and rigid in his abstinence from worldly pleasures may be surprised to know that as a young man he was very fond of dancing, and participated with great zest in the balls of the pleasure-loving Mexicans. Years later, in the privacy and freedom of his own home in Lexington, he used frequently to dance the polka for exercise, but no eye but that of his wife was ever permitted to witness this recreation. The delicious climate and beautiful scenery of Mexico, with its wealth of flowers and tropical fruits, so charmed him that he often said that if the people had been equal to their climate, and the civil and religious privileges had been as great as those of his own country, he would have preferred a home there to any other part of the world. Yet in the midst of all this gayety he had his sober thoughts, and it was while still in Mexico that he began that religious life which was so marked in all his future career.

The commanding officer of his regiment, the First

Artillery, was Colonel Francis Taylor, an earnest Christian, who labored much for the spiritual welfare of his soldiers. He was the first man to speak to Jackson on the subject of personal religion, with whom the sense of duty was so strong that once convinced that a thing was right and that he ought to do it, he immediately undertook it; and so he resolved to study the Bible and seek all the light within his reach. At that time he had but little knowledge of creeds, and no special preference for any denomination. His mother, it is supposed, had been a member of the Methodist Church, but after his separation from her at an early age it is not likely that he received any religious instruction. One statement is that his mother had him baptized in infancy by a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Asa Brooks; but if this be so, it is probable that he did not know it himself, or he would not have had the rite administered to him after he was grown to manhood, for he believed in infant baptism. He had been more accustomed to the Episcopal service than any other, as the chaplains at West Point and in the army had been chiefly of that denomination, and his friend Colonel Taylor was a devout Episcopalian; but he determined to examine all the religious creeds, and decide for himself which came nearest to his ideas of the Bible standard of faith and practice. Being then in the midst of educated Roman Catholics, he resolved to investigate their system, and for this purpose he sought the acquaintance of the Archbishop of Mexico, with whom he had several interviews. He believed him to be a sincere and devout man, and was impressed with his learning and affability; but the venerable prelate failed to convince



STONEWALL JACKSON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR.

(From a daguerreotype.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

him of the truth of his tenets of belief. His preference for a simpler form of faith and worship led him to wait until he could have the opportunity of learning more of other churches.

The United States troops returned from Mexico in the summer of 1848, and Major Jackson's command was stationed for two years at Fort Hamilton, on Long Island. Here he led a quiet, uneventful life, forming some pleasant friendships among the residents, and especially with the ladies of the garrison. He attended with more diligence than ever to his religious duties, but acknowledged that he went through his Bible reading and prayers with no feeling stronger than having performed a duty. Colonel Taylor was residing near him, and their intercourse was delightful and instructive to the junior officer, who always spoke of his colonel with gratitude and reverence. The chaplain of the garrison at that time is said to have been a Rev. Mr. Parks, to whom Major Jackson became much attached, and at whose hands it has been reported that he received the sacrament of baptism. That he had such a friend and spiritual adviser is doubtless true, but that he was baptized by him is a mistake. I visited Fort Hamilton a few years ago, and sought out the little chapel in which he worshipped while there (St. John's Episcopal), and with the aid of one of the wardens, a friend of Major Jackson, examined the records of the church, where appeared the following entry:

"On Sunday, 29th day of April, 1849, I baptized Thomas Jefferson Jackson, major in the U. S. Army. Sponsors, Colonels Dimick and Taylor.

"M. SCHOFIELD."

The minister very naturally made the mistake of supposing his second name was Jefferson, instead of Jonathan, the illustrious President of that name having had so many namesakes. Upon the church records it was also interesting to find the name of Robert E. Lee, Captain Corps Engineers, as a vestryman in 1842. The names of the rectors of the parish up to that time were given, but that of Mr. Parks does not appear among them. It is my impression that Mr. Parks had charge of a church in the city of New York, as I have heard Major Jackson speak warmly and gratefully of a ministerial friend in that city; and as Mr. Parks was an alumnus of West Point, this is most probable.

Although he had applied for and received the sacrament of baptism in the Episcopal Church, his mind was not yet made up on the subject of churches, and he chose to wait for further opportunities of acquainting himself with the creeds. But having accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Redeemer, he wished to avow his faith before men, and became a member of that "Holy Catholic Church" whose creed is embraced by all evangelical denominations. Baptism in the Episcopal Church gave him the right to become a communicant, and with this privilege he was content, and he did not apply for the rite of confirmation.

One of the pleasant experiences of his garrison life at Fort Hamilton was the horseback exercise he daily indulged in; and, mounted on a favorite little horse, "Fancy," he rode all over the country, and along the shores of the beautiful bay.

CHAPTER V.

PROFESSOR IN THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE—1851-1861.

At the close of his two years' term of service at Fort Hamilton, Major Jackson was ordered to Fort Meade, near Tampa Bay, in Florida, where he remained about six months. The warm climate he found enervating and injurious to his health; but a delightful change soon came, removing him to the bracing air of the Valley of Virginia. This great valley, which lies between the two ranges of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, is justly celebrated as the most beautiful, picturesque, and fertile part of the State. The county of Rockbridge derives its name from the Natural Bridge, where a massive and solid arch of rock spans a chasm, into whose depths the beholder looks down with awe. At the bottom of the ravine a little stream ripples along, adding a tender grace and beauty to the surrounding sublimity and grandeur.

Of this famous county, Lexington is the capital town. If, in describing this little gem of a place, I seem extravagant, the reader will pardon me, since here was centred all the romance of my life; here were spent my happiest days; and it is still to me the most sacred of all places, as here the mountains keep watch and guard around the home and the tombs of those who were dearest to me on earth.

The scenery around Lexington is exquisitely beautiful, being varied by ranges of mountains, hills, and valleys, with fine forests and fertile fields of fruit and grain. The wealth of green in spring and summer, the resplendent tints of autumn, and the snow-capped peaks of winter present a perpetual feast to the eye. Some of the mountains take their names from the objects which they are supposed to resemble. The most distinctive one, as seen from the town, suggests the form of a large building; hence it is called the "House Mountain." It is a very striking feature in the western horizon, and is most beautiful when lighted up by the setting sun. Another ridge, from some fancied resemblance, is called the "Hog's Back." It is a fine mountain ridge, in spite of its unromantic name.

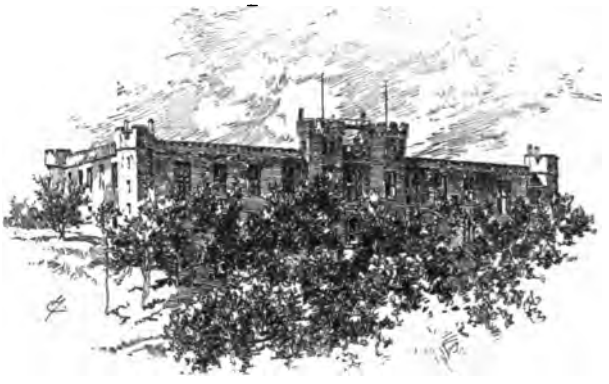
Lexington has long been noted for its two grand institutions, one of which was founded before the Revolutionary War, and received a large endowment from the father of his country, from which it was called Washington College—a name that it continued to bear until after the late war, when General Lee became its president, upon which his name was also given to it, so that what was before Washington College is now Washington and Lee University. General Lee, and his son, General G. W. Custis Lee, who succeeded him in the presidency, have improved the spacious grounds till they are as attractive as a city park. The former built the chapel, which, after his death, was made a memorial chapel and a mausoleum, in which is placed Valentine's exquisite recumbent statue of the great soldier. This is to the visitor the chief attraction of Lexington.

A few hundred yards beyond the University, upon the same elevated ridge, but farther out of town, stands the Virginia Military Institute, with its castellated buildings and extensive grounds. The barracks command a magnificent view of the country for miles around. This school was founded upon the model of the United States Military Academy, and is called the "West Point of the South."

The society of Lexington, as is usual in seats of learning, is so cultivated and intelligent that it rivals that gathered round the State University of Virginia. But apart from the professors' families, others, attracted by these opportunities of education, have made Lexington their home; so that it has become known in all the country not only as a seat of learning, but of general cultivation, refinement, and hospitality.

In the Military Institute Major Jackson was elected Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics on the 27th of March, 1851, and thus Lexington became his home for ten years. Of his election his friend, and subsequently his brother-in-law, General D. H. Hill (then major), gives the following account:

"The circumstances attending the election of Major Jackson to a chair in the Virginia Military Institute will be of interest to those who believe in the special providence of God. It will be remembered that General Scott withdrew from General Taylor the greater portion of his regular troops for the invasion of Mexico by the Vera Cruz line. The troops withdrawn marched to Camargo, where they took river steamers



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

to Point Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and waited there for ocean transports to take them to Vera Cruz. A young officer who had served with General Taylor, and was waiting with his regiment on the beach at Point Isabel, strolled over one afternoon to see Captain Taylor, of the artillery. While in conversation, Captain Taylor said: 'Here comes Lieutenant Jackson. I want you to know him. He was constantly rising in the class at West Point, and if the course had been a year longer he would have graduated at the head of his class. He will make his mark in this war.' The young men were introduced, and soon after took a walk on the beach, Lieutenant Jackson admiring the grandeur of the ocean. He said. among other things: 'I envy you men who have been in battle. How I would like to be in *one* battle!' and expressed the fear that the war might come to an end before his wish could be gratified. Little did he then know how many scores of battles he would direct,

and how breathlessly the two divided sections of the nation would watch his terrible movements! The two young officers parted to meet under the walls of Vera Cruz. After a night of toil they sought shelter under a sand-bank to snatch a few hours' sleep, when an enormous shell from the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa came crashing through their shelter, and nearly ended their earthly career. They were side by side in the pursuit of the Mexicans after the fall of Chapultepec, and they met again some time after the capture of the city of Mexico. The war closed. Major Jackson remained in the service."

Major Hill himself resigned, and accepted a professorship in the "College" at Lexington, not the Military Institute. A few years after he had been here he went one morning to see Colonel F. H. Smith, superintendent of the Institute, and found him much perplexed in consequence of a difference between himself and the Board of Visitors. They wished to elect as a professor R. E. Rodes (afterwards major-general in the Confederate army), and he preferred a graduate of West Point. There was a good deal of feeling among them, but a compromise was finally effected, and the chair was offered to Professor A. P. Stewart, a graduate of West Point, but at that time in Cumberland University. Professor Stewart had declined, and Colonel Smith apprehended a renewal of the old trouble. He handed an Army Catalogue to his visitor, and asked him to suggest a suitable officer to fill the chair. As he glanced over the catalogue, his eye fell upon the name of Jackson, and the conversation with Captain Taylor instantly occurred to him—"If

the course had been one year longer, Jackson would have graduated at the head of his class." Colonel Smith was pleased with the name suggested. In a few days he started for Richmond, where there was an adjourned meeting of the Board. The Hon. John S. Carlisle, representative in Congress from Western Virginia, and a connection of Major Jackson, was a member of the Board, and heartily endorsed the nomination. It was thought desirable, too, to elect a professor from Western Virginia to secure patronage from that quarter, most of the cadets then coming from the East. So Major Jackson was elected unanimously to the chair of Natural Philosophy, Professor Gilham retaining that of Chemistry.

It was Major Jackson's connection with the Virginia Military Institute which opened for him his career in the war. It identified him with the Valley, and gave him Valley men for his soldiers. It made him familiar with the ground upon which his earliest victories were won. But by what a chain of apparently fortuitous circumstances was he led to Lexington! The conversation at Point Isabel was the first link—the intercourse between the young men in Mexico; the disagreement between Colonel Smith and the Board; Professor Stewart's declining; the chance visit to Colonel Smith's office—these were the subsequent links.

At the time of Major Jackson's acceptance of this professorship his health was not good, and his eyes, especially, were so weak that he had to exercise great caution in using them, never doing so at night. Thus crippled for his work, a friend asked him if it was not presumption in him to accept the place when he was

physically incapacitated to fill it. "Not in the least," was his prompt answer; "the appointment came unsought, and was therefore providential; and I knew that if Providence set me a task, he would give me the power to perform it. So I resolved to get well, and you see I have. As to the rest, I knew that what *I willed to do, I could do.*" In order to regain his strength for his new work, he spent a part of July and August of 1851 on Lake Ontario, and the rest of the summer in charge of the corps of cadets at the Warm Springs of Virginia, from which he wrote to his uncle Alfred Neale: "I have reported at Lexington, and am delighted with my duties, the place, and the people. At present I am with the corps of cadets at this place, where we may remain until the company shall leave, which may be some time hence. I recruited very rapidly at Lake Ontario, where I passed part of July and August. It would have given me much pleasure to have visited you during the past summer, but I am anxious to devote myself to study until I shall become master of my profession."

In removing to Lexington, he found there a number of churches, and attended one and another to see which he liked best. Up to this time he knew scarcely anything of Presbyterianism. Here he found that church the largest and most influential, embracing many of the most intelligent families, although the professors of the Institute to which he belonged were mostly Episcopalians. The pastor of the Presbyterian church, Dr. William S. White, was a devout and earnest man of God, whose kindness and affability made him very winning to the young and to strangers. His impressive and persuasive style of preaching attracted and

interested the new professor, who soon sought his acquaintance, and then his counsel in religious matters. The simplicity of the Presbyterian form of worship and the preaching of her well-educated ministry impressed him most favorably, and after a careful study of her standards of faith and practice he gave his preference to that church. It has been said that he became a Presbyterian by marriage, but this is incorrect, for he had made his choice of a church before he made choice of a wife, and he was of too independent and inflexible a nature to be influenced even by a wife in so important a decision.

In his frequent interviews with Dr. White, the latter became more and more interested in the earnest, candid inquirer; and although some of his theories were not in strict accord with Presbyterianism, yet his pastor was so impressed with the genuineness of his faith and his extreme conscientiousness that he did not hesitate to receive him to the communion. He made a public profession of his faith on the 22d of November, 1851, and became more and more attached to the church of his choice with the lapse of time; his difficulties of doctrinal belief all vanished, and he was a most loyal and devoted member and officer. But he was the furthest possible remove from being a bigot. His views of each denomination had been obtained from itself, not from its opponents. Hence he could see excellences in all. Even of the Roman Catholic Church he had a much more favorable impression than most Protestants, and he fraternized with all evangelical denominations. During a visit to New York City, one Sabbath morning, we chanced to find ourselves at the door of an Episcopal church at the

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND LECTURE ROOM, LEXINGTON, VA.

hour for worship. He proposed that we should enter; and as it was a day for the celebration of the communion, he remained for that service, of which he partook in the most devout manner. It was with the utmost reverence and solemnity that he walked up the chancel and knelt to receive the elements. In his church at Lexington it has been said that he was an elder, but he never rose higher than a deacon, whose duties are purely temporal, to collect the alms of the church and to distribute to the destitute. These humble duties Major Jackson discharged with scrupulous fidelity. His pastor said he was the best deacon in the church. With a soldier's training of obedience to superior command, he followed out the same principle in his church duties, going to his pastor, as his chief, for his "orders," and "reporting" his performance of them in a military way. He never permitted anything to interfere with his attendance upon the monthly meetings of deacons; and to a brother-deacon, who excused his absence by pleading that he had not the time to attend, he said: "I do not see how, at that hour, we can possibly lack time for this meeting, or can have time for anything else, seeing it is set apart for this business."

Between his pastor and himself existed the most confidential relations, and he consulted him as he would a father, regarding him as a man of great worldly wisdom and discretion, as well as a faithful leader of his flock. "He always acted on the principle that he was as really bound to 'report' the condition of himself and family to his pastor as the latter was to minister to their spiritual wants."

Few men had such reverence for ministers of the

gospel, and he often said that, had his education fitted him for it, and had he more of the gift of speaking, he would have entered the pulpit. In a letter to his aunt, Mrs. Neale, he said: "The subject of becoming a herald of the cross has often seriously engaged my attention, and I regard it as the most noble of all professions. It was the profession of our divine Redeemer, and I should not be surprised were I to die upon a foreign field, clad in ministerial armor, fighting under the banner of Jesus. What could be more glorious? But my conviction is that I am doing good here, and that for the present I am where God would have me be. Within the last few days I have felt an unusual religious joy. I do rejoice to walk in the love of God. . . . My Heavenly Father has condescended to use me as an instrument in getting up a large Sabbath-school for the negroes here. He has greatly blessed it, and, I trust, all who are connected with it." So scrupulous was he in the performance of his duties that he would not neglect even the smallest, saying, "One instance would be a precedent for another, and thus my rules would be broken down." After his conscience decided upon questions of right and wrong, his resolution and independence enabled him to carry out his principles with a total disregard of the opinions of the world. He thought it was a great weakness in others to care what impression their conduct made upon public opinion, if their consciences were only clear. The fear of the Lord was the only fear he knew. After he became a Christian he set his face against all worldly conformity, giving up dancing, theatre-going, and every amusement that had a tendency to lead his thoughts and heart away from holy things. When a question

was raised as to the right or wrong of indulgences that many consider innocent, he would say pleasantly: "Well, I know it is not wrong *not to do it*, so I'm going to be on the safe side." His rule was never to make any compromise with his principles. But there was not a particle of asceticism or gloom in his religion. It shed perpetual sunshine upon his life, and his cheerful serenity was like the full-flowing of a placid stream. His faith and trust led him to feel that nothing could happen to him but what was sent in wisdom and love by his Heavenly Father. One of his favorite texts of Scripture was: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Soon after he united with the church, his pastor, in a public discourse, urged his flock to more faithfulness in attending the weekly prayer-meeting, and enjoined upon the church officers and members especially their duty to lead in prayer. Hearing this, Major Jackson called to inquire if *he* was among those who were admonished not to be deterred from their duty by modesty or false shame. He said he had not been used to public speaking; he was naturally diffident, and feared an effort might prove anything but edifying to the assembly; "but," he continued, "you are my pastor, and the spiritual guide of the church; and if *you* think it my duty, then I shall waive my reluctance and make the effort to lead in prayer, however painful it may be." Thus authorized to call upon him if he thought proper, after a time the pastor did so. In responding to the request, his embarrassment was so great that the service was almost as painful to the audience as it was to himself. The call was not repeated, and after waiting some weeks, the major again called upon Doc-

tor White to know if he had refrained from a second call from unwillingness to inflict distress upon him through his extreme diffidence. The good pastor was obliged to admit that he did shrink from requiring a duty of him which was rendered at such a sacrifice, lest his own enjoyment of the meeting be destroyed. His reply was: "Yes, but my comfort or discomfort is not the question; if it is my duty to lead in prayer, then I must persevere in it until I learn to do it aright; and I wish you to discard all consideration for my feelings." The next time he was called upon he succeeded better in repressing his agitation, and in the course of time he was able to pour out his heart before God with as much freedom in the public meeting as at his own family prayers.

To improve himself in public speaking, he joined a debating society in Lexington, called "The Franklin," and his first efforts there were on a par with those in the Presbyterian lecture-room; but his perseverance and determination overcame his difficulties to a great extent, and he acquired considerable ease and fluency as a speaker.

A congregational meeting of the church was held to determine the best method of increasing the revenue of the church. After several speeches, in which there was a good deal of diversity of opinion, Major Jackson rose quietly, and in a short but stirring address recalled the old command, not "to rob God in tithes and offerings," emphasizing the point that *if they did their duty as church members* all their difficulties would come to an end, with such earnest persuasion as led an eminent divine who was present to remark, "Why, the major was really eloquent to-day!"

In his own giving for religious purposes, he adopted the Hebrew system of *tithes*, contributing every year one tenth of his income to the church. He was a liberal giver to all causes of benevolence and public enterprises, and during the war he gave bounteously of his means to promote the spiritual interests of the soldiers.

During a summer spent in the little village of Beverly, West Virginia (the home of his sister), he was troubled to find that there was but little religious influence in the place, and that a number of the friends and acquaintances he made there were professed infidels. So great was his desire to convince them of their error and danger, that he prepared and delivered a brief course of lectures upon the evidences of Christianity. A military man was not often seen in that remote region, and this led him to hope that some might be drawn even by curiosity to listen to something from him more favorably than from others, though it might be much inferior. He did succeed in attracting crowds of hearers, but the delivery, he said, was one of the greatest trials he had ever had.

In social life Major Jackson was not what is called a "society man;" indeed, the very phrase seems an incongruity as applied to him. But before his marriage he mingled constantly in society—punctiliously performing his part in the courtesies which are due from young gentlemen—more, perhaps, from a sense of duty than from inclination. He was not naturally social, but he was a most genuine and ardent admirer of true womanhood; and no man was more respectful and chivalrous in his bearing towards the gentler sex. He never passed a woman either of high or low de-

gree, whether he knew her or not, without lifting his cap, and he was never lacking in any attention or service that he could render. When a lady entered the room he always rose to his feet and remained standing until she was seated. But with all his politeness and thorough breeding, he was so honest and conscientious that he could not indulge in those little meaningless flatteries with which young people are so prone to amuse themselves; hence he was not so popular in general society as young men who have no scruples of that sort. But he had his friendships among ladies who could appreciate him, and was a frequent visitor, delighting in throwing off restraint and making himself very much at home. In a letter to a friend he said: "The kind of friends to whom I am most attached are those with whom I feel at home, and to whom I can go at all proper times, and informally tell them the object of my call, with the assurance that, if practicable, they will join me in carrying out my plans, whether they are for an evening promenade, a musical *soirée*, or whatever they may be; and all this, without the marred pleasure resulting from a conviction that afterwards all my conduct must undergo a judicial investigation before 'Judge Etiquette,' and that for every violation of his code I must be censured, if not socially ostracized."

A Southern lady thus describes the impression that Major Jackson made upon her: "There was a peculiarity about him which at once attracted your attention. Dignified and rather stiff, as military men are apt to be, he was as frank and unassuming as possible, and was perfectly natural and unaffected. He always sat bolt upright in his chair, never lounged, never

crossed his legs, or made an unnecessary movement. The expression of his soft gray eyes was gentle, yet commanding, giving you a delightful feeling of the sweetness, purity, and strength of his character. His dress (in times of peace at least) was always in good taste, and faultlessly neat. Everything he wore was of the best material. 'A thorough gentleman' was not exactly the expression to describe the impression first made upon you: it was something more—a title of greater distinction than this must describe him—'a modern knight of King Arthur's Round Table,' would have more properly conveyed the indelible picture he fixed upon your mind. Nothing unworthy, nothing ignoble, nothing of modern frivolity and littleness—any thoughtful observer could have seen, even before the war, that 'Stonewall' Jackson was as true a hero as Bayard, or Raleigh, or Sidney."

The following picture is one of the best that have ever been drawn, and may well have the merit of accuracy, since it is by one who was a constant observer, as he was on his staff, and thus a member of his military family. It is the Rev. Dr. Dabney who thus sketches the figure of his chief: "His person was tall, erect, and muscular, with the large hands and feet characteristic of all his race. His bearing was peculiarly English; and therefore, in the somewhat free society of America, was regarded as constrained. Every movement was quick and decisive; his articulation was rapid, but distinct and emphatic, and, accompanied by that laconic and perspicuous phrase to which it was so well adapted, it often made the impression of curtness. He practised a military exactness in all the courtesies of good society. Different opinions ex-

isted as to his comeliness, because it varied so much with the condition of his health and animal spirits. His brow was fair and expansive; his eyes were blue-gray, large, and expressive, reposing usually in placid calm, but able none the less to flash lightning. His nose was Roman, and well chiselled; his cheeks ruddy and sunburnt; his mouth firm and full of meaning, and his chin covered with a beard of comely brown. The remarkable characteristic of his face was the contrast between its sterner and its gentler moods. As he accosted a friend, or dispensed the hospitalities of his own house, his serious, constrained look gave place to a smile, so sweet and sunny in its graciousness that he was another man. And if anything caused him to burst into a hearty laugh, the effect was a complete metamorphosis. Then his eyes danced, and his countenance rippled with a glee and *abandon* literally infantile. This smile was indescribable to one who never saw it. Had there been a painter with genius subtile enough to fix upon his canvas, side by side, the spirit of the countenance with which he caught the sudden jest of a child romping on his knees, and with which, in the crisis of battle, he gave the sharp command, 'Sweep the field with the bayonet!' he would have accomplished a miracle of art, which the spectator could scarcely credit as true to nature.

"In walking, his step was long and rapid, and at once suggested the idea of the dismounted horseman. It has been said that he was an awkward rider, but incorrectly. A sufficient evidence of this is the fact that he was never thrown. It is true that on the march, when involved in thought, he was heedless of the grace of his posture; but in action, as he rode

with bare head along his column, acknowledging the shouts which rent the skies, no figure could be nobler than his. His judgment of horses was excellent, and it was very rare that he was not well mounted."

His passport, which he procured at Washington for a European trip in 1856, describes him thus: "Stature five feet nine and three-quarter inches, English; forehead full; eyes gray; nose aquiline; mouth small; chin oval; hair dark-brown; face oval; complexion dark."

The last is a mistake, as his complexion was naturally fair, but was very susceptible to sunburn. A lady who was a relative, with whom he lived under the same roof several years, says:

"He was a man *sui generis;* and none who came into close enough contact with him to see into his inner nature were willing to own that they had ever known just such another man." After she was allowed unguarded insight into "the very pulse of the machine," she recalls the incredulity with which her declaration that Jackson was the very stuff out of which to make a hero was received, before any sword was lifted in the contest.

She describes him upon his first entrance into Lexington society as "of a tall, very erect figure, with a military precision about him which made him appear stiff, but he was one of the most polite and courteous of men. He had a handsome, animated face, flashing blue-gray eyes, and the most mobile of mouths. He was voted eccentric in our little professional circle, because he did not walk in the same conventional grooves as other men: it was only when we came to know him with the intimacy of hourly converse that

we found that much that passed under the name of eccentricity was the result of the deepest underlying principle, and compelled a respect which we dared not withhold. After he became an inmate of our household, we were not long in discovering that the more rigidly and narrowly his springs of action were scrutinized, the higher rose our respect and reverence. What may have provoked a smile when the motive or principle that lay behind the act was entirely misapprehended came to be regarded with a certain admiring wonder when the motive of the act was made clear. We sometimes used to charge him with losing sight of the perspective of things. Not drawing the distinction that men generally do between small and great, he laid as much stress upon truth in the most insignificant words or actions of his daily life as in the most solemn and important. He weighed his lightest utterances in 'the balances of the sanctuary.' When it would be playfully represented to him that this needless precision interfered with the graces of conversation, and tended to give angularity and stiffness to his style, his reply would be that he was perfectly aware of the inelegance it involved, but he chose to sacrifice all minor charms to the paramount one of absolute truth."

His crystalline truthfulness was equally noticeable in admitting that he did *not know* facts or things, when really there was no appeal made to his knowledge except the common "you know," with which so many interlard their conversation. "Nothing," he said, "would induce him to make the impression that he knew what he did not."

So in conversation, if he unintentionally made a misstatement about a matter of no moment whatever, as soon as he discovered his mistake, he would lose no time in hastening to correct it, even if he had to go upon the mission in a pouring rain. Upon being asked, "Why, in the name of reason, do you walk a mile in the rain for a perfectly unimportant thing?" his reply was, "Simply because I have discovered that it was a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably to-night unless I corrected it."

His ideas of honesty were just as rigid. An instance soon after our marriage will show this. One autumn afternoon we were taking a stroll, and passing a large apple orchard where the ripe fruit had fallen plentifully upon the ground, I asked him to step over the fence and treat ourselves to some of the tempting apples. My rebuke can be imagined when in the kindest manner he answered: "No, I do not think it would be right to do that. I am sure that Colonel R—— would have no objection, and would gladly give them to us if he were here, but I cannot take them without his leave."

No man carried his conscientiousness to a greater extreme, and many may say that he did it to an unnecessary and even morbid degree; but his humility was as pre-eminent as his conscientiousness, and although he laid down these stringent rules for his own governance, he did not set himself up as a guide or model for others, and never forced his convictions upon any one. He never even inadvertently fell into the use of the expressions so common upon our lips that he "wished that any event or circumstance were different from what it was." To do so would, in his

opinion, have been to arraign Providence. He was utterly free from censoriousness, envy, detraction, and all uncharitableness, and certainly kept his rule that if he could say nothing good of a man, he would not speak of him at all.

But if he once lost confidence, or discovered deception and fraud on the part of one whom he had trusted, his faith was not easily restored, and he withdrew himself as much as possible from any further dealings with him. However, he religiously kept the door of his lips, not permitting a word of censure or denunciation to pass them; and even when convinced that a man was a hypocrite, his severest sentence against him was that he believed him to be a "deceived man," who was so blinded that he could not see the error of his ways.

. . . "Only in the innermost circle of home did any one come to know what Jackson really was. . . . His natural temperament was extremely buoyant, and his *abandon* was beautiful to see, provided there were only one or two people to see it."

As may be supposed, punctuality was regarded by him as a virtue: "No one could ever charge him with loss of time through dilatoriness on his part. He never failed to fill an engagement; or, if it was impossible for him to do so, he would take any amount of trouble to give notice beforehand of his inability to keep it. . . . Once only do I remember that he was late in getting to prayer-meeting, for he was as punctual as a clock in being in his seat before the opening of the services of the church. On this occasion, when he found that the worship had commenced (although we were only a few minutes be-

hind time), he declined to enter, saying we had no right to disturb the devotions of others by going in during the service, and so we returned home.

"His personal habits were systematic in the extreme. He studied his physical nature with a physician's scrutiny; and having once adopted a regimen which he believed perfectly suited to himself, nothing would ever tempt him to swerve in the slightest degree from it. He ate, as he did everything else, from a sense of duty." He had suffered much from dyspepsia, and for that reason had to practise absolute control over his appetite, and nothing could tempt him to partake of food between his regular hours. "When sometimes at parties and receptions a friend would entreat him, for courtesy's sake and the gratification of his hostess, to *seem* to accept some delicacy, or at least venture upon a grape or an orange, he would always reply: "No, no; I have no genius for *seeming*."

In all the means that he sought for relief in subduing his arch-enemy, dyspepsia, he found none that proved so beneficial as the hydropathic treatment. He became a strong believer in the system, and during his summer vacation he visited several hydropathic establishments in New York and New England, and invariably gained strength from the baths and the exercise. One summer his chest broadened several inches by his performances in the gymnasium, and on his return home he found his double-breasted coat (a major's uniform) incapable of accommodating his increased dimensions, so he had to have a new one made. He always wore citizen's dress when off duty.

When he had a home of his own, he provided himself with some of his favorite appliances for gymnastic exercises, and greatly invigorated himself by their use.

He abstained from the use of all intoxicating drinks from principle, having a fondness for them, as he himself confessed, and for that reason never daring to indulge his taste. During the war, when asked by a brother officer to join him in a social glass, he replied: "No, I thank you, but I never use it; I am more afraid of it than of Federal bullets." Nor did he use tobacco in any form, and for many years not even tea and coffee, believing that they were injurious to his health.

When persons about him complained of headaches or other consequences of imprudence, he would say: "If you follow my rule, which is to govern yourself absolutely, I do not think you would have these sufferings. My head never aches: if anything disagrees with me, I never eat it."

As an instance of the alacrity with which, if once convinced that a thing was right to do, he did it, on one occasion, when he had been talking of self-abnegation and making rather light of it, a friend suggested that he had not been called upon to endure it, and supposed a case: "Imagine that the providence of God seemed to direct you to drop every scheme of life and of personal advancement, and go on a mission to the heart of Africa for the rest of your days, would you go?" His eyes flashed as he instantly replied: "I would go *without my hat!*"

This same friend once asked him what was his understanding of the Bible command to be "instant in prayer" and to "pray without ceasing." "I can give you," he said, "my idea of it by illustration, if you

will allow it, and will not think that I am setting myself up as a model for others. I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without lifting my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Then, when we take our meals, there is the grace. Whenever I drop a letter in the post-office, I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to ask God to prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my class-room and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so in every act of the day I have made the practice habitual."

"And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" asked his friend.

"I can hardly say that I do; the habit has become almost as fixed as to breathe."

His submission to his Heavenly Father's will was so perfect, and the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God" was to him such a blessed reality, that he always said he *preferred* God's will to his own; and his perfect assurance of faith never forsook him, however severely it might be tried. "He used to express surprise at the want of equanimity on the part of Christians under the pressure of untoward circumstances; and remarked that he did not think any combination of earthly ills could make him positively unhappy if he believed he was suffering the will of God." Thinking this a bold assertion, a friend ventured to touch him in a vulnerable point, knowing that his health was a source of

anxious care, and asked him: "Major, suppose you should lose your health irreparably; do you think you could be happy still?" He answered: "Yes, I should be happy still." "Well, suppose, in addition to life-long illness, you should become suddenly blind; do you believe your serenity would remain unclouded?" He paused a moment, as if to weigh fully every word he uttered, and then said: "I am sure of it; even such a misfortune could not make me doubt the love of God." Still further to test him, and knowing his impatience of anything that even bordered on dependence, it was urged: "But if, in addition to blindness and incurable infirmity and pain, you had to receive grudging charity from those on whom you had no claim—what then?" There was a strange reverence in his lifted eye, and an exalted expression over his whole face, as he replied, with slow deliberateness: "If it were God's will, *I think I could lie there content a hundred years!*"

General Jackson's extreme rigor in the observance of the Sabbath has been much commented on, and he has been called a religious fanatic. Certainly he was not less scrupulous in obeying the divine command to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" than he was in any other rule of his life. Since the Creator had set apart this day for his own, and commanded it to be kept holy, he believed that it was as wrong for him to desecrate it by worldly pleasure, idleness, or secular employment, as to break any other commandment of the decalogue. Sunday was his busiest day of the week, as he always attended church twice a day and taught in two Sabbath schools! He refrained as much as possible from all

worldly conversation, and in his family, if secular topics were introduced, he would say, with a kindly smile, "We will talk about that to-morrow."

He never travelled on Sunday, never took his mail from the post-office, *nor permitted a letter of his own to travel on that day*, always before posting it calculating the time it required to reach its destination; and even business letters of the utmost importance were never sent off the very last of the week, but were kept over until Monday morning, unless it was a case where distance required a longer time than a week.

One so strict in his own Sabbath observance naturally believed that it was wrong for the government to carry the mails on Sunday. Any organization which exacted secular labor of its employees on the Lord's day was, in his opinion, a violator of God's law. Just before his last battle he wrote the following letter, touching upon this matter, to his friend Colonel J. T. L. Preston:

"Near FREDERICKSBURG, VA., April 27th, 1863.

"DEAR COLONEL,—I am much gratified to see that you are one of the delegates to the General Assembly of our Church, and I write to express the hope that something may be accomplished by you at the meeting of that influential body towards repealing the law requiring our mails to be carried on the Christian Sabbath. Recently I received a letter from a member of Congress (the Confederate Congress at Richmond) expressing the hope that the House of Representatives would act upon the subject during its present session; and from the mention made of Colonel Chilton and Mr. Curry of Alabama, I infer that they are

members of the committee which recommends the repeal of the law. A few days since I received a very gratifying letter from Mr. Curry, which was voluntary on his part, as I was a stranger to him, and there had been no previous correspondence between us. His letter is of a cheering character, and he takes occasion to say that divine laws can be violated with impunity neither by governments nor individuals. I regret to say that he is fearful that the anxiety of members to return home, and the press of other business, will prevent the desired action this session. I have said thus much in order that you may see that Congressional action is to be looked for at the next meeting of Congress; hence the importance that Christians act promptly, so that our legislators may see the current opinion before they take up the subject. I hope and pray that such may be our country's sentiment upon this and kindred subjects that our statesmen will see their way clearly. Now appears to me an auspicious time for action, as our people are looking to God for assistance. Very truly your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON."

In another letter to his pastor he says: "It is delightful to see the Congressional Committee report so strongly against Sabbath mails. I trust that you will write to every member of Congress with whom you have any influence, and do all you can to procure the adoption of the report. And please request those with whom you correspond (when expedient) to do the same. I believe that God will bless us with success if Christians will but do their duty. For nearly fifteen years Sabbath mails have been, through God's blessing,

avoided by me, and I am thankful to say that in no instance has there been occasion for regret, but, on the contrary, God has made it a source of pure enjoyment to me."

For a long time he kept his resolution not to use his eyes by artificial light; and it was his custom never to break the seal of a letter which came to him late on Saturday night until the dawn of Monday morning. When he became engaged, and his *fiancée* lived in another State, it was a subject of amusing speculation among his friends whether he would break this rule. But it was found that even to the excuse "The woman tempted me" he did not yield. A friend in walking to church with him one Sunday morning, knowing he had received a letter the evening before, said to him: "Major, surely you have read your letter?" "Assuredly not," said he. "Where is it?" asked his friend. "Here," tapping his coat-pocket. "What obstinacy!" exclaimed his companion. "Don't you know that your curiosity to learn its contents will distract your attention from divine worship far more than if you had read it? Surely, in this case, to depart from your rule would promote a true Sabbath observance, instead of injuring it." "No," he answered, quietly, "I shall make the most faithful effort I can to govern my thoughts and guard them from unnecessary distraction; and as I do this from a sense of duty, I expect the divine blessing upon it." He said afterwards that his tranquillity and spiritual enjoyment were unusually great during the day.

In the autumn of 1855, he organized his Sabbath-school for the instruction of the colored people of Lexington. His interest in that race was simply because

they had souls to save; and he continued to instruct them with great faithfulness and success up to the breaking-out of the war. In this missionary work he was assisted by a number of ladies and gentlemen. This school was held in the afternoon of the Sabbath; its sessions were short and spirited, and he soon infused interest and punctuality into both teachers and pupils. Upon my removal to Lexington I proposed taking a class in the Sunday-school for white children, but he preferred that my labors should be given to the colored children, believing it was more important and useful to put the strong hand of the Gospel under the ignorant African race, to lift them up. I have always felt thankful that his wishes guided me in this matter, for it was a privilege to witness his great interest and zeal in the work, and never did his face beam with more intelligence and earnestness than when he was telling the colored children of his Sabbath-school the story of the cross.

When in the army he inquired of every visitor from the church to his camp how his colored Sunday-school was getting on, and expressed great satisfaction at hearing of its prosperity. This school is still in successful operation.

The Rev. Dr. White said he was once both gratified and amused when Major Jackson came to him to report the result of a collection which he had made in the congregation for the Bible Society. At the foot of the long list of the church-members and other citizens were a number of additional names in pencil-marks with small sums attached to them. Upon inquiring who they were, the major explained: "These at the top are your regulars, and those below are my

militia." In his round of visiting, he had called upon some of his colored friends, and encouraged them to give, even if it were but a mite, to this good cause, arguing that their money was more profitably spent in this way than in tobacco and whiskey, and that it would elevate them, and increase their interest in the study of the Bible. This activity for the good of others brought its own reward. This man, so busy in good works, his pastor said, "was the happiest man he ever knew." His faith and trust were so implicit that his own will was in perfect subjection to that of his Heavenly Father, and no suffering or trial could make him wish it had been otherwise.

The story of Major Jackson's life in Lexington would be lacking in one important link of the chain without the mention of his dear and honored Christian friend, Mr. John B. Lyle, to whom he was more indebted for spiritual profit than to any one else except his pastor. This gentleman was an elder of the church, a bachelor, past middle-age, and not prosperous, as the world goes, but he was one of those whole-souled, large-hearted Christians whose lives are full of love and sunshine. His genial face and ready sympathy made him a great favorite with young and old, and he was known as the comforter of the afflicted, the restorer of the wayward, and the counsellor of the doubting. Indeed, his heart was big enough to take in all who sought a place there. The young ladies made a special pet of him, and he was generally the confidant and adviser of his numerous friends, both in temporal and spiritual matters. He was fond of music, and led the church choir. The church at that time had no organ, but his magnificent voice was almost equal to an organ itself. Major Jack-

son rarely passed a day without a visit to Mr. Lyle's sanctum, and thus, coming under the constant influence of one whose inner Christian life was as elevated as his outward was active, his own religious character became moulded into that exalted type for which he was so conspicuous. It was largely due to Mr. Lyle's guidance in religious reading, his own bright example and instructions, that Major Jackson attained that perfect assurance of faith which shed such sunshine over his latter years. He also taught him to cherish a high sense of the value of prayer, and to expect an answer to it. In taking a journey, he never parted from his wife without engaging in prayer; before going to his Sabbath-schools he always knelt in prayer, and so, in every act of life, "prayer was his vital breath."

The first visit that my husband took me to pay after my arrival at my new home was to his friend, Mr. Lyle, and his smiling and hearty "welcome to Lexington" went directly to the heart of the stranger. He was then a partial paralytic, and it was not many months until a final stroke removed him to a better world. As an evidence of the strong hold he had on the hearts of all who knew him, one who was not connected with him by any tie of blood had him buried in his own family lot in the cemetery, and marked the spot by a monument bearing this inscription: "He was the truest friend, the bravest man, and the best Christian ever known to him who erects this stone to his memory."

The name of Dr. White, the good pastor, and his faithful under-shepherd, John B. Lyle, will long be fragrant memories in Lexington.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROFESSOR.—TRIP TO EUROPE.—1851-1856.

Major Jackson had never been a teacher before he became a professor in the Virginia Military Institute, and when asked by a friend whether he did not feel distrustful of himself in undertaking so untried and arduous a course of instruction, he replied: "No; I expect to be able to study sufficiently in advance of my classes; for *one can always do what he wills to accomplish.*"

In this spirit he entered on his duties as a teacher, and discharged them with the same painstaking fidelity that he did everything else he undertook in life. His extreme conscientiousness constrained him to carry out to the very letter all the regulations of the school, and when he came into conflict either with superiors or inferiors, it was because they were disposed to practise more policy and expediency than the rules prescribed. But we will let some of his colleagues in office, and his friends in Lexington and elsewhere, give their testimony to his character as a teacher and an officer. The superintendent of the Institute, General Francis H. Smith, says: "The professorial career of Major Jackson was marked by great faithfulness, and by an unobtrusive yet earnest spirit. With high mental endowments, *teaching* was a new profession to him,

and demanded, in the important department assigned him, an amount of labor which, from the state of his health, and especially from the weakness of his eyes, he performed at great sacrifice. Conscientious fidelity to duty marked every step of his life here, and when called to active duty in the field he had made considerable progress in the preparation of an elementary work on optics, which he proposed to publish for the benefit of his classes. Strict, and at times stern, in his discipline (though ever polite and kind), he was not always a popular professor; but no one ever possessed in a higher degree the confidence and respect of the cadets, for his unbending integrity and fearlessness in the discharge of duty. If he were exact in his demands upon them, they knew he was no less so in his own respect for and submission to authority. His great principle of government was that a general rule should not be violated for any particular good; and his animating rule of action was, that a man could accomplish what he willed to perform. For ten years he prosecuted his unwearied labors as a professor, making during that period, in no questionable form, such an *impress* upon those who, from time to time, were under his command, that when the war broke out the spontaneous sentiment of every cadet and graduate was to serve under him as their leader.

"The habit of mind of Major Jackson, long before he made a public profession of religion, was reverential. Devoutly recognizing the authority of God, submission to Him as his Divine Teacher and Guide soon matured into a confession of faith in him, and from that moment the 'triple cord'—'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord'—bound him

in simple and trustful obedience to his Divine Master."

In the third year of Major Jackson's professorship in the Military Institute a vacancy occurred in the Chair of Mathematics at the University of Virginia by the death of Professor Courtenay, and he was highly recommended by General Lee and others for the position, but, as was quite natural, the directors preferred an alumnus of the University, and so elected Professor Bledsoe, an older and more experienced teacher. In the end it proved better that Major Jackson remained at Lexington.

Major Jackson was twice married—the first time in 1853, August 4th, to Elinor, daughter of the Rev. Dr. George Junkin, President of Washington College, who is remembered by all who knew her as a person of singular loveliness of character; as possessed of great natural intelligence, which was developed in a family of high cultivation; while her native modesty and conscientiousness ripened, under parental culture, into a beautiful type of Christian womanhood. Thus she had every qualification to make a happy home. But this happiness was not to be of long duration. About fourteen months after the marriage, in giving birth to a child, that never breathed, the mother died also, so that all that was dearest to him on earth was laid in the grave. This was a terrible blow, for he was a devoted husband; and his early life having been so isolated from home influences, family ties were more to him than to most persons. But his resignation to God's will was unshaken, and his Christian character became more mellowed and consecrated by this sad bereavement.

A few extracts from his letters to his aunt, Mrs. Neale, will show the spirit in which he bore his affliction:

"February 16th, 1855.

"Your kind letter, so full of sympathy and love, made a deep impression on my stricken heart. I can hardly realize yet that my dear Ellie is no more—that she will never again welcome my return—no more soothe my troubled spirit by her ever kind, sympathizing heart, words, and love. . . . She has left me such monuments of her love to God, and deep dependence upon her Saviour's merits, that were I not to believe in her happiness, neither would I believe though one were to rise from the dead and declare it. God's promises change not. She was a child of God, and as such she is enjoying Him forever. . . . I have suffered so much with my eyes lately that I have had great fears that I might lose them entirely, but all things are in the hands of a merciful Father, and to His will I hope ever cheerfully to submit. . . . My dear Ellie, when living, spoke of the beauty of your letters. I feel that had she lived she would have been in correspondence with you; but now that cannot be in this sinful world, though it may be that an intimate friendship will exist between you in yonder world of bliss whither she has gone. If she retains her pure, human affections there, I feel that she will derive pleasure from the acquaintance of any one who in this world loves me, or whom I love. And does she not retain love there? 'God is love.' I believe that she retains every pure, human attribute, and in a higher state than when trammelled with flesh here. Oh, do you not long to leave the flesh and go to

God, and mingle with the just made perfect? Of all the moments of life, there are none around which I cluster so much that is joyful. Yet I feel that I do not wish to go before it is the will of God, who withholds no good thing from them that love Him. I thank my Heavenly Father that I can realize that blessed declaration. I frequently go to the dearest of earth's spots, the grave of her who was so pure and lovely — but *she* is not there. When I stand over the grave, I do not fancy that she is thus confined, but I think of her as having a glorified existence."

For a long time he visited her grave daily, and always stood over it with uncovered head, absorbed in tender and loving memories. In one of his note-books appears the following entry, showing his desire to profit by his great sorrow: "Objects to be effected by Ellie's death: To eradicate ambition; to eradicate resentment; to produce humility. If you desire to be more heavenly-minded, think more of the things of heaven, and less of the things of earth."

During the summer and fall of 1856, Major Jackson made a tour through Europe, which covered a period of nearly five months. To a friend he wrote: "I was so urged by a concurrence of favorable circumstances to visit Europe as to induce me to believe that the time had arrived for carrying out my long-contemplated trip, with which I was much charmed." He then goes on to speak in the most rapturous terms of "the romantic lakes and mountains of Scotland, the imposing abbeys and cathedrals of England; the Rhine, with its castellated banks and luxuriant vine

yards; the sublime scenery of Switzerland, with her lofty Mont Blanc and massive Mer-de-Glace; the vestiges of Venetian beauty; the sculpture and paintings of Italy; the ruins of Rome; the beautiful Bay of Naples, illuminated by Vesuvius; and lovely France, with her gay capital," etc. Again he writes:

"I would advise you never to name my European trip to me unless you are blest with a superabundance of patience, as its very mention is calculated to bring up with it an almost inexhaustible assemblage of grand and beautiful associations. Passing over the works of the Creator, which are far the most impressive, it is difficult to conceive of the influences which even the works of His creatures exercise over the mind till one loiters amidst their master productions. Well do I remember the influence of sculpture upon me during my short stay in Florence, and how there I began to realize the sentiment of the Florentine: 'Take from me my liberty, take from me what you will, but leave me my statuary, leave me these entrancing productions of art.' And similar to this is the influence of painting."

In another letter he is enthusiastic over Powers's statue of Il Penseroso, who "is represented as walking abroad while absorbed in thought, with the finger of one hand resting upon the lip, while the other carries a train."

His trip gave him boundless pleasure, and, although it was a hurried one, he managed to visit a great number of places in the space of four months, as the following letter to his aunt, Mrs. Neale, will show:

"LEXINGTON, VA., Oct. 27th, 1856.

"It is with much pleasure that God again permits me to write to you from my adopted home. Your kindness and that of uncle has not been forgotten; but when you hear where I have been during my short absence, you will not be surprised at not having heard from me, as my time was too short to see well all that came within the range of my journey. After leaving Liverpool I passed to Chester and Eaton Hall, and from there, returning, I visited Glasgow, Lochs Lomond and Katrine, Stirling Castle, Edinburgh, York, London, Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Strasburg, Basle, Lakes Lucerne, Brience, and Thun; Berne, Freiburg, Geneva, the Mer de Glace, over the Alps by the Simplon Pass; Milan, Venice, Florence, Naples, Rome, Marseilles, Paris, London, and Liverpool again, and then home. . . . It appeared to me that Providence had opened the way for my long-contemplated visit, and I am much gratified at having gone."

When he set out on this foreign tour, like other enthusiastic travellers, he began with a resolution to keep a journal, in which he would give a minute description of all that he saw from day to day; but when he was fairly in the heart of Old England, he found himself so absorbed with the sights and scenes that crowded upon his attention that his "Journal" subsides into mere jottings of places and objects which are of interest chiefly to his family. During these months he acquired such a knowledge of French that for years after it was his custom to read his Scripture morning lesson in a French Testament.

In crossing the ocean he gave himself ample time to reach home at the expiration of his furlough, but the steamer failed to make the trip in the usual number of days. At this his friends, who knew him to be the very soul of punctuality, expressed their wonder at his failure to "come up to time." Upon his arrival, as soon as the first greetings were over, and he had explained the cause of his detention, one of them exclaimed: "But, Major, haven't you been miserable since the beginning of the month? You are so particular in keeping your appointments that we imagined you were beside yourself with impatience." "Not at all," he replied; "I did all in my power to be here at the appointed time; but when the steamer was delayed by Providence, my responsibility was at an end." The great object of his journey was attained. Aside from the pleasure of seeing foreign countries, his health was perfectly restored, and he was ready to resume his work.

"COTTAGE HOME," THE MORRISON HOMESTEAD.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CHAPTER VII.

SECOND MARRIAGE.—HOME LIFE.—1857-1858.

In writing these memoirs, it has been my aim, up to this period, to keep myself in the background as much as possible; but in what follows, my own life is so bound up with that of my husband that the reader will have to pardon so much of self as must necessarily be introduced to continue the story of his domestic life and to explain the letters that follow.

I trust it will not be out of place to give a very brief insight into my early life, knowing full well that whatever interest is awakened in me is only a reflected one, arising solely from the fact of my having been the wife of General Jackson. The home of my girlhood was a large, old-fashioned house, surrounded by an extensive grove of fine forest trees, on a plantation in Lincoln County, North Carolina. My father, the Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, a Presbyterian minister, had in his earlier life been a pastor in towns, and was the first president of Davidson College, in North Carolina; but, his health having failed, he sought a country home for rest and restoration, and reared his large family of ten children principally in this secluded spot, where he was able to preach to a group of country churches. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina, in the year 1818, in a class with President Polk, Bishop Green, of Mississippi, and several other men of em-

inence in church and state. He was always a good student, and his own home furnished the best school for his children until the girls were old enough to be sent off to boarding-school and the boys to college.*

* The names of these children were:

1st. Isabella, who married General D. H. Hill.

2d. William Wilberforce (of the Confederate army), who died in 1865, a victim of the war.

3d. Harriet, married Mr. James P. Irwin, of Charlotte, N. C.

4th. Mary Anna, wife of General Thomas J. Jackson.

5th. Eugenia, married General Rufus Barringer, of N. C.

6th. Susan, married Judge A. C. Avery, of N. C.

7th. Laura, married Colonel J. E. Brown, of Charlotte, N. C.

8th. Joseph Graham, married Jennie Davis, of Salisbury, N. C.

9th. Robert Hall, married Lucy Reid, of Iredell County, N. C.

10th. Alfred J., married Portia Lee Atkinson, daughter of Rev. Dr. J. M. P. Atkinson, of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia.

Alfred, the Benjamin and flower of the flock, followed the sacred calling of his father. Gifted in mind and person and winning in manner, he gave promise of great usefulness in the church. He was settled as pastor of a Presbyterian church in Selma, Alabama, where his labors had been greatly blessed, but at the end of six months his career was cut short by typhoid fever.

My honored and beloved father long outlived his son, having attained the age of ninety years. As he died since this biography was commenced, I cannot refrain from quoting a brief tribute by my pastor to his memory:

"Descended from a sterling Scotch-Irish ancestry, he inherited those qualities of mind and heart which, hallowed by grace, made him an honor to the age and a blessing to the world. Called by the Saviour in the morning of life, he obeyed the voice of the gracious Shepherd, and followed Him faithfully to its close. Four times a year he read the Bible through from beginning to end, studying all the commentaries that could throw light upon its sacred pages. Those, with daily communion with God, and the reading of devotional books, were the sources of his truly heavenly piety. Literary tastes were sanctified, and mind and heart found their

In those good old times before the war many wealthy families lived upon their plantations, and the neighborhood in which my father lived was noted for its excellent society, refinement, and hospitality. My mother was Mary Graham,* daughter of General Jo-

highest satisfaction and enjoyment in the green pastures of divine truth and beside the still waters of divine consolation. The grand doctrines of grace entered into and moulded his Christian experience, and made him humble and prayerful, cheerful and strong, decided but liberal, active and zealous, steadfast, immovable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord. In his latter years all of his income—after providing for his personal wants—was devoted to the Gospel, not restricting himself to his own, but assisting other denominations of Christians.

"Davidson College, of which he was the founder, has risen to eminence among the institutions of America. Its high standard commands the respect of the whole country, whilst the moral influences which govern and surround it are unsurpassed. During the fifty-two years of its existence, it has given to the church two hundred ministers of the Gospel! Who is able to compute the sum total of blessing accruing to the world from this one source alone? Who is able to measure its influence for good through all coming time? And who is able to estimate the indebtedness of society, the state, and the church to its noble founder? Davidson College is his monument, for which generations yet unborn will rise up and bless the name of Dr. Robert Hall Morrison.

"He has left to his descendants the rich legacy of an honored name, a holy life, an elevated Christian character, and many fervent prayers which have been, and are yet to be, answered in blessings on their heads—a legacy infinitely more precious than all the diadems and treasures of earth."

* The name of Graham recalls that of my mother's father, General Joseph Graham, a name well known in our Revolutionary annals. He entered the army at nineteen years of age. At the end of two years of arduous and responsible service he was stricken down by a severe and lingering illness, but returning health

seph Graham, and sister of the Hon. William A. Graham, who was successively Governor of North Carolina, United States Senator, and Secretary of the Navy during President Fillmore's administration. Having seen a good deal of the world in her young days, my mother was anxious to give her daughters the same pleasure, and we were indulged in charming trips whenever it was practicable; but, there being six daughters, we had to take these trips by turns. My beautiful younger sister Eugenia and I left school at the same time, came out as young ladies together, and never were two sisters happier or more united in mutual affection and confidence. We were simple coun-

found him again in the field. When the war invaded his own section, and the army under General Greene withdrew towards Virginia, to him was assigned the command of those troops which sustained the rear-guard under General Davies. For many miles he was confronted with Tarleton's famous cavalry, said to be the best in the British service. The obstinate resistance which he opposed to their advance had nearly closed his career. After many gallant but ineffectual attempts to drive them back, he fell, literally covered with wounds. But no sooner did he recover than he again took the field. The service which now fell to his lot was one of peculiar privation, suffering, and sacrifice. Of commissary stores, his command often had none; nay, were sometimes under the necessity of supplying their own horses and purchasing their own equipments. But his patriotism was entire and uncalculating; he recked not of means, health, or life itself in the cause to which he had devoted himself; and so he continued in the field as long as there was an enemy in the country, and though, when peace was declared, he had but entered on the threshold of manhood, he had commanded in fifteen different engagements.

In civil life he was scarcely less distinguished. The many important positions filled by him afford the highest testimony to his capacity and character. He received the commission of major-general during the war of 1812.

try maidens, knowing little of the world outside of our father's home, where all was purity, peace, and contentment.

My first revelation of the gay world was a visit to my uncle Graham, in Washington, during the last year of Mr. Fillmore's administration. Washington was then a rather small, old-fashioned city compared with its present expansion and magnificence, but to a little country girl, in 1853, it was the grandest and most charming place that she had ever seen. Two other young ladies were guests of my uncle at the same time, and we formed a most congenial and happy trio during my delightful stay of four months. Being "Cabinet ladies," we, of course, were invited to all the grand entertainments, and though none of us were dancing girls (for myself, as a minister's daughter, it would not have been considered proper), certainly we did not need it to complete our enjoyment.

One of our red-letter evenings was a select social tea at the White House, the charming hostess, Miss Fillmore, being equal in cultivation and accomplishments to any one who has filled the position of "first lady of the land." Her mother was living, and, of course, took precedence of the daughter, but the latter was hostess to her young friends on this evening. We had some very delightful music on the harp, one lady singing "Auld Robin Gray" with exquisite beauty and pathos.

Upon my return home, my younger sister, Eugenia, was to have a trip to Lexington, Virginia, which at that time was the home of our oldest sister, who had married Major D. H. Hill (afterwards general in the

Confederate army), a professor in Washington College. One of my father's elders and friends, Robert I. McDowell, was a delegate to the General Assembly at Philadelphia, and kindly offered to escort Eugenia on her journey. Having recently returned from so long a visit to Washington, it never entered into my head even to wish that I might be permitted to accompany my sister, and my astonishment can be imagined when she came bounding into my room in a perfect ecstasy, exclaiming: "Oh, sister, father says *you* may go, too!" Being a very dependent younger sister, and always shrinking, on account of shyness, from going anywhere alone, it may be that she had put in a plea for me to accompany her that was irresistible; but, at all events, no plan could have been more delightful than for us to make this visit together, and two more joyous young creatures never set out upon a journey, the entire unexpectedness of my being one of the party filling the cup of our happiness.

At that time North Carolina had only a few railroads, none near to us, going north; but there was one running from Charlotte to Charleston, South Carolina, and our escort chose this circuitous route, via Charleston, Wilmington, and Richmond, rather than travel by coach across the country.

This long journey, instead of proving wearisome to us, was a source of genuine enjoyment, especially as we took it by easy stages. We spent one night in Columbia, which we had time to see in its lovely May dress, with its enchanting old private gardens, with their wealth of flowers and evergreens. At Charleston we spent only a few hours, but our drive through it to take the steamer gave us a glimpse of this city

by the sea. Our rapture then reached its acme, when we beheld for the first time the ocean, and had a sail of twenty-four hours upon it to Wilmington. It was a perfect afternoon, the sunset was superb, and, as we escaped seasickness, we were able to enjoy everything. From Wilmington to Richmond we travelled by rail, and expected at the latter place to part with our escort, but he chivalrously volunteered to see us to our journey's end, and accompanied us all the way to Lexington. From Staunton to Lexington we travelled by stage-coach. Upon our arrival, my sister, Mrs. Hill, was as much surprised at seeing *me* as I was at being permitted to take the trip, for she was expecting only one of her young sisters to visit her that summer.

General Hill has told of the links in the chain of Providence that led Major Jackson to Lexington. Of course, I cannot but look upon it as a special Providence that led me there to meet him who was to be my future husband, and to know him as a friend, without the remotest idea, on his part or mine, that we could ever be to each other anything more.

Through the letters of Major and Mrs. Hill, we had heard of their friend, Major Jackson, and his engagement to Miss Elinor Junkin had been confided to them before we went to Lexington, so that before we met him we knew that he was soon to be married. He was very intimate at the house of Major Hill, and was the first gentleman to call upon us, his regard for our relatives giving him a very friendly feeling towards us. His greeting was most cordial, and he very soon offered his services in the kindest manner, telling us that if Major Hill was ever too much engaged to give

us every needful attention, we must call upon him as we would upon a brother.

My first impression was that he was more soldierly-looking than anything else, his erect bearing and military dress being quite striking; but upon engaging in conversation, his open, animated countenance, and his clear complexion, tinged with the ruddy glow of health, were still more pleasing. The descriptions of his personal appearance differ so much that I must be permitted to give mine, which surely ought to be true to life. His head was a splendid one, large and finely formed, and covered with soft, dark-brown hair, which, if allowed to grow to any length, curled; but he had a horror of long hair for a man, and clung to the conventional style, *à la militaire*, of wearing very close-cut hair and short side-whiskers. After he was persuaded to turn out a full beard, it was much more becoming to him, his beard being a heavy and handsome brown, a shade lighter than his hair. His forehead was noble and expansive, and always fair, from its protection by his military cap. His eyes were blue-gray in color, large, and well-formed, capable of wonderful changes with his varying emotions. His nose was straight and finely chiselled, his mouth small, and his face oval. His profile was very fine. All his features were regular and symmetrical, and he was at all times manly and noble-looking, and when in robust health he was a handsome man.

His manners were rather stiff, but they had a certain dignity which showed that he was not an ordinary man. His uniform, consisting of a dark-blue frock-coat with shoulder-straps, double-breasted, and buttoned up to the chin with brass buttons, and fault-

less white linen pantaloons, was very becoming to him.

My young sister and I were at the age when girls can see fun in everything, and while fully appreciating the warmth of his kindness, we were silly enough to make ourselves very merry over the rôle he had assumed in offering himself as a brother to us, and we never looked upon him as a beau any more than we would upon a man who was already married. With this perfect understanding of the situation, we came to know him very intimately, a day rarely passing without his calling for a few moments; and having adopted us as his *protégées*, he came every Sunday evening to see if we were provided with escorts for church. My beautiful young sister was more of a belle than I, and was scarcely ever without an engagement of this kind, so it fell to my lot to share the brotherly wing of the major oftener than to her. I always felt that he would have chosen her first if the opportunity offered, but neither of us had any greater hesitation in accepting his escort than we would that of Major Hill. We both felt that he was a delightful and never-failing stand-by, as he always kept out of the way if any other young men wished to pay their respects, only offering his services when they were needed. But he often took us on long strolls into the country, and contributed in every way that he could to our enjoyment as long as he remained. We teased him a great deal, which he always took good-naturedly, but never once admitted to us the fact of his engagement, and his *fiancée* and he were rarely seen together in public. This was in deference to her wishes, and they both kept their secret so well guard-

ed that, when their marriage was announced it took the town by surprise. We were in Lexington at the time. He had bidden us good-by, and gone off in the beginning of his summer vacation, and we thought we had seen the last of the major, as we were to return home before his professorial duties called him back.

That visit to Lexington, to us, was as charming as charming could be. Arriving there, as we did, in the month of May, that mountain country was arrayed in all its spring beauty, and there could not have been a more propitious season for social enjoyment to young people than just before the commencements of the two large institutions. We were there long enough in advance to make many pleasant acquaintances, and, that being the gay season of the town, there were a succession of entertainments and a round of parties, at which there was always music, but never dancing or card-playing. A more cultivated and religious community was not to be found; and the numerous young men there at the time, embracing professors, theological and college students, cadets, and citizens, seemed to vie with each other in showing courtesy to the young ladies, of whom there was an unusually large circle there that summer. After the commencements were over, the greater part of our acquaintances left for their homes, or for new scenes of recreation during the vacation. But even after the cessation of the round of gayety, and when the College and the Institute were empty, there were enough residents left to afford us a very delightful, though quiet, time to the end of our visit.

One August morning we were taken by surprise when our friend Major Jackson suddenly dropped in, and our many exclamations of wonder at seeing him

amused him as much as his unexpected appearance astonished us. The reunion was a merry one, and he spent an hour or more, calling for his favorite songs and seeming genuinely happy; but not even a hint did he give us as to the object of his return, although we plied him with all sorts of teasing questions. We saw him no more, but were electrified the next morning at hearing that he and Miss Ellie Junkin were married, and had gone North on a bridal tour!

After our return home, my sister and I became absorbed in our old associations, and while retaining the most pleasant and grateful recollections of our kind friend Major Jackson, we lost sight of him entirely; and as Major and Mrs. Hill removed from Lexington, our communication with the place was cut off.

The following spring after our return, Eugenia was married to a young lawyer of North Carolina, Mr. Rufus Barringer, who during the war became a general in the Confederate army.

The loss of her sweet companionship was, up to that time, the greatest trial of my life. For three years after, I lived at home "in maiden meditation, fancy-free"—little dreaming what the future held in store for me; for I can truthfully say that my fate was as much of a surprise to me as it could have been to any one else. We had heard with sincere sorrow and sympathy of the death of Mrs. Jackson; but afterwards nothing was heard from the major, except in an incidental way. However, he was given to surprises, and after returning from Europe with restored health and spirits he began to realize that life could be made bright and happy to him again, and in revolving this problem in his mind his first impulse was to open communica-

4370

tion with his old friend Miss Anna Morrison, and see if she could not be induced to become a participant in attaining his desired happiness. So, to my great surprise, the first letter I ever received from him came to me expressing such blissful memories over reminiscences of the summer we had been together in Lexington that my sister Eugenia laughed most heartily over it, and predicted an early visit from the major. Still, I was incredulous, and when her prediction was verified in a very short time, and I saw a tall form, in military dress, walking up from my father's gate, I could scarcely believe my senses. His visit was brief, as he had asked for a leave of absence in the midst of the session, promising to return on a certain day, and it mattered not how much success or fascination enchained him, he would not indulge himself one moment beyond the limit of his time. My father was highly pleased with him as a Christian gentleman, and my mother was also favorably impressed, especially with his extreme politeness, so that his visit was one of mutual congeniality and enjoyment. I was always thankful that our acquaintance and friendship had been formed in a perfectly disinterested way, without a thought on either side that we should ever occupy a closer relation.

He was a great advocate for marriage, appreciating the gentler sex so highly that whenever he met one of the "unappropriated blessings" under the type of truest womanhood, he would wish that one of his bachelor friends could be fortunate enough to win her.

Some extracts from his letters after our engagement will show the tenderness of his nature, and how with this human affection were mingled a boundless

love and gratitude to Him who was the giver of all. Upon hearing of the death of an idolized little boy, the son of Major Hill, he writes: "I wrote to Major and Mrs. Hill a few days since, and my prayer is that this heavy affliction may be sanctified to them. I was not surprised that little M—— was taken away, as I have long regarded his father's attachment to him as too strong; that is, so strong that he would be unwilling to give him up, though God should call for his own. I do not believe that an attachment ever is, or can be, absolutely too strong for any object of our affections; but our love to God may not be strong enough. We may not love Him so intensely as to have no will but His. . . . Is there not a comfort in prayer which is nowhere else to be found?"

"April 25th, 1857. It is a great comfort to me to know that although I am not with you, yet you are in the hands of One who will not permit any evil to come nigh you. What a consoling thought it is to know that we may, with perfect confidence, commit all our friends in Jesus to the care of our Heavenly Father, with an assurance that all will be well with them! . . . I have been sorely disappointed at not hearing from you this morning, but these disappointments are all designed for our good.

"In my daily walks I think much of you. I love to stroll abroad after the labors of the day are over, and indulge feelings of gratitude to God for all the sources of natural beauty with which he has adorned the earth. Some time since, my morning walks were rendered very delightful by the singing of the birds. The morning carolling of the birds, and their sweet notes

in the evening, awaken in me devotional feelings of praise and thanksgiving, though very different in their nature. In the morning, all animated nature (man excepted) appears to join in expressions of gratitude to God; in the evening, all is hushing into silent slumber, and thus disposes the mind to meditation. And as my mind dwells on you, I love to give it a devotional turn, by thinking of you as a gift from our Heavenly Father. How delightful it is thus to associate every pleasure and enjoyment with God the Giver! Thus will He bless us, and make us grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Him, whom to know aright is life eternal."

"May 7th. I wish I could be with you to-morrow at your communion. Though absent in body, yet in spirit I shall be present, and my prayer will be for your growth in every Christian grace. . . . I take special pleasure in the part of my prayers in which I beg that every temporal and spiritual blessing may be yours, and that the glory of God may be the controlling and absorbing thought of our lives in our new relation. It is to me a great satisfaction to feel that our Heavenly Father has so manifestly ordered our union. I believe, and am persuaded, that if we but walk in His commandments, acknowledging Him in all our ways, He will shower His blessings upon us. How delightful it is to feel that we have such a friend, who changes not! The Christian's recognition of God in all His works greatly enhances his enjoyment."

"May 16th. There is something very pleasant in

the thought of your mailing me a letter every Monday; such manifestation of regard for the Sabbath must be well-pleasing in the sight of God. Oh that all our people would manifest such a regard for his holy day! If we would all strictly observe his holy laws, what would not our country be? . . . When in prayer for you last Sabbath, the tears came to my eyes, and I realized an unusual degree of emotional tenderness. I have not yet fully analyzed my feelings to my satisfaction, so as to arrive at the cause of such emotions; but I am disposed to think that it consisted in the idea of the intimate relation existing between you, as the object of my tender affection, and God, to whom I looked up as my Heavenly Father. I felt that day as if it were a communion day for myself." . . .

"June 20th. I never remember to have felt so touchingly as last Sabbath the pleasure springing from the thought of prayers ascending for my welfare from one tenderly beloved. There is something very delightful in such spiritual communion."

On the 16th of July, 1857, we were married. It was a quiet little home wedding, and the ceremony was performed by a favorite old ministerial friend of mine, Rev. Dr. Drury Lacy. My father could not trust his emotional nature enough to marry any of his daughters.

Whether or not it was in his usual formula, or whether he was impressed by the very determined and unbending look of the military bridegroom, Dr. Lacy made him promise to be an "indulgent husband," laying special stress upon the adjective; but he was

equally emphatic in exacting obedience on the part of the bride.

The most memorable incident of the occasion to me was that my trousseau, which had been ordered from New York in ample time, arrived only a few hours before the ceremony, and I had been compelled to improvise a bridal outfit, in the certain expectation of disappointment. However, the old adage "All's well that ends well" was verified in this case, as every article of my ordering was a perfect fit, and entirely satisfactory; and the trustful major had reassured me all along that they would come in time. This was one of the "special providences" which he loved to recount. His bridal gifts to me were a beautiful gold watch and a lovely set of seed pearls.

A few days after our marriage we set out upon a Northern tour. The trip included visits to Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Saratoga, and Niagara. In New York we saw almost everything that was to be seen in the way of sight-seeing, even climbing to the top of the spire of Trinity Church, to take a bird's-eye view of the magnificent panorama which it overlooks. The view was indeed grand, embracing the whole city—graceful, sparkling rivers; the bay and sound, studded with vessels in motion and at rest; and beautiful rural scenery stretching out as far as the eye could reach.

But the places that combined the greatest amount of interest and pleasure were Niagara and Saratoga. No man delighted more in viewing the grand and wonderful works of the Creator, and in looking "through nature up to nature's God." At Saratoga he took not a particle of interest in the gay and fashionable

throng, but the natural beauties of the place charmed him, and he found a delightful recreation in rowing me over the lovely lake, whose placid waters were, at that time, covered with water-lilies.

After completing this delightful Northern tour, we wended our way to the Rockbridge Alum Springs, a very pleasant mountain resort in the Valley of Virginia, and only a few hours from Lexington. Here we remained several weeks, or until the beginning of the session at the Institute; enjoying the quiet, and spending the time in reading, walking, and sitting in the woods; the delicious mountain air and fine scenery giving a zest to existence, and sending us away regretfully when duty called us home. Major Jackson derived great benefit from the mineral waters of the Rockbridge Alum Springs, and it was a favorite resort of his. Upon our return to Lexington we lived for a few months at the best hotel in the place; but he was not at all fond of boarding, and longed for the time when he could have a home of his own. In a letter to a friend he says: "I hope in the course of time we shall be able to call some house our home. where we may have the pleasure of receiving a long visit from you. I shall never be content until I am at the head of an establishment in which my friends can feel at home in Lexington. I have taken the first important step by securing a wife capable of making a happy home, and the next thing is to give her an opportunity."

Doctor Dabney truly says of General Jackson that "in no man were the domestic affections ever more tender and noble. He who saw only the stern, self-denying soldier in his quarters, amidst the details of

the commander's duties, or on the field of battle, could scarcely comprehend the gentle sweetness of his home life. There the cloud, which to his enemies was only night and tempest, displayed nothing but the 'silver lining.' In his household the law of love reigned: his own pattern was the chief stimulus to duty; and his sternest rebuke, when he beheld any recession from gentleness or propriety, was to say, half tenderly, half sadly: 'Ah! that is not the way to be happy!'"

Bayard Taylor's beautiful lines:

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring,"

found a true exemplification in him, of which his letters will be the best proof.

A few months after our marriage he proposed that we should study together the Shorter Catechism as a Sabbath-afternoon exercise, and it was not long until we committed it to memory—he reciting it to me with perfect accuracy from beginning to end. This he had not been taught in his youth, although he had read it carefully before committing himself to Presbyterianism. He considered it a model of sound doctrine, as he did also the Confession of Faith; but his chief study was the Bible itself, which was truly "a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path."

After boarding more than a year, he finally succeeded in purchasing a house in Lexington, the only available one he could obtain, and it was his intention to sell it and build one to suit himself in the course of time. But unsuitable as this large, old house was for his small family, it was genuine happiness to him to have a home of his own: it was the first one he had ever possessed, and it was truly his castle. He lost

no time in going to work to repair it and make it comfortable and attractive. His tastes were simple, but he liked to have everything in perfect order—every door "on golden hinges softly turning," as he expressed it; "a place for everything, and everything in its place;" and under his methodical management

THE JACKSON DWELLING, LEXINGTON.

his household soon became as regular and well-ordered as it was possible for it to be with negro servants. His furniture was very plain, though of excellent materials; but simplicity itself marked every article. A lady said it was just her idea of a Christian home. He believed in providing his family with every comfort and convenience, for which he spared

no expense. He was intensely fond of his home, and it was there he found his greatest happiness. There all that was best in his nature shone forth, shedding sweetness and light over his household.

Those who knew General Jackson only as they saw him in public would have found it hard to believe that there could be such a transformation as he exhibited in his domestic life. He luxuriated in the freedom and liberty of his home, and his buoyancy and joyousness of nature often ran into a playfulness and *abandon* that would have been incredible to those who saw him only when he put on his official dignity. The overflowing sunshine of his heart was a reflection from the Sun of Righteousness, and he always said we could not love an earthly creature too much if we only loved God *more*. He was generous but unostentatious in his mode of living, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to welcome his friends to his simple and hospitable home. He particularly delighted in entertaining ministers of the Gospel.

His garden was a source of very great pleasure to him: he worked in it a great deal with his own hands, and cultivated it in quite a scientific way. He studied Buist's *Kitchen Garden*, and had an elaborate calendar for planting, which was given him by an enthusiastic brother-officer in the army. So successful was he as a gardener that he raised more vegetables than his family could consume. His early training upon his uncle's farm had instilled into him a love for rural pursuits, and it was not long until he gratified his desire to possess a little farm of his own, which embraced twenty acres near town. Here, with the aid of his negroes, he raised wheat, corn, and other

products, and every year his crops and land improved under his diligent care. This farm he sold during the war, and invested the proceeds in Confederate bonds to assist the government.

His life at home was perfectly regular and systematic. He arose about six o'clock, and first knelt in secret prayer; then he took a cold bath, which was never omitted even in the coldest days of winter. This was followed by a brisk walk, in rain or shine (for with a pair of india-rubber cavalry boots and a heavy army overcoat he was independent of the weather), and he returned, looking the picture of freshness and animation.

Seven o'clock was the hour for family prayers, which he required all his servants to attend promptly and regularly. He never waited for any one, not even his wife.

Breakfast followed prayers, after which he left immediately for the Institute, his classes opening at eight o'clock and continuing until eleven. He was engaged in teaching only three hours a day, except for a few weeks before the close of the session, when the artillery practice demanded an additional hour in the afternoon. Upon his return home at eleven o'clock, he devoted himself to study until one. The first book he took up daily was his Bible, which he read with a commentary, and the many pencil-marks upon it showed with what care he bent over its pages. From his Bible lesson he turned to his text-books, which engaged him until dinner, at one o'clock. During these hours of study he would not permit any interruption, and stood all that time in front of a high desk, which he had had made to order, and upon

which he kept his books and stationery. After dinner he gave himself up for half an hour or more to leisure and conversation, and this was one of the brightest periods in the home life. He then went into his garden, or out to his farm to superintend his servants, and frequently joined them in manual labor. He would often drive me out to the farm, and find a shady spot for me under the trees, while he attended to the work of the field. When this was not the case, he always returned in time to take me, if the weather permitted, for an evening walk or drive. In summer we often took our drives by moonlight, and in that beautiful Valley of Virginia the queen of night seemed to shine with more brightness than anywhere else; but, leaving all romance out of the question, there could be no more delightful way of spending the long summer evening. When at home, he would indulge himself in a season of rest and recreation after supper, thinking it was injurious to health to go to work immediately. As it was a rule with him never to use his eyes by artificial light, he formed the habit of studying mentally for an hour or so without a book. After going over his lessons in the morning, he thus reviewed them at night, and in order to abstract his thoughts from surrounding objects—a habit which he had cultivated to a remarkable degree—he would, if alone with his wife, ask that he might not be disturbed by any conversation, and he would then take his seat with his face to the wall, and remain in perfect abstraction until he finished his mental task, when he would emerge with a bright and cheerful face into social enjoyment again. He was very fond of being read to, and much of our time in the even-

ings was passed in my ministering to him in this way. At first he fitted up a study for himself, but having no children, he gradually came to making our large, pleasant living-room his study, and finally moved his upright desk into it, having become assured that he would meet with no interruption, either in his morning work, or when he sat with face to the wall, as silent and as dumb as the sphinx, reviewing his lessons in the evening. He had a library, which, though small, was select, composed chiefly of scientific, historical, and religious books, with some of a lighter character, and some in Spanish and French. Nearly all of them were full of his pencil marks, made with a view to future reference.

The few years spent so happily and peacefully in this little home were unmarked by any events important to the outside world. One little bud of promise was sent for a brief period to awaken new hopes of domestic joy and comfort, but it pleased God to transplant it to heaven before these hopes could be realized. The father, in announcing the arrival of the infant to its grandmother, commences thus: "Dear mother, we have in our home circle a darling little namesake of yours, and she is a bright little one, her father being the judge. . . ." And he concludes by saying: "I hope it will not be many years before our little Mary Graham will be able to send sweet little messages to you all." The child lived only a few weeks, and its loss was a great, very great, sorrow to him. But here, as always, religion subdued every murmur. Great as was his love for children, his spirit of submission was greater, and even in this bitter disappointment he bowed uncomplaining to his Father's will.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME LIFE CONTINUED—1858–1859.

The summer of 1858 was ushered in with sorrow, bringing my first taste of bitter bereavement. Soon after the loss of our first-born, another crushing stroke came in the death of my sister Eugenia, who had always been to me like a twin sister, so united and happy had been our early lives together. She left two little children motherless, and I was not permitted to be with her at the time of her death; so it seemed as if my cup of trial was full. But all that love and sympathy could suggest to alleviate a first grief was done for me by my good husband, and his own beautiful example of resignation and cheerfulness was a rebuke to me.

That summer was spent at the North. He was never willing to be separated from his wife, unless duty or necessity required it—his desire being to share his every pleasure with her, without whom it would not be complete. His vacations were seasons of great recreation and enjoyment to him. He was fond of travelling, and liked the bracing climate of the Northern States. When worn down by the labors of his professorship, he used to say that he had "a periodical longing to go North," and this he gratified every summer after our marriage, until the beginning of the war. He always returned home much refreshed and benefited by these excursions.

He had never visited Fortress Monroe, and he seemed to think that was a duty he owed himself; so this summer of 1858 we took that point in our route, and spent a few days there—he passing much of his time in the fort, and acquainting himself with every part of it. We then went by steamer to Cape May, where he luxuriated in the surf bathing. Another delightful trip by steamer took us to New York, where we spent several weeks, for the purpose of having his throat treated by a specialist. He was affected with a slight bronchial trouble, but was not at all an invalid in any other respect. While in the city, a part of each day was devoted to sight-seeing. He generally went out alone in the morning on an exploring expedition, being an indefatigable walker, and then he would return and take me to the places which he thought would most interest me. Thus the time was passed most agreeably in driving and seeing every place of interest in and around the city. The Düsseldorf Art Gallery was a favorite place of resort, for while he had but little knowledge of art, he had a natural love for it. After spending the mornings in this way, he enjoyed nothing so much in the evenings as to stay quietly at home and have me read to him. This summer was devoted to Shakespeare, and he was a most attentive and appreciative listener. Whenever a passage struck him, he would say, "Mark that," and many were the interruptions of this kind. The evenings were sometimes varied by attending a concert.

The opening of the fall term of the Military Institute always found him at his post, and our return home was a joyful time both to us and our domestics.

As these servants will frequently be mentioned in his letters, a short account of them may not be uninteresting. The first slave he ever owned was a man named Albert, who came to him and begged that he would buy him on the condition that he might be permitted to emancipate himself by a return of the purchase-money, as he would be able to pay it in annual instalments. Major Jackson granted his request, although he had to wait several years before the debt could be paid, and my impression is that it was not fully paid when the war broke out. This man, Albert, hired himself as a hotel-waiter, and was never an inmate of our family, except on one occasion, when he had a long spell of illness, and his master took him to his home to care for him as an act of humanity, for Albert had no family of his own. Every morning my husband paid him a call to see how he was getting along and what he needed; and one morning, as he came in from one of these visits, his face was so convulsed with laughter that he had to drop into a seat and give full vent to the explosion before he was able to explain the cause of it. Albert had been committed to the ministrations of our two maid-servants, with the expectation that he would be well cared for by these colored sisters; but probably he was not grateful enough for their services, or their tender mercies towards him may have grown cruel. At all events, he complained of their neglect and ill-treatment, which he summed up by saying that he "*had never been so bedevilled by two women in his life!*" It was this disgusted and dolorous recital of his woes that had amused the major so intensely.

The next servant that came into his possession was

an old woman, Amy, who was about to be sold for debt, and who sought from him a deliverance from her troubles. This was some time before our marriage, when he had no use for her services; but his kind heart was moved by her situation, and he yielded to her entreaties, and gave her a home in a good, Christian family, until he had one of his own. She proved her gratitude by serving him faithfully. She was one of the best of colored cooks, and was a real treasure to me in my new experience as a housekeeper. After our home was broken up by the war, old Aunt Amy languished and died in the house of a colored woman in Lexington, her master paying all her expenses of board, medical attendance, and comforts. She was not suffered to want for anything, a kind friend then looking after her, at his request, and providing for her suitable burial.

Hardly had this poor old servant breathed her last when the friend who had been engaged to care for her wrote to General Jackson to inform him of her death. And though he was then in the field, with other things to think of, he said the reading of it "moved him to tears." In it the friend writes:

. . . "I could have wished that your letter had come a few hours earlier, that poor Aunt Amy's heart might have been refreshed by the evidences of your Christian remembrance and kindness. Before it reached me, she had passed beyond the need of earthly aid or sympathy, and I do trust was an adoring, wondering spirit before the Throne. She died last night at midnight without any fear, and, as I believe, with a simple reliance on Jesus for salvation. It was

only the death of a poor slave—a most insignificant thing in men's eyes—and yet may we not hope that there was joy in heaven over another ransomed soul —one in whom the Saviour saw the result of 'his travail' and was 'satisfied.' . . . I called to see her a few minutes last Friday—found her sitting up, though suffering much. She told me that she wanted to thank you for that money, and to let you know about her. She expressed entire resignation to God's will, and trust in Christ alone. . . . I knew that it would be your wish that she should have a well-ordered burial, so Dr. White attended, and my servants tell me that it is many a day since so large a colored funeral has been seen in Lexington. It may seem very needless to write so minutely about a poor old servant, but I am sure your true Christian feeling will appreciate all that I have told you of the humble faith of this saved soul, gathered from your own household. The cup of cold water you have ministered to this poor disciple may avail more in the Master's eye than all the brilliant deeds with which you may glorify your country's battle-fields. So differently do man and his Maker judge!"

Hetty, our chambermaid and laundress, was an importation from North Carolina. She had been my nurse in infancy, and from this fact there had always existed between us a bond of mutual interest and attachment. As she wished to live with me, my father transferred to me the ownership of herself and her two boys. Hetty was sent as a nurse to our first child, from her plantation-home in North Carolina to Lexington, and made the journey all alone, which was

quite a feat for one so inexperienced as a "corn-field hand," in which capacity she had served for years. After travelling by stage-coach and railroad as far as Richmond (although she did not go down into South Carolina, around Robin Hood's Barn, and back again into North Carolina, as my sister Eugenia and I had done), she had to change cars, and being sorely bewildered in finding her train, she was asked where she was going, and her discouraged reply was: "Why, I'm going to *Virginia*, but the Lord knows whether I'll ever get there or not!" She did, however, turn up all right at the end of her destination, and was so rejoiced at finding her young mistress at last that her demonstrations were quite touching, as she laughed and cried by turns.

That she was fully equal to taking care of herself is instanced by the following: On her return to North Carolina during the war, she was again travelling alone, and while changing trains she saw a man pick up her little, old hair trunk—her own personal property, containing all her valuables—and suspecting his honesty, with a determination to stand up for her rights, she called out to him peremptorily: "*Put down that trunk; that's General Jackson's trunk!*"

Hetty was an energetic, impulsive, quick-tempered woman, with some fine traits, but inclined to self-assertion, particularly as she felt her importance in being so much the senior of her new master and mistress. But she soon realized, from the spirit which "commanded his household after him," that her only course must be that of implicit obedience. After learning this lesson she toned down into a well-mannered, useful domestic, and indeed she became a factotum in

the household, rendering valuable service in the house, garden, and upon the farm. The latter, however, was her favorite field of labor, for the freedom of the country was as sweet to her as to the birds of the air. She became devoted to her master, was the nurse to his infant child at the time of his death, and was a sincere mourner for him, her tears flowing freely; and she said she had lost her best friend.

Hetty's two boys, Cyrus (called Cy) and George, between the ages of twelve and sixteen, were pure, unadulterated Africans, and Major Jackson used to say that if these boys were left to themselves they would be sure to go back to barbarism; and yet he was unwearying in his efforts to elevate them. At his request I taught them to read, and he required them to attend regularly family worship, Sunday-school, and church. He was a very strict but kind master, giving to his servants "that which is just and equal," but exacting of them prompt obedience. He thought the best rule for both parents and masters was, after making prohibitory laws and knowing they were understood, never to threaten, but punish, for first offences, and make such an impression that the offence would not be repeated.

When a servant left a room without closing the door, he would wait until he had reached the kitchen, and then call him back to shut it, thereby giving him extra trouble, which generally insured his remembrance the next time. His training made the colored servants as polite and punctual as that race is capable of being, and his system soon showed its good effects. They realized that if they did their duty they would receive the best of treatment from him. At Christmas he was

generous in presents, and frequently gave them small sums of money.

There was one other little servant in the family, named Emma, whom the master took under his sheltering roof at the solicitation of an aged lady in town, to whom the child became a care after having been left an orphan. The arrangement was made during my absence from home, and without my knowledge, my husband thinking that, although Emma was of the tender age of only four years, she would make a nice little maid for me in the future. On my return he took great pleasure in surprising me with this new present, which, by the way, proved rather a troublesome one at first, but with the lapse of time she became useful, though never a treasure. She was not bright, but he persevered in drilling her into memorizing a child's catechism, and it was a most amusing picture to see her standing before him with fixed attention, as if she were straining every nerve, and reciting her answers with the drop of a courtesy at each word. She had not been taught to do this, but it was such an effort for her to learn that she assumed this motion involuntarily.

The other animate possessions of the family were a good-looking horse (named, from his color, Bay), two splendid milch cows, and a lot of chickens. Bay was also bought during my absence, and after coming to meet me at Goshen with a horse and buggy, on our homeward ride I commented on the nice appearance of the horse, when my husband smilingly replied: "I am very thankful that you like him, for he is your own property." He had a playful way of applying the pronoun *your* to all the common possessions of the

family, and so persistently did he practise this pleasantry that he applied it to himself and all his individual belongings, of which he always spoke to me as "your husband," "your cap," "your house," and even "your salary!" Upon the occasion of a visit from my mother to us, he went out and, unexpectedly to me, bought a rockaway, saying she was not strong enough to walk all over town, and he wanted her to see and enjoy everything while she was with us.

A little incident will show the kindness and tenderness of his heart. A gentleman who spent the night with us was accompanied by his daughter, but four years of age. It was the first time the child had been separated from her mother, and my husband, fearing she might miss the watchfulness of a woman's heart, suggested that she should be committed to my care during the night, but she clung to her father. After his guests had both sunk into slumber, the father was aroused by some one leaning over his little girl and drawing the covering more closely around her. It was only his thoughtful host, who felt anxious lest his little guest should miss her mother's guardian care under his roof, and he could not go to sleep himself until he was satisfied that all was well with the child.

In his home no man could have been more unrestrained and demonstrative, and his buoyancy and sportiveness were quite a revelation to me when I became a sharer in the privacy of his inmost life. These demonstrations and playful endearments he kept up as long as he lived; time seeming only to intensify instead of diminishing them.

One morning he returned from a very early artillery drill, for which he had donned full regimentals,

as it was during commencement time, and he never looked more noble and handsome than when he entered his chamber, sword in hand. He playfully began to brandish the sword over his wife's head, looking as ferocious and terrible as a veritable Bluebeard, and asking her if she was not afraid. His acting was so realistic that, for a moment, the timid little woman did quail, which he no sooner saw than he threw down his sword, and, in a perfect outburst of glee, speedily transformed himself into the very antipode of a wife-killer.

He would often hide himself behind a door at the sound of the approaching footstep of his wife, and spring out to greet her with a startling caress.

During the spring of 1859 I was not well, and as he always wished me to have the best medical attention the country afforded, he took me to New York for treatment, where I was obliged to remain several weeks. As it was the time of his session, he could not stay with me, so he had to return to his duties and spend all those weeks by himself. It was our first separation, and our home seemed very lonely to him. Every day that a letter could make the trip *without travelling on Sunday* he was heard from, and I hope that I do not trespass in delicacy or propriety in permitting others to see so much of these letters as will show the abounding sweetness of his home-life. On his return, after leaving me in New York, in March, 1859, he writes:

"I got home last night in as good health as when I gave my darling the last kiss. Hetty and Amy came to the door when I rang, but would not open until I gave my name. They made much ado about my not

bringing you home. Your husband has a sad heart. Our house looks so deserted without my *esposa.** Home is not home without my little dove. I love to talk to you, little one, as though you were here, and tell you how much I love you, but that will not give you the news. . . . During our absence the servants appear to have been faithful, and I am well pleased with the manner in which they discharged their duties. George came to me to-day, saying he had filled all the wood-boxes, and asked permission to go fishing, which was granted. . . . You must be cheerful and happy, remembering that you are somebody's sunshine."

"April 27th. All your fruit-trees are yielding fruit this year. When George brought home your cow this morning, she was accompanied by one fine little representative of his sire, and it would do your heart good to see your big cow and your little calf, and to see what a fine prospect there is for an abundant supply of milk. . . . We had lettuce for dinner to-day from your hot-bed. Heretofore I have been behind Captain Hayden's calendar for gardening, which he wrote out for me; but this day brings me up with it, and I hope hereafter to follow it closely. I have arranged under each month its programme for the different days, so I have but to look at the days of the month, and follow its directions as they come." . . .

* When in Mexico, he had become so familiar with the Spanish language that he was constantly using Spanish words and phrases, especially the terms of endearment, which are so musical. Thus, his wife was always his *esposa*, or, if he wished to use the diminutive, his *esposita* (his little wife), while he was her *esposo*—pet names that recur constantly in his letters.

"May 7th. I received only three letters last week, and have only one so far this week, but 'hope springs eternal in the human breast;' so you see I am becoming quite poetical since listening to a lecture on the subject last evening. . . . I send you a flower from your garden, and could have sent one in full bloom, but I thought this one, which is just opening, would be in a better state of preservation when my little dove receives it. You must not give yourself any concern about your *esposo's* living. . . . My little pet, your husband was made very happy at receiving two letters from you and learning that you were improving so rapidly. I have more than once bowed down on my knees, and thanked our kind and merciful Heavenly Father for the prospect of restoring you to health again. Now, don't get impatient, and come off before you are entirely well. . . . Yesterday Doctor Junkin preached one of his masterly sermons on the sovereignty of God, and, although a doctrinal discourse, it was eminently consoling; and I wish that you could have heard such a presentation of the subject. To-day I rode your horse out to your lot and saw your laborers. They are doing good work. I was mistaken about your large garden fruit being peaches, they turn out to be apricots; and just think—my little woman has a tree full of them! You must come home before they get ripe. You have the greatest show of flowers I have seen this year. Enclosed are a few specimens. Our potatoes are coming up. We have had very uncommonly dry weather for nearly a fortnight, and your garden had been thirsting for rain till last evening, when the weather commenced changing, and to-day we have had some rain. Through grace given me from above,

I felt that the rain would come at the right time, and I don't recollect having ever felt so grateful for rain as for the present one. . . . You must not be discouraged at the slowness of recovery. Look up to Him who giveth liberally for faith to be resigned to His divine will, and trust Him for that measure of health which will most glorify Him and advance to the greatest extent your own real happiness. We are sometimes suffered to be in a state of perplexity, that our faith may be tried and grow stronger. 'All things work together for good' to God's children. See if you cannot spend a short time after dark in looking out of your window into space, and meditating upon heaven, with all its joys unspeakable and full of glory; and think of what the Saviour relinquished in glory when he came to earth, and of his sufferings for us; and seek to realize, with the apostle, that the afflictions of the present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Try to look up and be cheerful, and not desponding. Trust our kind Heavenly Father, and by the eye of faith see that all things with you are right and for your best interest. The clouds come, pass over us, and are followed by bright sunshine; so, in God's moral dealings with us, he permits us to have trouble awhile. But let us, even in the most trying dispensations of His providence, be cheered by the brightness which is a little ahead. Try to live near to Jesus, and secure that peace which flows like a river. You have your husband's prayers, sympathy, and love. . . .

"I am so glad and thankful that you received the draft and letters in time. How kind is God to His children! I feel so thankful to Him that He has blessed

me with so much faith, though I well know that I have not that faith which it is my privilege to have. But I have been taught never to despair, but to wait, expecting the blessing at the last moment. Such occurrences should strengthen our faith in Him who never slumbers. . . . I trust that our Heavenly Father is restoring my darling to health, and that when she gets home she will again be its sunshine. Your husband is looking forward with great joy to seeing her bright little face in her own home once more. If you should be detained longer, I will send you some summer clothing, but get everything that is necessary there. I sent you a check in order that you may have ample funds. I know how embarrassing it is even to anticipate scarcity of money when one is away from home. You are one darling of darlings, and may our kind and merciful Heavenly Father bless you with speedy restoration to health and to me, and with every needful blessing, both temporal and spiritual, is my oft-repeated prayer. Take good care of my little dove, and remember that the day of miracles is past, and that God works by means, and He punishes us for violating his physical as well as His moral laws. When you come home, I want to meet you at Goshen in a private conveyance, and bring my little one gently over the rough roads. I hope you will take my advice, and not burden yourself by carrying anything in your hands, except your umbrella and basket. You are very precious to one somebody's heart, if you are away off in New York. My heart is with my *esposita* all the time, and my prayers are for her safety. How I wish you were here now to share with me the pleasures of home, our garden,

and the surrounding country, which is clothed in verdure and beauty! . . . On Wednesday your *esposo* hopes to meet his sunshine, and may he never see its brightness obscured, nor its brilliancy diminished by spots!"

The reader will see how freely he used the Spanish pet names. In some of his letters he would string together a dozen or more of them — the "linked sweetness long drawn out"—at once in playfulness and as the overflow of a heart full of tenderness. But this sportiveness and buoyancy of temperament were known only in the innermost circle of his home, and from these sanctities the veil would never have been lifted except to reveal this beautiful phase of his character.

In the summer of the year 1859, he went to the White Sulphur Springs for a fortnight, leaving me to spend the time at the Rockbridge Baths. The railroad not being completed at that time, he thought the travel by stage-coach would be too fatiguing to me, but he felt that he needed the mineral waters of the White Sulphur. From there he wrote: "This is a very beautiful place, and I wish very much that I had my dove here. I feel that I must bring her here sometime. She would enjoy it greatly, and I should enjoy it so much more if she were with me. To-morrow, you know, was my day to write, but I thought I would drop you a line to-day, so that you might know the whereabouts of your husband. . . . I am tired of this place, and wouldn't give my little pet for all the people here. I want to go and stay with my little woman. As yet I am not certain whether the waters are beneficial to me." . . .

"August 15th. Last night I enjoyed what I have long desired—listening to a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina. He opened with an introduction, setting forth the encouragements and discouragements under which he spoke. Among the encouragements, he stated that the good effected here would be widely disseminated, as there were visitors from every Southern State. Following the example of the apostle Paul, he observed that whilst he felt an interest in all, yet he felt a special interest in those from his own State. He spoke of the educated and accomplished audience it was his privilege to address. After concluding his introductory remarks, he took his text from Genesis, seventeenth chapter, seventh verse, which he presented in a bold, profound, and to me original manner. I felt what a privilege it was to listen to such an exposition of God's truth. He showed that in Adam's fall we had been raised from the position of servants to that of children of God. He gave a brief account of his own difficulties when a college student, in comprehending his relation to God. He represented man as a redeemed being at the day of judgment, standing nearest to the throne, the angels being farther removed. And why? Because *his Brother* is sitting upon the throne he is a nearer relation to Christ than the angels. And his righteousness is superior to that of the angels—his being the righteousness of God himself. I don't recollect having ever before felt such love to God. I was rather surprised at seeing so much grace and gesture in Dr. Thornwell. I hope and pray that much good will result from this great exposition of Bible truth. . . . Early yesterday morning the tables in

the parlor were well supplied with religious tracts. . . . Time passes more pleasantly here than I expected, but I want to get back to my *esposita*, and I never want to go to any watering-place without her again."

In the succeeding autumn I paid a short visit to my father in North Carolina, and the following extracts are from his letters during that period :

. . . "I am writing at my desk, which I have raised so high that it makes me stand straight. I watered your flowers this morning, and hoed another row of turnips, and expect to hill some of the celery this evening. Your old man at home is taking good care of one somebody's flower-slips, and they are looking very nicely. Yesterday I went into the kitchen and sealed some jars of tomatoes, and Hetty has put up many jars besides, of plums and other fruits, so that we shall be well supplied this winter. I hope they will keep well. . . . I was invited a few days since to go to the Misses B——'s and see some pagan idols which they had received. They were mostly paintings and some other devices, but quite interesting. Among the various Chinese curiosities (for they do not all refer to worship) was an image consisting of a man in miniature in a sitting posture, with long ringlets of hair hanging from various parts of the face. The statue can be removed from the chair in which it sits, and is the best-finished piece of workmanship of the kind that I ever saw from a pagan land. It was taken from one of the churches in Canton after its capture, and is said to have been worshipped.

"I hope that my little somebody is feeling as lively as a lark;" and in another letter he tells her that he wants her to be "as happy as a spring butterfly."

"October 17th. I have been wishing that you could see our beautiful forests in their autumnal glory. I have been greatly enjoying their beauty, but my pleasure would be much enhanced if you were with me. I have just been thinking how happy you must be in your old home, and it makes my heart happy too to think of the happiness of my little darling."

"October 29th. This morning I buried ninety-nine heads of your cabbage for winter use."

It was in the fall of 1859 that the celebrated John Brown raid was made upon the government stores at Harper's Ferry. Brown was a fanatic, who conceived the idea that he could raise an insurrection in the South and emancipate the negroes. But he was arrested, convicted, and condemned to execution. Fearing that an attempt might be made to rescue him, the Governor of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, ordered out the troops, in which were included the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, and with their officers at their head they marched to the place of rendezvous. The following extracts from Major Jackson's letters will tell the part he had to take in the affair:

"CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 28th, 1859.

"I reached here last night in good health and spirits. Seven of us slept in the same room. I am

much more pleased than I expected to be; the people appear to be very kind. There are about one thousand troops here, and everything is quiet so far. We don't expect any trouble. The excitement is confined to more distant points. Do not give yourself any concern about me. I am comfortable, for a temporary military post."

"December 2d. John Brown was hung to-day at about half-past eleven A. M. He behaved with unflinching firmness. The arrangements were well made and well executed under the direction of Colonel Smith. The gibbet was erected in a large field, southeast of the town. Brown rode on the head of his coffin from his prison to the place of execution. The coffin was of black walnut, enclosed in a box of poplar of the same shape as the coffin. He was dressed in a black frock-coat, black pantaloons, black vest, black slouch hat, white socks, and slippers of predominating red. There was nothing around his neck but his shirt collar. The open wagon in which he rode was strongly guarded on all sides. Captain Williams (formerly assistant professor at the Institute) marched immediately in front of the wagon. The jailer, high-sheriff, and several others rode in the same wagon with the prisoner. Brown had his arms tied behind him, and ascended the scaffold with apparent cheerfulness. After reaching the top of the platform, he shook hands with several who were standing around him. The sheriff placed the rope around his neck, then threw a white cap over his head, and asked him if he wished a signal when all should be ready. He replied that it made no difference, provided he was not

kept waiting too long. In this condition he stood for about ten minutes on the trap-door, which was supported on one side by hinges and on the other (the south side) by a rope. Colonel Smith then announced to the sheriff 'all ready'—which apparently was not comprehended by him, and the colonel had to repeat the order, when the rope was cut by a single blow, and Brown fell through about five inches, his knees falling on a level with the position occupied by his feet before the rope was cut. With the fall his arms, below the elbows, flew up horizontally, his hands clinched; and his arms gradually fell, but by spasmodic motions. There was very little motion of his person for several moments, and soon the wind blew his lifeless body to and fro. His face, upon the scaffold, was turned a little east of south, and in front of him were the cadets, commanded by Major Gilham. My command was still in front of the cadets, all facing south. One howitzer I assigned to Mr. Trueheart on the left of the cadets, and with the other I remained on the right. Other troops occupied different positions around the scaffold, and altogether it was an imposing but very solemn scene. I was much impressed with the thought that before me stood a man in the full vigor of health, who must in a few moments enter eternity. I sent up the petition that he might be saved. Awful was the thought that he might in a few minutes receive the sentence, 'Depart, ye wicked, into everlasting fire!' I hope that he was prepared to die, but I am doubtful. He refused to have a minister with him. His wife visited him last evening. His body was taken back to the jail, and at six o'clock P. M. was sent to his wife at Harper's Ferry. When it

arrived, the coffin was opened, and his wife saw the remains, after which it was again opened at the depot before leaving for Baltimore, lest there should be an imposition. We leave for home via Richmond to-morrow."

This was the only expedition after our marriage in which he accompanied the cadets, until he took them to Richmond at the opening of the war, in obedience to the call of the governor. Several trips were made by the corps to the capital and to Norfolk, to grace state occasions; but at such times he always requested that he might be permitted to have his holiday at home, while he lent his sword, epaulets, and sashes to his brother-officers, who were more fond of display.

The next letter is to his aunt, Mrs. Neale, of Parkersburg:

"LEXINGTON, VA., Jan. 21st, 1860.

"I am living in my own house, I am thankful to say, as, after trying both public and private boarding, I have learned from experience that true comfort is only to be found in a house under your own control. I wish you could pay me a visit during some of your leisure intervals, if you ever have such. This is a beautiful country, just on the confines of the Virginia Springs, and we are about fourteen miles from the Natural Bridge. . . . What do you think about the state of the country? Viewing things at Washington from human appearances, I think we have great reason for alarm, but my trust is in God; and I cannot think that he will permit the madness of men to interfere so materially with the Christian labors of this country at home and abroad."

CHAPTER IX.

WAR CLOUDS—1860-1861.

MAJOR JACKSON'S vacation in the summer of 1860 was spent in New England—at Northampton, Massachusetts. This was once the home of Jonathan Edwards, and a large old elm-tree which was planted by him is still standing as a memorial of the great American theologian. In the old burying-ground, a time-worn, moss-covered tombstone bears the name of the saintly David Brainerd. On Round Hill is a hydropathic establishment, which attracted Major Jackson there. The hotel is built upon an elevation overlooking the town—the Connecticut River winding through the loveliest of emerald valleys, with fine mountain scenery, embracing Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke—all together forming a landscape which Jenny Lind thought one of the most beautiful she had seen in America.

The climate also is bracing and delightful, and there was much to contribute to our enjoyment, notwithstanding the inhospitable elements which Southerners felt in the North at that time of great political excitement. As it was the summer before Mr. Lincoln's election, Major Jackson heard and saw enough to awaken his fears that it might portend civil war; but he had no dispute with those who differed from him, treating all politely, and made some pleasant acquaint-

ances, among them a Baptist minister, who often joined us in our walks, when the conversations were always friendly. To our surprise, one day the wife of a gentleman from South Carolina reported that her husband had had a violent political dispute with this same minister, whom we had found so courteous. Although he was an abolitionist, and Major Jackson was a slave-holder, each had recognized in the other enough to be a bond of union, and their pleasant relations continued as long as they remained together.

In front of the hotel was a large grove of forest trees, under which were seats here and there, and we literally lived out of doors. In strolling through this grove we came upon a reservoir, which we expected to see filled with water, but to our surprise it was dry, and upon the floor were gambolling a large number of tame rabbits, white, brown, and spotted, and guinea-pigs of all sizes and ages — a sight that was quite an attraction to the guests of the hotel. The little animals were the pets of the children of the proprietor, and the old reservoir, having been abandoned for a much larger one, made a secure and excellent home for the pretty creatures. In these peaceful surroundings Major Jackson's health improved wonderfully; the baths with the exercise gave increased fulness as well as vigor to his manly frame. I too was greatly benefited by this novel treatment. I had gone there without a particle of faith in hydropathy, but as I was not strong, my husband persuaded me to try it, and it was astonishing how rapidly my strength developed. From not being able to walk a mile upon my arrival, by degrees I came to walking five miles a day with ease, and kept it up

until my departure. Indeed, I proved such an encouraging subject to the skill of the doctor that at his suggestion, but sorely against my own will, I was left behind for a month after my husband had to return to his professorial duties. But he "reported" to me as regularly as if I were his superior officer, though not exactly in military style, but after his domestic fashion:

"Little one, I must tell you what is in your garden. First and foremost, there is a very long row of celery: this is due to Hetty, and I told her that as she had succeeded so well I wouldn't touch its culture; though when it comes upon the table, and my little pet is here to enjoy it with me, I do not expect to be so chary of it. You have also Lima beans, snap beans, carrots, parsnips, salsify, onions, cabbage, turnips, beets, potatoes, and some inferior muskmelons. Now, do you think you have enough vegetables? I am just thinking and thinking about that little somebody away up there."

When the time arrived for me to return, he would have come for me, but he was so conscientious about his duty that he would not leave his chair even for a single day, except in case of absolute necessity, and so he writes:

"September 25th, 1860.

"In answer to your question how you are to come, I should say, with your husband, if no other arrangement can be effected. If you don't meet with an opportunity of an escort to New York or farther, see if the doctor can't get you one to Springfield, upon

the condition that you pay the expense. I don't want you to pass through Springfield alone, as you have to change cars there, and you might meet with some accident; but as visitors invite the doctor to make excursions with them, can't you invite him to make one with you to Springfield, and after he sees you on the right train, sit in the same car until you reach the depot in New York, where you may expect to find your *esposo* waiting for you? Be sure to write, and also telegraph, as I would rather go all the way to Round Hill than for you to come through Springfield alone. Your husband feels bright, and the light of his approaching little sunshine makes him still brighter. Whenever you write or telegraph for him, you may expect him to come for you in double-quick time."

Having arranged for my escort to a place within driving distance of Lexington, he sends a last message:

"September 28th. I expect to set off with your rockaway and "Bay," and you must not be left behind. You may expect to have your dinner sent from home, so that in our homeward drive you can eat your own dinner."

In February, 1861, I left him again for a brief period, to attend the wedding of my sister Susan, who married Mr. A. C. Avery, afterwards a Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. A few extracts will show the character of the letters that followed me on this trip:

"Home, February 18th, 1861. My precious little darling, your husband has returned from the Institute, had his dinner all alone, and feels sad enough this afternoon; but I trust that my little pet has had a pleasant day's travel, and that the kind providence of God has kept her from all accident and danger, and has spread out before her many enjoyments. I hope that you will be greatly prospered during all your absence. The day here has been very changeable, alternating between sunshine and snow. I hope the Richmond weather is better, for I have been thinking you might be too much exposed in shopping. However, I hope you have taken a carriage, if necessary, and have taken good care of my little one."

. . . "19th. My darling pet, your husband feels a loneliness for which he can hardly account, but he knows if his darling were here he wouldn't feel thus. I have been busy, but still the feeling exists. I follow you in mind and heart, and think of you at the different points of your route."

"23d. I was very thankful to our kind Heavenly Father for his protecting care extended over my little pet, as stated in your letter. I do delight to receive letters from my little woman. If Sue is approachable on the Avery question, tell her she must be very litigious if she finds it necessary to engage the services of a member of the legal profession for life! Tell her we have them here from a mere tyro up to a judge of the Federal court, though do not mention the subject to her if you think it would be at all unpleasant.

"On Saturday I sent your boy, George, with

your horse and wagon down to Thompson's landing, and brought up a barrel of nice Richmond sweet potatoes. I have laid aside the best, and hope they will keep till my little pet gets home.

"What think you? I went down to your hen-house yesterday evening, *pursuant to orders*, and, looking into the nests, found nine fresh eggs besides the *Deaver* [a porcelain egg bought of a man of that name], and, appropriating eight of them, I returned, leaving one in each nest."

"Feb. 27th. This is a beautiful day here, and I have been thinking how blissful Sue's married life will be if her bridal day is its true emblem. . . . We had quite a treat last night in the performance of a company in Druidical costumes, making exquisite music upon instruments constructed of ox-horns, copied from the Druidical instruments in the British Museum."

"March 16th. Amy has gone to grace the wedding of one of her colored friends by her imposing presence. George left for C——'s on the morning of March 1st, and I haven't seen his delectable face since. I am thankful to say that everything is working well at home. I expect to continue sending you letters as long as you stay away. You had better come home if you want to stop this correspondence. I have been working to-day at your garden fence to keep your chickens out, and also to prevent egress and ingress between our garden and that of Señor Deaver.

"Your peas are just beginning to make their appearance above ground. . . . The colored Sabbath-school is greatly blessed in numbers and teachers, and is do-

ing a good work. . . . Your friends here remember my darling with much interest."

During this visit of mine to North Carolina, I was surprised to find the people of that State almost unanimous for secession, for in my Virginia home the feeling was very much the reverse. After the election of Mr. Lincoln, South Carolina had boldly led off in withdrawing from the Union, and was followed by one after another of her sister States in solemn procession—including Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. Afterwards all the Southern States, except Kentucky, which remained neutral, followed suit; and on the 9th of February, 1861, the first seven States formed a Confederacy, and established a provisional government at Montgomery, Alabama. Jefferson Davis was chosen President, and Alexander H. Stephens Vice-President.

At this time Major Jackson was strongly for the Union, but at the same time he was a firm States'-rights man. In politics he had always been a Democrat, but he was never a very strong partisan, and took no part in the political contest of 1860, except to cast his vote for John C. Breckinridge, believing that his election would do more to save the Union than that of any other candidate. He never was a secessionist, and maintained that it was better for the South to fight for her rights *in the Union than out of it.* The grand old State of Virginia, whose sons had done more than those of any other State to form the Constitution which drew all the States under one general government, was reluctant to withdraw from it, and was among the last of the Southern States to

secede. South Carolina, after her secession, urgently solicited the Federal government for an equitable settlement of the rights she claimed as a State, and especially demanded the possession of Fort Sumter as her only fort for her local protection. In reply to this the governor of the State was informed by the United States government that the garrison of the fort would be reinforced—"peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must." This was regarded by the spirited secessionists as a call to arms, and they immediately bombarded Fort Sumter, which in a short time was reduced to ruins. President Lincoln then issued a proclamation, calling upon the States to furnish seventy-five thousand men to put down what he assumed to be a "rebellion" against the only authorized government of the country.

Virginia now hesitated no longer. On the 17th of April she seceded, and immediately began preparations for the struggle which was inevitable. After the threat of coercion on the part of the North, the South became almost a unit, and the enthusiasm with which men of all ages and classes rushed to arms was only equalled by that of the women at home.

With his high sense of duty and devotion to his State, Major Jackson had been deeply impressed by the startling course of events, which had developed in such rapid succession. Some weeks before Virginia cast in her lot with the Southern Confederacy, a Peace Conference had been held in Washington to devise some terms of mutual concession. The General Assembly of Virginia had proposed this effort at conciliation, and delegates were sent from both the Free and the Slave States, but all their attempts proved

vain. After the failure of this Peace Conference, Major Jackson called upon his pastor and expressed these views: "If the general government should persist in the measures now threatened, there must be *war*. It is painful to discover with what unconcern they speak of war, and threaten it. They do not know its horrors. I have seen enough of it to make me look upon it as the sum of all evils." (However it may surprise those who knew him only as a soldier, yet it is true that I never heard any man express such utter abhorrence of war. I shall never forget how he once exclaimed to me, with all the intensity of his nature, "Oh, how I do deprecate war!") "Should the step be taken which is now threatened, we shall have no other alternative; we must fight. But do you not think that all the Christian people of the land could be induced to unite in a concert of prayer to avert so great an evil? It seems to me that if they would thus unite in prayer, war might be prevented and peace preserved." His pastor fully concurred with him, and promised to do his utmost to bring about the concert of prayer he proposed. "Meantime," said he, "let us agree thus to pray." In his public prayers after this, his most fervent petition was that God would preserve the whole land from the evils of war.

But while the storm was gathering which was soon to burst with such fury, Jackson exhibited no undue anxiety—praying only the more importunately, if it were God's will, that it might be averted, and that the whole land might be at peace.

In a conversation with a friend he described the demoralization of civil strife upon a nation, which has

since seemed sadly prophetic of the very evils that have come upon the country. But his absolute trust in the Ruler of all things kept him from the agitation and fear which weighed so heavily upon others. At this time the Rev. Dr. J. B. Ramsey visited him and thus describes his frame of mind:

"Walking with God in prayer and holy obedience, he reposed upon His promises and providence with a calm and unflinching reliance beyond any man I ever knew. I shall never forget the manner and tone of surprise and child-like confidence with which he once spoke to me on this subject. It was soon after the election in 1860, when the country was beginning to heave with the agony and throes of dissolution. We had just risen from morning prayers in his own house, where at that time I was a guest. Filled with gloom, I was lamenting in strong language the condition and prospects of our beloved country. 'Why,' said he, 'should Christians be disturbed about the dissolution of the Union? It can come only by God's permission, and will only be permitted if for His people's good; for does He not say, "All things work together for good to them that love God?" I cannot see how *we* should be distressed about such things, whatever be their consequences.' That faith nothing could shake, because he dwelt in the secret place of the Most High, under the pavilion of the Almighty."

It has been said that General Jackson "fought for slavery and the Southern Confederacy with the unshaken conviction that both were to endure." This statement is true with regard to the latter, but I am very confident that he would never have fought for the sole object of perpetuating slavery. It

was for her *constitutional rights* that the South resisted the North, and slavery was only comprehended among those rights. He found the institution a responsible and troublesome one, and I have heard him say that he would prefer to see the negroes free, but he believed that the Bible taught that slavery was sanctioned by the Creator himself, who maketh men to differ, and instituted laws for the bond and the free. He therefore accepted slavery, as it existed in the Southern States, not as a thing desirable in itself, but as allowed by Providence for ends which it was not his business to determine. At the same time, the negroes had no truer friend, no greater benefactor. Those who were servants in his own house he treated with the greatest kindness, and never was more happy or more devoted to any work than that of teaching the colored children in his Sunday-school.

At the time that the clouds of war were about to burst over the land, the Presbytery of Lexington held its Spring meeting in the church which Major Jackson attended. These ecclesiastical gatherings, with their interesting religious services and preaching, and the pleasant hospitalities incident to them, were regarded in Virginia as seasons of special social and religious privilege and enjoyment. Major Jackson was entertaining some of the members of this body, but owing to the intense political excitement in the town, and the constant demands made upon him in military matters, he found but little time to give to his guests, and, still more to his disappointment, none to the services of the sanctuary. The cadets were wild with youthful ardor at the prospect of war, and the citizens were forming volunteer companies, drilling and equipping

to enter the service. Major Jackson's practical wisdom and energy were much sought after, and inspired hope and confidence. While the Presbytery was still in session, came the dreaded news from Richmond that Virginia had seceded from the Union, and cast in her lot with the Southern Confederacy. This was the death-knell of the last hope of peace.

The governor of the State, "honest John Letcher," as he was called, notified the superintendent of the Institute that he should need the services of the more advanced classes of the cadets as drill-masters, and they must be prepared to go to Richmond at a moment's notice, under the command of Major Jackson.

Having been almost entirely absorbed all the week with his military occupations, to the exclusion of his attendance upon a single church service, which he had so much desired, he expressed the earnest hope, on retiring late Saturday night, that the call to Richmond would not come before Monday, and that he might be permitted to spend a quiet Sabbath, without any mention of politics, or the impending troubles of the country, and enjoy the privilege once more of communing with God and His people in His sanctuary. But Heaven ordered it otherwise.

About the dawn of that Sabbath morning, April 21st, our door-bell rang, and the order came that Major Jackson should bring the cadets to Richmond *immediately*. Without waiting for breakfast, he repaired at once to the Institute, to make arrangements as speedily as possible for marching, but finding that several hours of preparation would necessarily be required, he appointed the hour for starting at one

o'clock P. M. He sent a message to his pastor, Dr. White, requesting him to come to the barracks and offer a prayer with the command before its departure. All the morning he was engaged at the Institute, allowing himself only a short time to return to his home about eleven o'clock, when he took a hurried breakfast, and completed a few necessary preparations for his journey. Then, in the privacy of our chamber, he took his Bible and read that beautiful chapter in Corinthians beginning with the sublime hope of the resurrection—"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and then, kneeling down, he committed himself and her whom he loved to the protecting care of his Father in heaven. Never was a prayer more fervent, tender, and touching. His voice was so choked with emotion that he could scarcely utter the words, and one of his most earnest petitions was that "if consistent with His will, God would still avert the threatening danger and grant us peace!" So great was his desire for peace that he cherished the hope that the political difficulties might be adjusted without bloodshed, until he was convinced by stern reality that this hope was vain. Although he went forth so bravely from his cherished and beloved home, with a firm trust in God, yet he hoped confidently to be permitted to return again. His faith in the success of the cause of the South, which he believed to be a righteous one, never wavered to the end of his life; and if he ever had a thought that he should not survive the struggle, it was never expressed to his wife. Ah! how the light went out of his home when he depart-

ed from it on that beautiful spring day! But in the painful separation it was well for us that we could not know that this was the final breaking-up of our happy home, and that *his* footstep was never again to cross its threshold!

When Dr. White went to the Institute to hold the short religious service which Major Jackson requested, the latter told him the command would march precisely at one o'clock, and the minister, knowing his punctuality, made it a point to close the service at a quarter before one. Everything was then in readiness, and after waiting a few moments an officer approached Major Jackson and said: "Major, everything is now ready. May we not set out?" The only reply he made was to point to the dial-plate of the barracks clock, and not until the hand pointed to the hour of one was his voice heard to ring out the order, "Forward, march!"

From this time forth the life of my husband belonged to his beloved Southern land, and his private life becomes public history.

After he had taken his departure for the army, our home grew more lonely and painful to me from day to day, and at the invitation of a friend, Mrs. William N. Page (one of the best and noblest of women, who had been as a mother to me during all my residence in Lexington), I went to her house and remained until my husband lost all hope of an early return, when he advised me to go to the home of my father in North Carolina. I had not a relative in Lexington, but kind friends did all in their power to prevent my feeling this need, and all hearts were drawn together in one common bond of trial and anxiety, for there was

scarcely a household upon which had not fallen a part, at least, of the same weight of sadness and desolation which flooded my own home. It was a time of keen anguish and fearful apprehension to us whose loved ones had gone forth in such a perilous and desperate undertaking, but one feeling seemed to pervade every heart, that it was a just and righteous cause; and our hope was in God, who "could save by many or by few," and to Him the Christian people of the South looked and prayed. That so many united and fervent prayers should have been offered in vain is one of those mysteries which can never be fathomed by finite minds. The mighty Ruler of the nations saw fit to give victory to the strong arm of power, and He makes no mistakes. But for two years I was buoyed up by hope, which was strengthened by my husband's cheerfulness and courageous trust; and when he became more and more useful in the service of his country, I felt that God had a work for him to accomplish, and my trust and prayers grew more confident that his precious life would be spared throughout the war. It was well that I could not foresee the future. It was in mercy that He who knew the end from the beginning did not lift the veil.

CHAPTER X.

HARPER'S FERRY—1861.

After marching to Staunton, the cadets were transported by rail to Richmond. The day after their departure, while they were still *en route*, and had stopped for a short time, Major Jackson wrote as follows:

"April 22d, 1861. My little darling, the command left Staunton on a special train at about a quarter-past ten this morning. We are now stopping for a short time on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge. The train will hardly reach Richmond before night. The war spirit here, as well as at other points of the line, is intense. The cars had scarcely stopped before a request was made that I would leave a cadet to drill a company."

"Richmond, 23d.

. . . "The cadets are encamped on the Fair grounds, which is about a mile and a half out of the city, on the left side of the road. We have excellent quarters. Colonel Robert E. Lee of the army is here, and has been made major-general. This I regard as of more value to us than to have General Scott as commander; as it is understood that General Lee is to be our commander-in-chief, and I regard him as a better officer than General Scott. So far as we hear, God is crowning our cause with success, but I don't wish to

Mary Anna Jackson

Widow of "Stonewall" Jackson.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

send rumors to you. I will try to give facts as they become known, though I may not have time to write more than a line or so. The governor and others holding responsible offices have not enough time for their duties, they are so enormous at this date."

"FAIR GROUNDS, 24th.

. . . "I am unable to give you the information I would like respecting things here. The State troops are constantly arriving. The Fair grounds are to be made the place for a school of practice. William [my brother, Major W. W. Morrison, who had held an office under the United States government] passed through to-day on his way home, and looks very well. He says there is great uneasiness at Washington. His resignation was accepted, although they desired him to remain. Major-General Lee is commander-in-chief of all the land and naval forces in the State."

"25th. The scene here, my darling pet, looks quite animated. Troops are continually arriving. Yesterday about seven hundred came in from South Carolina. . . . I received your precious letter, in which you speak of coming here in the event of my remaining. I would like very much to see my sweet little face, but my darling had better remain at her own home, as my continuance here is very uncertain."

While in Richmond he applied himself diligently to the drilling and discipline of the masses of untrained soldiers that were pouring into the city. One day a raw recruit, seeing by his uniform that he was an officer, accosted him, and begged that he would give him

some instruction as to his duties. He had just been assigned as corporal of the guard for the day, and was in total ignorance of what was required of him, his superior officer, probably as ignorant as himself, not having explained what he was to do. Major Jackson at once went with him around the whole circuit of sentry posts, taught him all the "salutes," the "challenges," and every detail of his position; and the soldier was so impressed with his knowledge, and so grateful for his kindness, that he was heard to say that "he should always respect *that man*." It was this readiness to do all in his power for others that gave him such a strong hold upon the hearts of his soldiers.

Of course, he was anxious to begin active duty in some position worthy of his skill and experience; but his first appointment was a disappointment to him, being in the engineer department with the rank of major. It was distasteful to him, because he felt that he could not render as much service in it as by more active service in the field. Some of his friends saw that the appointment was not one suited to him, and at their request the Executive War Council withdrew it, and he received a commission as colonel of the Virginia forces, and was ordered to take command at Harper's Ferry. The day after receiving his commission, which was the 27th of April, when it was read out in the Convention for confirmation, a member of that body inquired, "Who is this Major Jackson, that we are asked to commit to him so responsible a post?" "He is one," replied the member from Rockbridge, Hon. S. McD. Moore, "who, if you order him to hold a post, will never leave it alive to be occupied by the enemy."

His next letter was from Winchester, dated April 27th:

"I came from Richmond yesterday, and expect to leave here about half-past two o'clock this afternoon for Harper's Ferry. On last Saturday the Governor handed me my commission as Colonel of Virginia Volunteers, the post which I prefer above all others, and has given me an independent command. Little one, you must not expect to hear from me very often, as I expect to have more work than I have ever had in the same length of time before; but don't be concerned about your husband, for our kind Heavenly Father will give every needful aid."

The first news from him after reaching Harper's Ferry was simply a line of Spanish, expressing all the love of his heart. The second was not much longer, but in it he said: "I am very much gratified with my command, and would rather have this post than any other in the State. I am in tolerable health, probably a little better than usual, if I had enough sleep. I haven't time now to do more than to tell you how much I love you."

"May 3d. I feel better this morning than I have for some time, having got more sleep than usual last night. Your precious letters have been reaching me from time to time, and gladden your husband's heart."

"May 8th. At present I am living in an elegant mansion, with Major Preston in my room. Mr. Massie is on my staff, and left this morning for Rich-

mond as bearer of despatches, but will return in a few days. I am strengthening my position, and if attacked shall, with the blessing of Providence, repel the enemy. I am in good health, considering the great amount of labor which devolves upon me, and the loss of sleep to which I am subjected, but I hope to have a good sleep to-night, and trust that my habits will be more regular in the future. Colonels Preston and Massie have been of great service to me. Humanly speaking, I don't see how I could have accomplished the amount of work I have done without them. . . . Oh, how I would love to see your precious face!"

In his next letter he advised me to make every necessary provision for the servants, and arrange all our home interests, so that I could return to my father's sheltering roof in North Carolina. Up to this period he had still hoped that the gathering storm might pass over without bloodshed; but Virginia had now adopted the Constitution of the Confederate States, thus uniting her destiny with theirs, and all hope of escaping war died even in the most sanguine hearts.

Our servants, under my supervision, had up to this time remained at home; but without the firm guidance and restraint of their master, the excitement of the times proved so demoralizing to them that he deemed it best for me to provide them with good homes among the permanent residents. After doing this, packing our furniture and closing our house, my burdened, anxious heart found sweet relief and comfort upon reaching the home of my kind parents, who had sent one of my young brothers to bring me to them just as soon as my husband advised the removal.

Thenceforward my home was with them throughout the war, except during the few visits which I was permitted to pay my husband in the army.

Harper's Ferry is surrounded by scenery of rare beauty and grandeur. The little village occupies the slope of a ridge called Bolivar Heights, which runs along a tongue of land between the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers. The Potomac is the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia. The beautiful Shenandoah, whose signification in the Indian language is "sparkling waters," flows forth from the grand and exquisite Valley of Virginia, along the western base of the Blue Ridge, until it meets the Potomac, when they unite and rush through the mountains towards the ocean. Through the great cleft, worn ages ago by the waters forcing their passage through the range of mountains, a picture of surpassing beauty is revealed in verdant, undulating plains, stretching far away into the distance, presenting a striking contrast to the wild and gigantic scenery of the foreground. East of the Shenandoah the Blue Ridge rises immediately from the waters, overlooking the village, and this eminence is called Loudoun Heights. North of it, and across the Potomac, a twin mountain of equal altitude bears the name of Maryland Heights, and commands a view of the whole upper valley of the Potomac. In consequence of the greatly superior elevation of the heights of Loudoun and Maryland to that of the Bolivar Heights, upon which the village is built, it will be seen that Harper's Ferry was not at all a position that was strong for defence, if attacked by an army, unless it was held as a fortress by a large garrison, with heavy artillery to crown all the

triangle of mountains that surround it, and to unite those crests with each other. Still, it was a matter of paramount importance to the Confederates to secure and hold this post. The place had long been used by the Federal government as a point at which to manufacture and store fire-arms, and the banks of both streams were lined with factories and arsenals where thousands of arms were annually made and stored. As soon as war became imminent, the possession of Harper's Ferry, with its arms and munitions of war, became such a necessity to the Virginians that the militia companies of the surrounding country resolved to effect its capture; but while they were assembling for this purpose, the Federal officer in command of the place heard of their design, and, after setting fire to the factories and store-houses, deserted the town. However, as the factories were saved by the efforts of the Virginians, and as they had already removed and secreted a large number of arms, he did not inflict such a blow as he had intended. Harper's Ferry now became the rendezvous of all the troops in the Valley of Virginia, and it was the command of these and others sent to reinforce them that was given to Colonel Jackson when he received his commission in the service of Virginia. Many other companies of volunteers flocked from the valley, all of whom were filled with ardor and enthusiasm; but the majority were without training or discipline, and many were unprovided with arms. Altogether the force at Harper's Ferry consisted of about twenty-five hundred men—four hundred Kentuckians and the rest Virginians—but volunteers from the South afterwards swelled the number to forty-five hundred men. There were eight

companies of cavalry, and four battalions of field artillery with fifteen light guns; but all was a confused mass when Colonel Jackson came as a stranger to take command. However, with the aid of Colonels Preston and Massie and two cadets whom he had brought as drill-masters, and by his own tireless energy, order and consistency soon took the place of chaos and confusion. As matters then stood, Harper's Ferry was regarded as the most important position in Virginia. Its command was the advance guard of all the Southern forces, and it was expected that blood would first be shed there, as a large force under General Patterson was threatening an attack, and through that pass it was surmised the invaders would pour into the State. Regarding it as a necessity to the protection and defence of his post, Colonel Jackson had taken possession of the Maryland Heights, which towered so far above the village and Bolivar Heights as greatly to endanger his force should they be seized by the enemy. In his despatches to the government, he declared his determination, if attacked, to make such a resistance as should convince the enemy of the desperate resolution of the people of the South.

From the very first, Colonel Jackson showed that reticence and secrecy as to his military operations that was so marked in all his campaigns, and contributed so greatly to his success. It was his maxim that, in war, mystery was the key to success. While in command at Harper's Ferry, on one occasion, he was visited by a committee from the Legislature of Maryland, whose object appeared to be to learn his plans. This dignified body was received with courtesy, as the co-operation of their State was earnestly de-

sired by the South, and some of Colonel Jackson's friends were curious to see how he would stand the test of being questioned upon military matters and keep his secrets, while yet showing the utmost politeness to his guests. After pumping him for some time without any satisfactory result, one of the delegation ventured to ask directly: "Colonel, how many troops have you?" He promptly replied: "I should be glad if Lincoln thought I had fifteen thousand."

Upon the formal union of Virginia with the Southern Confederacy, all her forces and armaments were turned over to that government. The capital of the Confederate States was transferred from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, a city rich in historic associations from the days of Washington, and now destined to be the centre of the South in the momentous struggle of the next four years.

Among the very first notices of Colonel Jackson that appeared in the papers was the following:

"The commanding officer at Harper's Ferry is worthy of the name he bears, for 'Old Hickory' himself was not a more determined, iron-nerved man than he. Born in Virginia, educated at West Point, trained in the Mexican war, occupied since at the pet military institution of the Old Dominion, his whole life has been a preparation for this struggle. A brother officer says of him: 'Jackson does not know fear!' Above all, he is a devoted Christian, and the strongest man becomes stronger when his heart is pure and his hands are clean."

One of the first acts of the Confederate authorities

after taking possession at Richmond was to appoint General Joseph E. Johnston to the command at Harper's Ferry, whose higher rank, age, and greater experience as an officer it was thought would render him a more suitable commander for this most important post than Colonel Jackson. Accordingly, General Johnston was sent on to take command, without any instructions to the latter from the government to turn it over to him; and as he had been placed there by the authority of General Lee, as commander of the Virginia troops, his fidelity as a soldier constrained him to hold his position until he should receive orders from the same source to resign it into other hands. This was an embarrassing situation for both officers, but fortunately a communication soon came from General Lee, in which he referred to General Johnston as commander at Harper's Ferry; and Colonel Jackson at once recognized this as official evidence that he was superseded, and as promptly yielded the command to General Johnston. The latter was too true and honorable a soldier himself not to appreciate the conduct of a man whose inexorable and unflinching devotion to duty threw him into a momentary collision with himself; and, ever after, both their official and social relations were cordial and pleasant, and the superior officer had no more faithful and zealous supporter than his predecessor at Harper's Ferry. To this change of command Jackson thus alludes in his letters:

"HARPER'S FERRY, May 27th, 1861.

"My precious darling, I suppose you have heard that General Joseph E. Johnston, of the Confederate army, has been placed in command here. You must

not concern yourself about the change. Colonel Preston will explain it all to you. I hope to have more time, as long as I am not in command of a post, to write longer letters to my darling pet."

The Virginia regiments at the different posts were now organized into a brigade, and Colonel Jackson was appointed its commander. He writes: "I am in command of the Virginia troops stationed here, and am doing well. I have been superseded by General Johnston, as stated in a former letter, but so far as I have yet learned, I have not been ordered to the Northwest." He had a great desire to go to his native section of Virginia, and devote his energies to rescuing that part of the State, and saving it to the South.

"I am very thankful to an ever-kind Providence for enabling you so satisfactorily to arrange our home matters. I just love my business little woman. Let Mr. Tebbs have the horse and rockaway at his own price; and if he is not able to pay for them, you may give them to him, *as he is a minister of the Gospel*. . . . I have written as you requested to Winchester, that if you were there, to come on; but, my little pet, whilst I should be delighted to see you, yet if you have not started, do not think of coming. . . . My habitual prayer is that our kind Heavenly Father will give unto my darling every needful blessing, and that she may have that 'peace which passeth all understanding!'"

The next letter touches upon the persistent secrecy and reticence in his military affairs which has already

been noticed, and shows that even to his wife he did not confide his plans any more than to his comrades in arms:

"June 4th. Little one, you wrote me that you wanted longer letters, and now just prepare yourself to have your wish gratified. You say that your husband never writes you any news. I suppose you meant military news, for I have written you a great deal about your *esposo* and how much he loves you. What do you want with military news? Don't you know that it is unmilitary and unlike an officer to write news respecting one's post? You wouldn't wish your husband to do an unofficer-like thing, would you? I have a nice, green yard, and if you were only here, how much we could enjoy it together! But do not attempt to come, as before you could get here I might be ordered elsewhere. My chamber is on the second story, and the roses climb even to that height, and come into my window, so that I have to push them out, when I want to lower it. I wish you could see with me the beautiful roses in the yard and garden, and upon the wall of the house here; but my sweet, little sunny face is what I want to see most of all. Little one, you are so precious to somebody's heart! I have been greatly blessed by our kind Heavenly Father, in health and otherwise, since leaving home. The troops here have been divided into brigades, and the Virginia forces under General Johnston constitute the First Brigade, of which I am in command."

This afterwards became the famous "Stonewall Brigade." The Rev. Dr. William N. Pendleton, rector of

the Episcopal Church at Lexington, a graduate of West Point, had command of a battery of light field-guns, which was manned chiefly by the young men of the college and town of Lexington. It was attached to the Stonewall Brigade, in which it was known as the Rockbridge Artillery. This battery contained seven Masters of Art of the University of Virginia, forty-two other college graduates, nineteen theological students, and others (including a son of General Lee), who were among the noblest young men of the South, and a proportion of Christian men as surprisingly large as it was highly gratifying. The very best blood of the South was represented among these volunteer soldiers, many of them taking the place of privates.

On the 16th of June General Johnston evacuated Harper's Ferry. Doctor Dabney's explanation of this movement was, that the Confederate commander speedily learned the untenable nature of his position there, and, having accomplished the temporary purposes of its occupation by the removal of the valuable machinery and materials for the manufacture of fire-arms, he determined to abandon the place. Winchester, being the true strategic point for the defence of the upper regions of Virginia, thither General Johnston resolved to remove his army. In his retreat he offered battle, but did not think it prudent to attack the enemy, whose force was very greatly superior to his own. In his letters Colonel Jackson gives an account of this march. June 14th he wrote from Harper's Ferry:

"We are about leaving this place. General Johnston has withdrawn his troops from the Heights

(Maryland and Virginia), has blown up and burnt the railroad bridge across the Potomac, and is doing the same with respect to the public buildings. Yesterday morning, I was directed to get ready to evacuate the place, and in the evening expected to march, but up to the present time the order has not come. I am looking for it at any moment, and, as I am at leisure, will devote myself to writing to my precious pet. I am very thankful to our kind Heavenly Father for having sent Joseph [my brother] for you, and I trust that you are now safely and happily at Cottage Home [my father's place], and that you found the family all well. You speak of others knowing more about me than my darling does, and say you have heard through others that I am a brigadier-general. By this time I suppose you have found out that the report owes its origin to Madam Rumor."

"June 18th. On Sunday, by order of General Johnston, the entire force left Harper's Ferry, marched towards Winchester, passed through Charlestown, and halted for the night about two miles this side. The next morning we moved towards the enemy, who were between Martinsburg and Williamsport, Maryland, and encamped for the night at Bunker Hill. Yesterday morning we were to have marched at sunrise, and I hoped that in the evening, or this morning, we should have engaged the enemy; but, instead of doing so, General Johnston made some disposition for receiving the enemy if they should attack us, and thus we were kept until about noon, when he gave the order to return towards Winchester. Near sunset we reached this place, which is about three miles

north of Winchester, on the turnpike leading thence to Martinsburg. On Sunday, when our troops were marching on the enemy, they were so inspirited as apparently to forget the fatigue of the march; and though some of them were suffering from hunger, this and other privations appeared to be forgotten, and the march continued at the rate of about three miles an hour. But when they were ordered to retire, their reluctance was manifested by their snail-like pace. I hope the general will do something soon. Since we left Harper's Ferry, an active movement towards repelling the enemy is, of course, expected. I trust that through the blessing of God we shall soon be given an opportunity of driving the invaders from this region."

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST VIRGINIA BRIGADE,
CAMP STEPHENS, June 22d.

"My darling *esposita*, I am at present about four miles north of Martinsburg, and on the road leading to Williamsport, Maryland. General Johnston ordered me to Martinsburg on last Wednesday, and there appeared to be a prospect for a battle on Thursday, but the enemy withdrew from our side of the river. Our troops are very anxious for an engagement, but this is the second time the enemy have retreated before our advance. However, we may have an engagement any day. Rumor reports the Federal troops as concentrating near Shepherdstown, on the Maryland side of the Potomac. A great number of families have left their homes. By order of General Johnston I have destroyed a large number of locomotives and cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. . . . I have just learned

that the enemy are again crossing into Virginia at Williamsport, and I am making the necessary arrangements for advancing to meet them."

"Monday morning, June 24th. I advanced with Colonel J. W. Allen's regiment and Captain Pendleton's Battery, but the enemy retreated across the river, and, after reconnoitring their camp, I returned to my present position, four miles north of Martinsburg. The Federal troops were in two camps, one estimated at about six hundred, and the other at nine hundred. You spoke of the cause of the South being gloomy. It is not so here. I am well satisfied that the enemy are afraid to meet us, and our troops are anxious for an engagement. A few days since Colonel A. P. Hill, who had been sent to Romney, despatched a detachment to burn a bridge eighteen miles west of Cumberland. The enterprise was successful. The enemy lost two guns and their colors. I regret to see our ladies making those things they call 'Havelocks' [a covering to protect the head and neck from the sun], as their time and money could be much more usefully employed in providing haversacks for the soldiers, many of whom have none in which to carry their rations. I have been presented with three Havelocks, but I do not intend to wear them, for, as far as I am concerned, I shall show that such protection is unnecessary in this climate."

"Berkeley County, June 28th.

. . . "I am bivouacking. I sleep out of doors without any cover except my bedding, but have not felt any inconvenience from it that I am aware of in the way of impaired health. Last evening, opposite Williams-

port, one of our men was shot in the abdomen by the enemy, but he is still living, and I trust will recover. I am inclined to think it was done by a Virginian rather than a Northerner. There is a great deal of disloyalty in this county, although it has diminished. Mr. Edwin Lee, son-in-law of General Pendleton, is my aid, and Sandy Pendleton is my ordnance officer and acting adjutant-general. Last night the news came, after I had retired, that the enemy had packed their wagons with baggage, thus indicating a move in some direction. I didn't trouble my command, but merely gave such orders as were necessary to prevent their approach without giving me timely notice; but, in consequence, I had my rest disturbed, and am feeling the effects of it to-day. Yesterday Lieutenant Bowman, of the Eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was captured some time since opposite Williamsport by Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry, and now in Richmond on his parole of honor, sent a letter via here to Williamsport which required us to send a flag of truce. All went off well."

The next letter was written upon a sheet which had been captured from the Federals. It was bordered all around with an edge of bright red, and at the top of the first page, in the left-hand corner, was a gayly colored picture of the statue of Liberty, holding over her head a United States flag, and beneath her feet were the words "Onward to Victory!"

"DARKESVILLE, July 4th.

"My precious darling, day before yesterday I learned that the enemy had crossed the Potomac and

were advancing upon me. I immediately ordered my command under arms, and gave such instructions as I desired to have carried out until I should be heard from again, and with Captain Pendleton's Battery and one regiment of Virginia volunteers advanced to meet the Federal troops. After proceeding to the locality which had been indicated as occupied by them, and ascertaining the position of their advance, I made the necessary movement for bringing a small part of my force into action. Soon the firing commenced, and the advance of the enemy was driven back. They again advanced, and were repulsed. My men got possession of a house and barn, which gave them a covered position and an effective fire; but finding that the enemy were endeavoring to get in my rear and that my men were being endangered, I gave the order to their colonel that, if pressed, he must fall back. He obeyed, and fell back. The artillery of the foe opened upon me, and I directed Captain Pendleton to take a favorable position in rear and return their fire with one gun. His first ball cleared the road, which was occupied by the enemy." [It is said that, before firing this first ball upon the enemy, the reverend officer lifted his eyes to heaven and uttered the prayer, "Lord, have mercy upon their souls!"] "I still continued to fall back, checking the enemy when it became necessary, so as to give time for my baggage to get into column at camp before I should arrive there, as one of my objects in advancing was to keep the enemy from reaching my camp before my wagons could get out of the way. Besides my cavalry, I had only one regiment engaged, and one cannon, though I had ordered up two other regiments, so as to use them if necessary.

My cannon fired only eight times, while the enemy fired about thirty-five times; but the first fire of Captain Pendleton's Battery was probably worth more than all of theirs. I desired, as far as practicable, to save my ammunition. My orders from General Johnston required me to retreat in the event of the advance in force of the enemy, so as soon as I ascertained that he was in force I obeyed my instructions. I had twelve wounded and thirteen killed and missing. My cavalry took forty-nine prisoners. A number of the enemy were killed, but I do not know how many. As I obeyed my orders, and fell back, after ascertaining that the Federals were in force, the killed of the enemy did not fall into our hands. My officers and men behaved beautifully, and were anxious for a battle, this being only a skirmish. [The affair was known as that of "Falling Waters."] I wrote out my official report last night, and think General Johnston forwarded it to Richmond. This morning one of his staff-officers told me that the general had recommended me for a brigadier-general. I am very thankful that an ever-kind Providence made me an instrument in carrying out General Johnston's orders so successfully. . . . The enemy are celebrating the 4th of July in Martinsburg, but we are not observing the day."

Upon his return to Winchester he received the following note from General Lee:

"RICHMOND, VA., July 3d, 1861.

"My dear general, I have the pleasure of sending you a commission of brigadier-general in the Provisional Army, and to feel that you merit it. May your advancement increase your usefulness to the State.

"Very truly, R. E. LEE."

His surprise and gratification at his promotion are expressed in the following letter:

"I have been officially informed of my promotion to be a brigadier-general of the Provisional Army of the Southern Confederacy, but it was prior to my skirmish with the enemy. My letter from the Secretary of War was dated 17th of June. Thinking it would be gratifying to you, I send the letters of Generals Lee and Johnston. From the latter you will see that he desired my promotion for my conduct on the 2d and 3d instant. On the 3d I did nothing more than join General Johnston. My promotion was beyond what I anticipated, as I only expected it to be in the volunteer forces of the State. One of my greatest desires for advancement is the gratification it will give my darling, and [the opportunity] of serving my country more efficiently. I have had all that I ought to desire in the line of promotion. I should be very ungrateful if I were not contented, and exceedingly thankful to our kind Heavenly Father. May his blessing ever rest on you is my fervent prayer. Try to live near to Jesus, and secure that peace which flows like a river."

In the next letter he alludes to the destruction of the property of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by the command of General Johnston:

. . . "It was your husband that did so much mischief at Martinsburg. To destroy so many fine locomotives, cars, and railroad property was a sad work, but I had my orders, and my duty was to obey. If the cost of

the property could only have been expended in disseminating the gospel of the Prince of Peace, how much good might have been expected! . . . You must not be concerned at our falling back to this place [Winchester]. . . . One of the most trying things here is the loss of sleep. Last night I was awakened by a messenger from the house of a friend where some cavalry had stopped. One of his fair daughters took it into her head that the cavalry belonged to the enemy, whereupon she wrote me a note, much to my discomfort; but the field-officer of the day went over to examine into the case, and found the officer in command was one of his friends. The people here are very kind; so much so that I have to decline many invitations to accept their hospitalities. At present I am in a very comfortable building, but we are destitute of furniture, except such things as we have been able to gather together. I am very thankful to our Heavenly Father for having given me such a fine brigade."

"WINCHESTER, July 16th.

. . . "Last evening the enemy encamped at Bunker Hill, about ten miles from us, and this morning we would have given them a warm reception had they advanced, but we have heard nothing respecting their movements to-day. The news from the Northwest is unfavorable, as you have probably seen in the papers, but we must not be discouraged. God will, I am well satisfied, in His own good time and way, give us the victory. . . . In reply to your queries, I am sleeping on the floor of a good room, but I have been sleeping out in camp several weeks, and generally found that it agreed with me well, except when it rained, and even

then it was but slightly objectionable. I find that sleeping in the open air, with no covering but my blankets and the blue sky for a canopy, is more refreshing than sleeping in a room. My table is rather poor, but usually I get corn-bread. All things considered, however, I am doing well. . . . As to writing so as to mail letters which would travel on Sunday, when it can be avoided, I have never had occasion, after years of experience, to regret our system. Although sister I—— gets letters from her husband every day, is she any happier than my *esposita?* Look how our kind Heavenly Father has prospered us! I feel well assured that in following our rule, which is Biblical, I am in the path of duty, and that no evil can come nigh me. All things work together for my good. But when my sweet one writes, let the letters be long, and your *esposo* hopes to send you full ones in return; and when the wars and troubles are all over, I trust that, through divine mercy, we shall have many happy days together."

He always wrote and talked in the same hopeful, cheerful strain, never seeming to entertain a thought that he might fall; or if he had such a thought, he was too unselfish to overshadow his wife's happiness by intimating it to her. With the apostle Paul, he could say that "living or dying he was the Lord's," but he never expressed a desire to *live* so strongly as *not to survive his wife.* From the very thought of such a bereavement, his affectionate nature seemed to shrink and recoil more than from any earthly calamity, and he often expressed the hope, with the greatest fervor and tenderness, that whatever trial his Heavenly

Father sent upon him, *this* might be spared. In sickness, he was the most devoted of nurses—his great and loving heart having not a fibre of selfishness in it, and there was no end to the self-sacrifice he would endure. Once, during a painful though not dangerous illness in his family, after exhausting every means he could think of for relief, his anxiety became so overpowering that he burst into tears, and his manly frame shook with convulsive emotion. Such was the exquisite tenderness of heart of the man who, as a soldier, could bear every privation, and on the march and in the field set his men an example of the most heroic endurance. This mingling of tenderness and strength in his nature is illustrated by a letter to one of his officers who had obtained leave of absence to visit a stricken household. A beloved member of his family had just died; another was dangerously ill; and he asked for an extension of his furlough. This was the reply:

"My dear Major,—I have received your sad letter, and wish I could relieve your sorrowing heart; but human aid cannot heal the wound. From me you have a friend's sympathy, and I wish the suffering condition of our country permitted me to show it. But we must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that, with God's blessing, we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed. What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. It is necessary that you should be at your post immediately. Join me to-morrow morning.

"Your sympathizing friend, T. J. Jackson."

Among the stores captured at Harper's Ferry, not

the least valuable was a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, bound for Washington, loaded with horses for the government. This was a lawful prize, and was at once turned over to the Confederate army, except two which Jackson purchased; and, hoping that hostilities would soon blow over, he selected the smaller one, which he called "Fancy," as a present for his wife, thinking his size and gait were admirably suited for the use of a lady. His name of "Fancy" seemed rather a misnomer, for he was anything but a fancy-looking animal; but he was well formed, compactly built, round and fat (never "raw-boned, gaunt, and grim," as he has often been described), and his powers of endurance were perfectly wonderful. Indeed, he seemed absolutely indefatigable. His eyes were his chief beauty, being most intelligent and expressive, and as soft as a gazelle's. He had a peculiar habit of lying down like a dog when the command halted for rest. His master made a pet of him, and often fed him apples from his own hand. General Jackson had several other horses, one or two being superb creatures, which had been presented to him, but he preferred the little sorrel to them all, finding his gait, as he expressed it, "as easy as the rocking of a cradle." He rode him in nearly every battle in which he was engaged. After being lost for a time, upon the fall of his master at Chancellorsville, he was found by a Confederate soldier, and kindly sent by Governor Letcher to the family of General Jackson in North Carolina, and lived many years in Lincoln County on the farm of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, father-in-law of the general, and with whom his family made their home. Here he was treated to the greenest of pastures and

the best of care, and did excellent service as a family horse, both in harness and under the saddle, and for a long time was the riding-horse of the venerable min-

"OLD SORREL."

ister to his country churches. One of the young Morrisons used to say that Old Fancy (as he was called on the farm) "had more *sense*, and was the *greatest old rascal* he ever saw." He could make as good use of his mouth in lifting latches and letting down bars as a man could of his hands, and it was a frequent habit of his to let himself out of his stable, and then go deliberately to the doors of all the other horses and mules, liberate each one, and then march off with them all behind him, like a soldier leading his command, to the green fields of grain around the farm—a fence proving no obstacle to him, for he could, with his mouth, lift off the rails one by one until the fence was low enough to jump over; so that he was continually getting into mischief. But he was such a pet

that he was allowed to do anything; and was often taken to county fairs, where he was an object of as much interest as one of the old heroes of the war. His hardiness was shown by his great longevity, for he was over thirty years of age when he died, in 1886, at the Soldiers' Home in Richmond, Virginia; and such was still the enthusiasm for the old war-horse that his body was sent to a taxidermist to be mounted. It now stands in a glass case in the library, where the veterans, as they look upon it, can imagine that they see again their beloved commander as they have seen him so often on the field of battle.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

While General Johnston's movements were going on in the lower Valley of Virginia, others of great importance were being made elsewhere in the State, the chief of which was the organization of an army by General Beauregard at Manassas Junction, to cover the approach to Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. This Junction was about twenty-five miles from Alexandria, and was manifestly the strategic point for the defence of Northeastern Virginia. The United States troops were now massed in and around Washington, preparing for an advance into Virginia, and all the energies of the Confederate authorities were concentrated upon preparations to repel the invaders. On both sides Manassas was the centre of expectation. Generals Beauregard and Johnston were acting in concert, and on the 18th of July Johnston received a telegram from Beauregard that the enemy was advancing in force upon Bull Run, and calling upon him to hasten to his assistance. General McDowell, with a large army, was marching forward to attack the Confederates with the confidence of an easy victory. They had already driven back General Beauregard's advance guard, and seemed likely to carry all before them when the arrival of Johnston's troops turned the fortune of the day.

We will now let General Jackson give his account of the movements of his command at this juncture. He writes:

"On the 18th of July I struck my tents, rolled them up, and left them on the ground, and about noon marched through Winchester, as I had been encamped on the other side of the town. About an hour and a half after leaving, I had the following order from General Johnston published to my brigade: 'Our gallant army under General Beauregard is now attacked by overwhelming numbers. The commanding general hopes that his troops will step out like men, and make a forced march to save the country.' At this stirring appeal the soldiers rent the air with shouts of joy, and all was eagerness and animation where before there had been only lagging and uninterested obedience. We continued our march until we reached Millwood, in Clarke County, where we halted for an hour or so, having found an abundance of good water, and there we took a lunch. Resuming the march, my brigade continuing in front, we arrived at the Shenandoah River about dark. The water was waist-deep, but the men gallantly waded the river. This halting and crossing delayed us for some time; but about two o'clock in the morning we arrived at the little village of Paris, where we remained sleeping until nearly dawn. I mean the troops slept, as my men were so exhausted that I let them sleep while I kept watch myself."

After pacing around the camp, or leaning upon the fence, watching the slumbers of his men until nearly

daylight, he yielded his post to a member of his staff, who insisted on relieving him, and he then threw his own wearied frame down upon a bed of leaves in a fence corner, and snatched an hour or two of sleep, after which he rose at dawn and roused his men to continue their march.*

---

* This Night-watch by the Commander has been celebrated in a poem, which appeared after his death, and is said to have been written by Mr. James R. Randall.

"When the command halted for the night, and the officer of the day went to General Jackson and said, 'General, the men are all so wearied that there is not one but is asleep,' and asked if he should not awaken some of them to keep guard, he replied, 'No, let the poor fellows sleep, and I will watch the camp to-night.' And all those hours till the daylight dawned he walked around that camp, the lone sentinel for that brave but weary and silent body of Virginia heroes; and when the glorious morning broke, the soldiers awoke fresh and ready for action, all unconscious of the noble vigils kept over their slumbers.

"THE LONE SENTRY.

"'Twas in the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still,
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill.
Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might—
And one lone sentry paced his rounds,
To watch the camp that night.

"A grave and solemn man was he,
With deep and sombre brow,
Whose dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
Some unaccomplished vow.
His wistful glance peered o'er the plains
Beneath the starry light,

In his letter General Jackson continues: "Bright and early we resumed the march, and the head of our column arrived at Piedmont, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, about six o'clock in the morning. After getting our breakfast, the brigade commenced going aboard of the cars, and the same day all that could be carried arrived at Manassas about four o'clock in the afternoon, without much suffering to my men or to myself. The next day we rested, and the following day was the memorable 21st of July."

"MANASSAS, July 22d.

"MY PRECIOUS PET,—Yesterday we fought a great battle and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due to *God alone*. Although under a heavy fire for several continuous hours, I received only one

---

And with the murmured name of God
He watched the camp that night.

"The future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll;
Manassas and the Valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by
With that tremendous fight
Which gave him to the angel hosts
Who watched the camp that night.

"We mourn for him who died for us
With that resistless moan,
While up the valley of the Lord
He marches to the Throne!
He kept the faith of men and saints,
Sublime and pure and bright;
He sleeps—and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night."

wound, the breaking of the longest finger of my left hand; but the doctor says the finger can be saved. It was broken about midway between the hand and knuckle, the ball passing on the side next the forefinger. Had it struck the centre, I should have lost the finger. My horse was wounded, but not killed. Your coat got an ugly wound near the hip, but my servant, who is very handy, has so far repaired it that it doesn't show very much. My preservation was entirely due, as was the glorious victory, to our God, to whom be all the honor, praise, and glory. The battle was the hardest that I have ever been in, but not near so hot in its fire. I commanded in the centre more particularly, though one of my regiments extended to the right for some distance. There were other commanders on my right and left. Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information only—say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself."

Though he was so reticent of his own part in the battle, it was well known that his brigade saved the day, the credit of which was justly given to its commander. At one moment it seemed as if all was lost. The troops of South Carolina, commanded by General Bee, had been overwhelmed, and he rode up to Jackson in despair, exclaiming, "They are beating us back!" "Then," said Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet!" This cool reply showed the unconquered mind of one who never knew that he was beaten, and put fresh courage into the heart of him who was almost

ready to acknowledge defeat; and, as he rode back to his command, he cried out to them to "look at Jackson!" saying, "There he stands like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!" The cry and the example had its effect, and the broken ranks were reformed, and led to another charge, when their leader fell dead with his face to the foe. But with his last breath he had christened his companion in arms, in the baptism of fire, with the name that he was henceforth to bear, not only in the Southern army, but in history, of STONEWALL JACKSON, while the troops that followed him on that day counted it glory enough to bear on their colors the proud title of the "Stonewall Brigade."

Soon after the battle he writes:

"Mr. James Davidson's son, Frederick, and William Page (son of my dear friend) were killed. Young Riley's life was saved by his Bible, which was in the breast-pocket of his coat. . . . My finger troubles me considerably, and renders it very difficult for me to write, as the wind blows my paper, and I can only use my right hand. I have an excellent camping-ground about eight miles from Manassas on the road to Fairfax Court House. I am sleeping in a tent, and have requested that the one which my darling had the loving kindness to order for me should not be sent. If it is already made, we can use it in time of peace. . . . General Lee has recently gone to the western part of our State, and I hope we may soon hear that our God has again crowned our arms with victory."

"August 5th. And so you think the papers ought to say more about your husband! My brigade is not a

brigade of newspaper correspondents. I know that the First Brigade was the first to meet and pass our retreating forces—to push on with no other aid than the smiles of God; to boldly take its position with the artillery that was under my command—to arrest the victorious foe in his onward progress—to hold him in check until reinforcements arrived—and finally to charge bayonets, and, thus advancing, pierce the enemy's centre. I am well satisfied with what it did, and so are my generals, Johnston and Beauregard. It is not to be expected that I should receive the credit that Generals Beauregard and Johnston would, because I was under them; but I am thankful to my ever-kind Heavenly Father that He makes me content to await His own good time and pleasure for commendation—knowing that all things work together for my good. If my brigade can always play so important and useful a part as it did in the last battle, I trust I shall ever be most grateful. As you think the papers do not notice me enough, I send a specimen, which you will see from the upper part of the paper is a leader. My darling, never distrust our God, who doeth all things well. In due time He will make manifest all His pleasure, which is all His people should desire. You must not be concerned at seeing other parts of the army lauded, and my brigade not mentioned. 'Truth is mighty and will prevail.' When the official reports are published, if not before, I expect to see justice done this noble body of patriots. My command consists of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh, and Thirty-third regiments of Virginia Volunteers, commanded respectively by Colonels James W. Allen, James F. Preston, Kenton Harper, W. W. Gordon, and A. C.

Cummings; and, in addition, we have Colonel Pendleton's Battery. My staff-officers are Lieutenant-colonel Francis B. Jones, acting adjutant-general; Lieutenant-colonel J. W. Massie, aide; Lieutenant A. S. Pendleton, ordnance officer; Captain John A. Harman, quartermaster; and Captain W. J. Hawkes, commissary."

Dr. Dabney says: "It is due to the credit of Jackson's wisdom in the selection of his instruments, and to the gallant and devoted men who composed this staff, to state that all of them who survived rose with their illustrious leader to corresponding posts of usefulness and distinction." A number of other officers subsequently served upon his staff, who deserve to be included in this eulogy. General Jackson continues:

"August 10th. . . . Prince Napoleon passed here on the evening of the 8th, *en route* from Washington to Manassas. He spent the night with General Johnston, took a view of the battle-field yesterday morning, and then returned to Washington, passing here about eleven o'clock A.M. I only saw him at a distance."

A day or two after the battle of Manassas, and before the news of the victory had reached Lexington in authentic form, the post-office was thronged with people, awaiting with intense interest the opening of the mail. Soon a letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White, who immediately recognized the well-known superscription of his deacon soldier, and exclaimed to the eager and expectant group around him: "Now we shall know all the facts." Upon opening it the bulletin read thus:

"My dear pastor, in my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday-school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson."

This little note is a revelation of character. It is remarkable, not so much for what it says as for what it does not say. Not a word in it about the battle or about himself—he who turned the defeat into victory. In that hour of triumph his heart turned away from the field to the poor negro children whom he had been accustomed to teach in the Sunday-school in Lexington.

In his next letter General Jackson writes: "I have received a circular to the effect that two professors must return to the Institute at the opening of the session, the 1st of September, and that if that number do not consent to return, the Board of Visitors will designate two; and if they decline, their seats will thereby be declared vacant, and the board would fill them. I declined returning. How would you like going back to Lexington in September, and staying there for the remainder of the war? . . . I am glad that the battle [First Manassas] was fought on your birthday, so you can never tell me any more that I forget your birthday. See if I don't always remember it, though I do not my own. If General Lee remains in the Northwest, I would like to go there and give my feeble aid, as an humble instrument in the hand of Providence in retrieving the downtrodden loyalty of that part of my native State. But I desire to be wherever those over me may decide, and I am

content here. The success of our cause is the earthly object near my heart; and, if I know myself, all I am and have is at the service of my country." About this time he wrote to his friend, Colonel Bennett, First Auditor of the Commonwealth:

"My hopes for our section of the State have greatly brightened since General Lee has gone there. Something brilliant may be expected in that region. Should you ever have occasion to ask for a brigade from this army for the Northwest, I hope mine will be the one selected. This of course is confidential, as it is my duty to serve wherever I may be placed, and I desire to be always where most needed. But it is natural for one's affections to turn to the home of his boyhood and family."

August 17th he writes to his wife:

. . . "You want to know whether I could get a furlough. My darling, I can't be absent from my command, as my attention is necessary in preparing my troops for hard fighting should it be required; and as my officers and soldiers are not permitted to go and see their wives and families, I ought not to see my *esposita*, as it might make the troops feel that they were badly treated, and that I consult my own pleasure and comfort regardless of theirs: so you had better stay at Cottage Home for the present, as I do not know how long I shall remain here."

From the time he entered the army at the beginning of the war he never asked or received a fur-

lough, was never absent from duty for a single day, whether sick or well, and never slept one night outside the lines of his own command.

August 22d he writes: "Don't you wish your *esposo* would get sick, and have to get a sick leave and go home, so that you couldn't envy sister Sue? Sickness may compel me for a time to retire from camp, but, through the blessing of God, I have been able to continue in command of my brigade. . . . Still much remains undone that I desire to see effected. But in a short time I hope to be more instrumental in serving my country. Every officer and soldier who is able to do duty ought to be busily engaged in military preparation by hard drilling, in order that, through the blessing of God, we may be victorious in the battles which in His all-wise providence may await us. I wish my darling could be with me now and enjoy the sweet music of the brass band of the Fifth Regiment. It is an excellent band."

He delighted in listening to music, both instrumental and vocal, but he had so little talent for it that it was with difficulty he could distinguish tunes. When he learned that the tune of "Dixie" had been adopted by the Confederates as a national air, he felt that he ought to be able to know it when he heard it, so during the first visit I paid him in camp he requested me to sing the air to him until he could impress it upon his memory, so as to be able to recognize it. It was a tedious service, and became so perfectly ridiculous from his oft-repeated command of "again" and "again" that it finally ended in hearty laughter on both sides.

In his letter he continues:

"Don't put any faith in the assertion that there will be no more fighting till October. It may not be till then; and God grant that, if consistent with His will, it may never be. Surely, I desire no more, if our country's independence can be secured without it. As I said before leaving my darling, so say I now, that if I fight for my country, it is from a sense of duty—a hope that through the blessing of Providence I may be enabled to serve her, and not merely because I prefer the strife of battle to the peaceful enjoyments of home. . . . Yesterday the enemy drove in our pickets, and General Longstreet sent me a request to move forward with my brigade, and the consequence was that after advancing beyond Fairfax Court-House six miles it turned out that the enemy did not intend to attack, and I had a ride of twelve miles for nothing; and my wounded finger suffered from it, but I trust, with the blessing of an ever-kind Providence, it will soon be well. I meet with a number of old army friends and some of my classmates, which is quite a pleasure. The country about Fairfax Court House is beautiful. As I came in sight of the place, the sun was near setting, and with its mellowed light greatly contributed to beautify the scenery. I am writing under a Sibley tent, which is of a conical form, so constructed as to allow fire to be used, having an opening at the top for the escape of smoke; though as yet I have had my fires in the house. The weather is quite cool at night. What do you think? This morning I had a kind of longing to see our lot—not our house, for I did not want to enter its desolate

chambers, as it would be too sad not to find my little sunshine there."

From Camp Harman, near Manassas, he wrote:

"Yesterday I received two letters from one little jewel of mine at Cottage Home, and I am just going to read them over and over again and answer. First, in reference to coming to see your *esposo*, what would you do for privacy in camp? I tell you there are more inconveniences attending camp life for a lady than little pet is aware of; and worst of all is the danger you might encounter in such a trip, as the cars are so crowded with soldiers. But I would dearly love to have my darling here at this time, and think I might probably be able to get a room for you with a kind family in whose yard I have my tent. The family is exceedingly obliging, and we could have delightful times together, as I have to stay about quarters on account of my wounded finger. However, through the blessing of an ever-kind Providence, it is now much improved. Should there be a good escort coming on and returning, little one can come; but you must not spare any expense in making your trip comfortable. You must hire a carriage whenever you haven't a safe and good conveyance, in the event of your coming. Last Sabbath Dr. Pendleton preached at my headquarters in the morning, and Rev. Peyton Harrison preached in the evening. . . . If the war is carried on with vigor, I think that, under the blessing of God, it will not last long, though we may frequently have little local troubles along the frontier. . . . At present it would be improper for me to be absent

from my brigade a single day, but just as soon as duty will permit I hope to see my sunshiny face. The reason of my changing my advice about your coming was probably in consequence of orders respecting a march. Within the last three weeks I have had to march off several times, but in each case I have been privileged to return to my present encampment, where I desire to stay as long as I am to remain inactive, for it is the best encampment I have had. We are blessed with excellent water and a good drill-ground. Little one can come on with the first good opportunity, if she is willing to bear the unexpected occurrences of war. I know not one day what will take place the next, but I do know that I am your doting *esposo*."

It was my good fortune to find an escort to the army, and I joyfully set out, in compliance with my husband's somewhat doubtful permission, to pay him a visit. But he was not mistaken in apprehending the difficulties I should encounter, as will be seen by my experience in making this journey through a beleaguered country. We reached Richmond safely and without much discomfort, but no one was permitted to leave without a passport, which the government was exceedingly strict in granting to men unless they were engaged in the service of the army or were going into it. Unfortunately, my young man did not come under either head (although he was going upon an inspecting tour with a view to finding some position among his friends), so he was refused a passport! Like most of the Southern ladies in *ante-bellum* times, I was unaccustomed to travelling alone, and my husband was much opposed to my doing so. However, after coming so near to him (and yet so far!)

I could not give up this long-coveted opportunity of seeing him, and I determined to venture on my way alone. So after telegraphing him to meet me at Manassas, I started with my passport as bravely as I could, yet filled with apprehension — the cars being crowded with soldiers, and scarcely a woman to be seen. An hour or two after leaving Richmond, what was my joy and relief to see a friend from Charlotte, North Carolina, passing through the car! I sprang from my seat and rushed after him, and from that moment my mind was at ease, for Captain J. Harvey White (a gallant officer, who afterwards fell in defence of his country) verified in my case the old proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." My husband failed to receive my telegram in time to meet me at Manassas, and, finding no accommodation there for a lady, Captain White was unwilling to leave me without protection, and advised me to go on with him to Fairfax Station, thinking that point was still nearer to General Jackson's headquarters. However, my husband *did* arrive at Manassas very soon after we passed on, and it was then too late, and the distance too great for him to follow us that night. Fairfax Station we found converted into a vast military camp, the place teeming with soldiers, and the only house visible from the depot being used as a hospital. Not a place to accommodate a lady was to be found, so I was compelled to spend the night in the car in which I came up, the train remaining stationary there until the next morning. One other female, a plain, good woman, who was in search of a sick relative among the soldiers, was of the party, and Captain White, our kind protector. A lady seemed to be a great curiosity to the soldiers,

scores of whom filed through the car to take a look, until the annoyance became so great that Captain White locked the doors. The next morning was the Sabbath, and as Captain White was hastening to a sick brother, he was compelled to go on his mission, but he first procured for me a small room, which was vacated for a few hours just for my accommodation, in the house that was used as a hospital. There was no lock on the door, and the tramp of men's feet, as they passed continually to and fro and threatened entrance, was not conducive to a peaceful frame of mind; and the outlook was still more dismal, the one small window in the room revealing the spectacle of a number of soldiers in the yard, busily engaged in *making coffins for their dead comrades!* I was all alone, and had nothing to read, so it can be imagined that the few anxious and dreary hours spent in that little place of horrors seemed an age, and my relief and happiness were truly inexpressible when the brightest vision that could be to me on earth appeared in the person of my dear husband, whom I had not seen for five months. He drove up in an ambulance, and, taking me in, we were speedily driven to his headquarters. Arrived there, we found his whole brigade assembled for divine worship, and the venerable Bishop Johns was just about to begin service in a small farm-house on the grounds. A delay was made in order to give us time to get into the house and be seated; and all the staff-officers, and it seemed to me a host of others, came forward to welcome their general's wife, much to my embarrassment, for I felt most unpresentable after my experience of the preceding night.

The bishop conducted a delightful service in the

porch of the house, and the soldiers swarmed around him like bees, standing and sitting in the grassy yard. It was an interesting and imposing scene. The brigade was encamped on a beautiful hill near Centreville, and General Jackson's tent was in the yard of the farm-house at which he secured lodging during my visit. It was a grand spectacle to view from the crest of the hill the encampment of that splendid Stonewall Brigade, especially at night, when the camp-fires were lighted. I met there for the first time General Joseph E. Johnston, and was much impressed with his soldierly appearance and polished manners. Indeed, the officers and soldiers generally made the impression of fine specimens of the Southern gentleman, and the grand review of the whole of General Johnston's command was the most imposing military display that I had ever witnessed. General Jackson was justly proud of his brigade, and their affection for him was beautiful to behold. They all felt so inspirited by the great victory they had just gained, and their general's part in it was rehearsed with pride by every one who called upon his wife, while *he*, with his characteristic modesty, gave all the credit to his noble men.

He took me over the battle-field of Manassas. There was nothing remarkable about the ground, which was somewhat undulating, with many open spaces and pine-trees. Bull Run is a small, insignificant stream. General Pendleton accompanied us in the ambulance, and both officers explained the different positions and movements of the two armies, and talked the battle over in a very interesting manner. Much of the *débris* of the conflict still remained: the old Henry house

was riddled with shot and shell; the carcasses of the horses, and even some of the bones of the poor human victims, were to be seen. It was difficult to realize that these now silent plains had so recently been the scene of a great battle, and that here the Reaper Death had gathered such a harvest of precious lives, many of whom were the very flower of our Southern youth and manhood.

All was quiet in the army during my visit, and although my husband was unremitting in his duties to his command, yet he had sufficient leisure to devote to my pleasure to make the time pass most delightfully. We had a nice room in a kind, obliging family named Utterbach, and I took my meals with him and his staff at their mess-table under the trees. The fare was plain, but, with the exception of the absence of milk, it was abundant and substantial. His staff-officers were all most agreeable and intelligent gentlemen. His cook at that time was a very black negro, a hired man named George, who so felt the importance of his position as the head of the culinary department at headquarters that his boast was: "I outranks all de niggers in dis army!" Every moment of the time I was privileged to remain was full of content and enjoyment, and that camp life had a charm for me that I never would have broken myself. But all things have to come to an end in this fleeting world, and my delightful visit shared this fate all too soon—the army being ordered to change its location in less than a fortnight after my arrival—and I was sent back sorrowfully to North Carolina.

My visit was made in September, and General Jackson's next letter was written the 24th of that month:

"I am going to write a letter to my darling pet *esposita*, who paid me such a sweet visit, and whose dear face I can still see, though she is 'way down in the Old North State. If my darling were here, I know she would enjoy General Jones's band, which plays very sweetly. We are still at the same encampment as when you left, and I have the promise of three more wall tents. Yesterday Rev. Dr. William Brown visited Munson's Hill, and took a peep at the Yankees. . . . The Board of Visitors of the Institute met in Richmond, and decided if the professors did not return they would fill their places, superintendents and all. Suppose they ask you to go back. Are you going to do so, or will you let them fill your chair? Colonel Echols returned this morning, but does not bring, to our finite minds, very good news. General Floyd was only about thirty miles west of Lewisburg, and General Wise was fifteen miles in advance of him. General Lee, with four regiments, had gone on to General Wise."

"Monday morning. This is a beautiful and lovely morning—beautiful emblem of the morning of eternity in heaven. I greatly enjoy it after our cold, chilly weather, which has made me feel doubtful of my capacity, humanly speaking, to endure the campaign, should we remain long in tents. But God, *our God*, does, and will do, all things well; and if it is His pleasure that I should remain in the field, He will give me the ability to endure all its fatigues. I hope my little sunshiny face is as bright as this lovely day. Yesterday I heard a good sermon from the chaplain of the Second Regiment, and at night I went over to Colonel Garland's regiment of Longstreet's Brigade,

and heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Granberry, of the Methodist church, of whom you may have heard me speak in times past." . . .

"26th. I did not have room enough in my last letter, nor have I time this morning, to write as much as I desired about Dr. Dabney's sermon yesterday. His text was from Acts, seventh chapter and fifth verse. He stated that the word God being in italics indicated that it was not in the original, and he thought it would have been better not to have been in the translation. It would then have read: 'Calling upon and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' He spoke of Stephen, the first martyr under the new dispensation, like Abel, the first under the old, dying by the hand of violence, and then drew a graphic picture of his probably broken limbs, mangled flesh and features, conspiring to heighten his agonizing sufferings. But in the midst of this intense pain, God, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, permitted him to see the heavens opened, so that he might behold the glory of God, and Jesus, of whom he was speaking, standing on the right hand of God. Was not such a heavenly vision enough to make him forgetful of his sufferings? He beautifully and forcibly described the death of the righteous, and as forcibly that of the wicked. . . .

"Strangers as well as Lexington friends are very kind to me. I think about eight days since a gentleman sent me a half-barrel of tomatoes, bread, etc., and I received a letter, I am inclined to think from the same, desiring directions how to send a second supply. I received from Colonel Ruff a box of beautifully packed and delicately flavored plums; also a

bottle of blackberry vinegar from the Misses B——. What I need is a more grateful heart to the 'Giver of every good and perfect gift.'"

"CAMP NEAR FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, Oct. 1st.

"Yesterday I rode down to the station, and while there President Davis, very unexpectedly to me, arrived in a single car; the remaining part of the train, I suppose, stopped at the Junction to unload. He looked quite thin. His reception was a hearty cheer from the troops. He took his seat in an ambulance-like carriage, and as he passed on his way to the Court-House the air rang with the soldiers' welcoming cheers. He was soon met by a troop of horse, and a horse for himself. Leaving his carriage and mounting his horse, he proceeded on his way, escorted by the cavalry, about four thousand of the First Corps (General Beauregard). The troops belonged to Generals Longstreet, D. R. Jones, and Philip St. George Cocke. It was quite an imposing pageant." . . .

"Yesterday I saw President Davis review. He took up his quarters with General Beauregard, where, in company with Colonels Preston, Harmon, and Echols, I called upon him this morning at about half-past ten o'clock. He looks thin, but does not seem to be as feeble as yesterday. His voice and manners are very mild. I saw no exhibition of that fire which I had supposed him to possess. The President introduced the subject of the condition of my section of the State, but did not even so much as intimate that he designed sending me there. I told him, when he spoke of my native region, that I felt a very deep in-

terest in it. He spoke hopefully of that section, and highly of General Lee."

"October 14th. I am going to write a letter to the very sweetest little woman I know, the only sweetheart I have; can you guess who she is? I tell you, I would like to see my sunshine, even this brightest of days. My finger has been healed over for some time, and I am blest by an ever-kind Providence with the use of it, though it is still partially stiff. I hope, however, in the course of time, that I shall be again blest with its perfect use. . . . If I get into winter-quarters, will little ex-Anna Morrison come and keep house for me, and stay with me till the opening of the campaign of 1862? Now, remember, I don't want to change housekeepers. I want the same one all the time. I am very thankful to that God who withholds no good thing from me (though I am so utterly unworthy and ungrateful) for making me a major-general in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States. The commission dates from the 7th of October." . . .

"October 15th. The enemy are gradually approaching us."

"CENTREVILLE, Oct. 21st.

"For several days your *esposo* has been here, and has an extra nice room, the parlor of a Mr. Grigsby, who has promised that he will also let me have another room for my chamber, and then I can use the parlor for my office. He has very kindly offered me the use of his library. The walls of his parlor are hung with pictures and paintings, including large portraits on

opposite sides, I suppose of the *esposo* and *esposa*. The carpet has been removed, but an abundance of seats have been left, two settees among them. Mr. Grigsby is apparently a man of much character, and I am very much pleased with him. His wife is delicate, and two of his sons have typhoid fever, but are past the critical stage of the disease. He has not yet consented to my staff moving into the house, probably for fear of disturbing the sick. Colonel Jones has resigned and gone home, and Mr. Marshall went with him. They are both nice gentlemen."

"CENTREVILLE, Oct. 22d.

. . . "I am going to tell you just where your *esposo* is living for the present. Starting from Mr. Utterbach's on the Warrenton road towards the battle-ground of Manassas, a street turns off to the right from the Warrenton road. Following the street about one hundred yards brings you to a large stone house, with four chimneys, on the right-hand side of the road. Passing up a flight of steps of nearly eight feet brings you into the porch, after crossing which you enter a hall about ten feet wide, and you have only to come into the first door on your right if you wish to see your husband, seated on the left of a hickory fire, on the opposite side of the room, writing to his sweetheart, or to his *esposita*, whichever you may choose to call her. Looking around the room, you will see upon the mantel a statuette of a mother with a child in her arms, an oil painting of a beautiful boy, a globe lamp, two candelabra, and two vases. Above the mantel are two rose pictures. On either side of the fireplace is a window, and on

the left of the fire are a pair of bellows and a large shovel. On the right are a pair of tongs, and a handsome feather broom for your *esposo* to sweep the hearth with. So far I have described only the southern wall. Turning your eyes to the right, you will see two windows on the western wall, looking towards the battle-ground of the 21st July. On the left end of this wall hangs the celebrated oil painting, 'Beatrice Cenci.' Between the windows is a large portrait (as I suppose) of Mrs. Grigsby. On the right of the right-hand window is a landscape painting. Upon the northern wall to the left of the door is a picture, 'The Evening Prayer,' with the invocation, 'Defend us from all perils and dangers of the night.' Near this hangs a thermometer. On the right of the door are two other works of art, and between them is the library desk, which is kindly placed at my disposal. Upon the eastern wall, left end, is a picture of 'Holyrood.' Near it, but on the right, is a large portrait of Mr. Grigsby. About the centre of the wall is a large mirror—on its right is a picture called 'Innocence'—and *here* is your loving husband!

. . . "Our success at Leesburg reflected credit upon Colonel Evans and his heroic brigade.

. . . "I have written to Colonel Preston, of Lexington, to join me. My desire is to get a staff specially qualified for their duties, and that will render the greatest possible amount of service to their country. Last night, Drs. White and McFarland reached here and are staying with me. They are just from Synod at Petersburg, and give a very gratifying account of things there. Dr. McFarland

is a noble specimen of character." This was the Rev. Dr. Francis McFarland. Dr. White (General Jackson's pastor) had come at his invitation to preach to his command. Dr. Dabney thus describes the visit:

"They arrived at nightfall, and found the commander-in-chief on the spot, communicating in person some important orders. General Jackson merely paused to give them the most hurried salutation consistent with respect, and without a moment's dallying passed on to execute his duties. After a length of time he returned, all the work of the evening completed, and renewed his welcome with a beaming face and warm *abandon* of manner, heaping upon them affectionate attentions, and inquiring after all their households. Dr. White spent five days and nights with him, preaching daily. In the general's quarters he found his morning and evening worship as regularly held as it had been at home. Jackson modestly proposed to his pastor to lead in this worship, which he did until the last evening of his stay; when, to the usual request of prayers, he answered: 'General, you have often prayed with and for me at home; be so kind as to do so to-night.' Without a word of objection, Jackson took the sacred volume, and read and prayed. 'And never while life lasts,' said the pastor, 'can I forget that prayer. He thanked God for sending me to visit the army, and prayed that He would own and bless my ministrations, both to officers and privates, so that many souls might be saved. He gave thanks for what it had pleased God to do for the church in Lexington,

"to which both of us belong"—specially for the revivals He had mercifully granted to that church, and for the many preachers of the Gospel sent forth from it. He then prayed for the pastor, and every member of his family, for the ruling elders, the deacons, and the private members of the church, such as were at home, and especially such as then belonged to the army. He then pleaded with such tenderness and fervor that God would baptize the whole army with His holy spirit, that my own hard heart was melted into penitence, gratitude, and praise. When we had risen from our knees he stood before his camp fire with that calm dignity of mien and tender expression of countenance for which he was so remarkable, and said: "Doctor, I would be glad to learn more fully than I have yet done what your views are of the prayer of faith?"' A conversation then commenced, which was continued long after the hour of midnight, in which, it is candidly confessed, the pastor received more instruction than he imparted."

Dr. White was with him when he received his order to go to his new command of the Valley District, and after reading it he handed it to his pastor, saying: "Such a degree of public confidence and respect as puts it in one's power to serve his country should be accepted and prized; but, apart from that, promotion among men is only a temptation and a trouble. Had this communication not come *as an order*, I should instantly have declined it, and continued in command of my brave old brigade."

To his wife he wrote on the 4th of November:

"This morning I received orders to proceed to Winchester. I am assigned to the command of the military district of the Northern frontier, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains, and I hope to have my little dove with me this winter. How do you like the programme? I trust I may be able to send for you after I get settled. I don't expect much sleep to-night, as my desire is to travel all night, if necessary, for the purpose of reaching Winchester before day to-morrow. My trust is in God for the defence of that country [the Valley]. I shall have great labor to perform, but, through the blessing of our ever-kind Heavenly Father, I trust that He will enable me to accomplish it. Colonel Preston and Sandy Pendleton go with me."

One great trial to him in going to this new field of action was that he was to leave behind his "brave old Brigade," as they were not included in the order. An article in the Richmond *Dispatch* of that date thus describes the separation:

"The writer never expects to witness a more touching scene. Drawn up in close columns stood the subaltern officers and men who had rushed with loud cheers into the very thickest of the bloody 21st of July day, and opposed with the combined courage and discipline of veterans the advance of the confident foe—the men who were all Virginia troops, and from that West Augusta to which Washington had looked in olden days as the last refuge of independence. Proudly had they vindicated the historic fame of their section at Manassas, and now they had

again formed to say 'good-by' to their loved leader. The glow which brightened their faces and lit up their flashing eyes in the fire of battle was gone. They looked like children separating from a father; and striking indeed to those who saw those brave men in the battle was the contrast in their bearing then and to-day. Virginia has reason to be proud of all her troops, but to Jackson's brigade she owes her largest debt. The appearance of General Jackson was received with not the slightest applause. The officers and men he commanded knew for what purpose they had been formed, and felt not like cheering. General Jackson briefly and feelingly addressed his assembled comrades as follows: 'Officers and soldiers of the First Brigade, I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, the bivouac, the tented field, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army and the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your own deeds on the field and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, that you will gain more victories and add

additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the history of this our second war of independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won.'

"Here General Jackson, rising in his stirrups, and casting his bridle reins upon the neck of his steed, with an emphasis which seemed to thrill throughout the brigade, said: 'In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the *First* brigade; in the Army of the Potomac you were the *First* brigade; in the Second Corps of the army you were the *First* brigade; you are the *First* brigade in the affections of your general; and I hope by your future deeds and bearing that you will be handed down to posterity as the *First* brigade in this our second War of Independence. Farewell!' For a moment there was a pause, and then three loud and prolonged cheers rent the air. It was followed by three and three more. Unable to stand such evidence of affection any longer, General Jackson waved farewell and galloped away. The different regiments returned slowly to their quarters, and thus ended a scene not often witnessed, and which makes upon spectators impressions not easily eradicated."

GEN. T. J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON AT BATTLE OF FIRST MANASSAS (BULL RUN).

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

CHAPTER XII.

WINCHESTER AND ROMNEY EXPEDITION—1861-1862.

We will now follow General Jackson to Winchester, which he made his headquarters during the winter of 1861–1862. He had been ordered to the command of the Valley District, without troops being assigned to him; having, as we have seen, to leave behind him his chief reliance in battle, his invincible Stonewall Brigade. He found at Winchester only a small force, consisting of a part of three brigades of militia and a few companies of cavalry, all of which were imperfectly organized and poorly equipped, and with but little training or experience. He lost no time in calling out all the remaining militia of the district, and in a few weeks his little army was increased to about three thousand men. To the instruction and drilling of these new recruits he devoted himself with the utmost energy; and, already forming plans for a vigorous forward movement, he sent a petition to the government for reinforcements. In response to this request he had the great gratification of having his own Stonewall Brigade sent to him, about the middle of November, together with the Rockbridge Battery, now commanded by Captain McLaughlin.

The attachment which General Jackson felt for the men that had been trained under him, and his pride in them, were fully reciprocated; as one of them ex-

pressed it: "Wherever the voice of our brave and beloved general is heard, we are ready to follow. I have read of the devotion of soldiers to their commanders, but history contains no parallel case of devotion and affection equal to that of the Stonewall Brigade for Major-General Jackson. We do not look upon him merely as our commander—do not regard him as a severe disciplinarian, as a politician, as a man seeking popularity—but as a Christian; a brave man who appreciates the condition of a common soldier; as a fatherly protector; as one who endures all hardships in common with his followers; who never commands others to face danger without putting himself in the van. The confidence and esteem of the soldiers are always made known in exulting shouts whenever he makes his appearance."

General Jackson was so captivated with the Valley of Virginia, the more he saw of it in his campaigns, that he used to say that when the war was over he wanted to have a home in the Shenandoah Valley, and there indulge his taste for rural pursuits, and enjoy that domestic life which was so dear to him. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery, with its chains of mountains, limpid streams, fine forests, dales, and fertile fields, were to him charming beyond description. The people of the Valley were not unworthy of it. They enjoyed the free and easy lives natural to those living in a land of plenty, and dispensed their hospitalities with grace and generosity; but it was in adversity that their noblest qualities were illustrated. Displaying a loyalty that death only could quench—patience under hardship and toil; calmness and heroism amid the storms of war, which destroyed and des-

olated their homes and country; the first to rally to the defence of the South, and the last to give it up—who can ever do justice to the nobleness and magnanimity of those people of the Valley? But it seems unfair not to take in the whole of Virginia in this tribute, for it was the universal testimony of the Confederate soldiers, from the beginning to the end of the war, that the Virginians, as long as they had a crust of bread, would share it with the soldiers from other States, and that the noble women of Virginia never wearied in their ministrations to their necessities, especially in nursing the sick and wounded.

On the 9th of November General Jackson wrote from Winchester to his wife: . . . "I trust that my darling little wife feels more gratitude to our kind Heavenly Father than pride or elation at my promotion. Continue to pray for me, that I may live to glorify God more and more, by serving Him and our country. . . . If you were only here, you would have a very nice house, the description of which I will postpone until after answering your letters; and if there isn't room, it will be deferred for the next letter, as it will take nearly a whole letter to tell you how very nice it is. And if your husband stays here this winter, he hopes to send one of his aides for one little somebody. You know very well who I mean by 'little somebody.'

"And now for an answer to your questions; and without stating your questions, I will answer them. My command is enlarged, and embraces the Valley District, and the troops of this district constitute the Army of the Valley; but my command is not alto-

gether independent, as it is embraced in the Department of Northern Virginia, of which General Johnston has the command. There are three armies in this department—one under General Beauregard, another under General Holmes, and the third under my command. My headquarters are for the present at Winchester. A major-general's rank is inferior to that of a full general. The rank of major-general does not appear to be recognized by the laws of the Confederate States, so far as I have seen; but there may be some law embraced in the Army Regulations which I have not seen. At all events, the President appoints them in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and these appointments are only for the war. As the regulations of the army of the Confederate States do not require the rank of major-general, there is no pay and no staff appointed for it; but I expect to have two aides, and at least an adjutant-general. I am making up my staff slowly, in consequence of desiring to secure a good one, and some of them being at a distance. My promotion places me between a brigadier and a full general; but I don't think that either a major-general or a full general will be paid any more than $301 per month (the pay of a brigadier), but as commander of an army my additional pay is $100, making in all $401 per month. I send you a check for $1000, which I wish invested in Confederate bonds, as I think, as far as possible, persons should take Confederate bonds, so as to relieve the government from any pecuniary pressure. You had better not sell your coupons from the bonds, as I understand they are paid in gold, but let the Confederacy keep the gold. Citizens should not re-

ceive a cent of gold from the government when it is so scarce. The only objection to parting with your coupons is, that, if they are payable in gold, it will be taking just so much out of the Treasury, when it needs all it has. Give my love and congratulations to William [his brother-in-law, Major W. W. Morrison] upon his promotion. I saw Captain Barringer at Manassas, and his regiment of cavalry presented a fine appearance. I send you a letter announcing that Amy [his faithful old servant] has gone to a better world. The tears came to my eyes more than once while reading it."

The following extracts from letters to a gentleman in Lexington will show that he took time to attend both to the temporal and spiritual interests of his servants, even in the midst of absorbing military occupations:

"I desire, if practicable, that my boys shall have the opportunity of attending the colored Sabbath-school in Lexington, if it is still in operation. I am glad to hear that they are both well, and I trust, through the blessing of an overruling Providence, they will serve you faithfully. It is gratifying to know that they are in such good hands as yours. . . . Should you not need George, please hire him to some suitable person, with the condition that, if in or near town, he be required to attend Sabbath-school; and wherever he may be, let him be required to attend church at suitable times, as I am very desirous that the spiritual interests of my servants shall be attended to. . . . I thank you for your kindness in taking such good

care of my lot. Any expense that you may incur in keeping up fences, etc., please let me know, and I will settle it. I did not expect to hear of the grass taking so well. Please sell the wheat and deposit the proceeds in the Bank of Rockbridge."

The new and enlarged field of labor to which General Jackson had been promoted required some additions to his staff, and in consequence he received many applications from persons desiring to secure these positions either for themselves or their friends and relatives. In writing upon this subject he says:

"My desire is to get a staff specially qualified for their specific duties, and that will render the greatest possible amount of service to their country."

In response to another request his reply was: "Your letter, and also that of my much-esteemed friend, Hon. Mr. —— in behalf of Mr. ——, reached me to-day; and I hasten to reply that I have no place to which, at present, I can properly assign him. I knew Mr. —— personally, and was favorably impressed by him. But if a person desires office in these times, the best thing for him to do is at once to pitch into service somewhere, and work with such energy, zeal, and success as to impress those around him with the conviction that such are his merits he must be advanced, or the interest of the public service must suffer. If Mr. —— should mention the subject to you again, I think you might not only do him, but the country, good service by reading this part of my letter to him. My desire is to make merit the basis of my recommendations and selections."

He never appointed a man to a responsible position without knowing all about him. He would make the most minute inquiries. Was he intelligent? Was he faithful? Was he industrious? *Did he get up early?* This was a great point with him. If a man was wanting in any of these qualifications, he would reject him, however highly recommended. No feeling of personal partiality, no feeling of friendship; was allowed to interfere with his duty. He felt that the interests at stake were too great to be sacrificed to favoritism or friendship.

To his wife he writes from Winchester, November 16th:

"Don't you tremble when you see that you have to read such a long letter, for I'm going to write it just as full as it can hold. And you wish that I could have my headquarters at Mr. Grigsby's? I tell you this is a much better place for my pet. You can have plenty of society of charming ladies here, and the Rev. Mr. Graham, our Presbyterian minister, lives in the second house from here, his door being only about thirty yards from our gate. This house belongs to Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, of the Fourth Virginia Volunteers, and has a large yard around it. The situation is beautiful. The building is of cottage style and contains six rooms. I have two rooms, one above the other. My lower room, or office, has a matting on the floor, a large fine table, six chairs, and a piano. The walls are papered with elegant gilt paper. I don't remember to have ever seen more beautiful papering, and there are five paintings hanging on the walls. If I only had my little woman

here, the room would be set off. The upper room is neat, but not a full story, and is, I may say, only remarkable for being heated in a peculiar manner, by a flue from the office below. Through the blessing of our ever-kind Heavenly Father, I am quite comfortable. I have much work to perform, and wouldn't have much time to talk to my darling except at night; but then there is so much pleasant society among the ladies here that you could pass your time very agreeably. I hope to send for you just as soon as I can do so, with the assurance that I am in winter-quarters."

It can readily be imagined with what delight General Jackson's domestic plans for the winter were hailed by me, and without waiting for the promised "aide" to be sent on as my escort, I joined some friends who were going to Richmond, where I spent a few days to shop, procure a passport, and to await an escort to Winchester. The latter was soon found in a kind-hearted but absent-minded old clergyman, who occupied himself so assiduously in taking care of the little woman he had in charge that he entirely forgot to look after her baggage (a very necessary precaution in the upturned and disjointed condition in which the country then was), and the result was a lost trunk! We travelled by stage-coach from Strasburg, and were told, before reaching Winchester, that General Jackson was not there, having gone with his command on an expedition to demolish Dam No. 5 on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. It was therefore with a feeling of sad disappointment and loneliness that I alighted from the stage-coach in front of

Taylor's Hotel at midnight in the early part of dreary, cold December, and no husband to meet me with a glad welcome. By the dim lamp-light I noticed a small group of soldiers standing on the sidewalk, but they remained as silent spectators, and my escort led me up the long stairway, doubtless feeling disappointed himself that he still had me on his hands. Just before reaching the landing I turned to look back, for one figure among that group looked startlingly familiar, but as he had not come forward, I felt that I must be mistaken. However, my backward glance did reveal an officer muffled up in a military overcoat, and cap drawn down over his eyes, following us in rapid pursuit, and by the time we were upon the top step a pair of strong arms caught me in the rear; the captive's head was thrown back, and she was kissed again and again by her husband, before she could realize the delightful surprise he had given her. The good old minister chuckled gleefully, and was no doubt a sincere sharer in the joy and relief experienced by his charge. When I asked my husband why he did not come forward when I got out of the coach, he said he wanted to assure himself that it was his own wife, as he didn't want to commit the blunder of kissing anybody else's *esposa*. He had returned but a few hours before to spend the Sabbath in Winchester, and with the hope of my arrival upon the midnight stage.

On Monday morning, bright and early, he sent a number of telegrams in search of the missing trunk, which, by the way, contained some valued treasures, and had also, while in Richmond, been replenished with numerous new and pretty additions to its ward-

robe, just for that winter in Winchester; and in those war times of blockade and scarcity, such things were doubly prized. But the telegraph failed to bring any tidings of the trunk, and forthwith the aide who was to have been my escort was despatched to Richmond in pursuit of it. In a few days he returned with the discouraging report that he was unsuccessful in every effort to trace the lost piece of baggage. So, giving it up in despair, I addressed myself to the task of supplying the necessities of the situation. It was, of course, impossible to replace the beautiful Richmond outfit; but notwithstanding this great loss, my happiness was unalloyed so long as I was privileged to be with my husband and the charming friends I found in Winchester. However, after the lapse of three whole weeks, what was my surprise one day to see my long-lost trunk safely placed within my room, and its recovery was all the more gratifying because my good husband, during all those weeks, had not ceased to continue the search for it, and his letters to officials and friends had proved instrumental in finding the trunk securely locked up in Richmond as lost baggage! It was speedily sent on by express, the contents found to be intact, and were all the more appreciated on account of the deprivation endured by their temporary loss.

My husband was fortunate enough to engage board for us both with the Rev. J. R. Graham, in whose delightful Christian family we spent as happy a winter as ever falls to the lot of mortals on this earth. Winchester was rich in happy homes and pleasant people, in social refinement and elegant hospitality; and the extreme kindness and appreciation shown to

General Jackson by all, bound us both to them so closely and warmly that ever after that winter he called the place our "war home."

Among the many excellent matrons there were two who specially won our hearts—Mrs. Robert Y. Conrad and Mrs. Anne Tucker Magill. These ladies were conspicuous for their lovely Christian characters —being foremost in all good works, in the hospitals ministering to the soldiers—and wherever they went their lives were devoted to the relief of suffering and to doing good. Both were descended from old Virginia families, true specimens of patrician blood. Mrs. Conrad, even in the decline of life, retained much beauty, of brunette style, and in manner was a most gentle and gracious lady. Several of her sons were gallant soldiers in the army, and her two young daughters inherited their mother's grace and beauty.

Mrs. Magill was of the house of John Randolph, of Roanoke, and a sister of Hon. John Randolph Tucker, Virginia's honored statesman — a man known not only in Virginia, but in all the South, as in the very front rank of Congress and of statesmen; and in social life a man "of infinite jest," but withal an earnest Christian. This family seemed to possess as an inheritance the richest vein of humor, in addition to high mental endowments. It would be difficult to describe the sunshine which irradiated the very presence as well as the whole life of Mrs. Magill, whom General Jackson designated as "inimitable." I once heard the face of a woman, who united the rarest beauty to the utmost sweetness of disposition, described as "a love letter to all the world." This

would apply exactly to Mrs. Magill, who was the impersonation of love and kindness, and her natural buoyancy of temperament was heightened by her beautiful Christian faith and trust. In her General Jackson found a spirit congenial to his own, and so admired her bright and radiant disposition that he often said to his wife that when she grew to be an old lady, he hoped she would be "just like Mrs. Magill!" She was the mother of my hostess and friend, Mrs. Graham, and when I became a member of her daughter's family she said she must adopt me as her daughter too, and during all my sojourn she lavished upon me the loving attentions of a mother to a child. One day in every week our whole household dined with her, and I shall never forget those delightful reunions. She was blest with several daughters, whose cordial manners and sweet music made their home charming to visitors.

I recall a very amusing scene which occurred in Mr. Graham's parlor, showing Mrs. Magill's playful humor. A number of visitors, including several young officers, were spending the evening, and as they were about breaking up, Mrs. Magill and a young captain of artillery began to fight a most ridiculous battle—the captain seizing a chair as his cannon and pointing its back at Mrs. Magill. The fun became contagious, and soon everybody in the room took sides, drawing out the chairs as pieces of artillery, amid such noise and laughter that General Jackson, who was in his room up-stairs, came down to see what it was all about. Taking in at a glance the broad humor of the occasion, he said, sharply: "Captain Marye, when the engagement is over, you will

send in an official report." The uproar of this mirth-provoking scene was heard far out into the street, and would not have been suspected as coming from a preacher's house, and yet, if I mistake not, his reverence was one of the most furious combatants on the side of his mother-in-law!

The Winchester ladies were among the most famous of Virginia housekeepers, and lived in a great deal of old-fashioned elegance and profusion. The old border town had not then changed hands with the conflicting armies, as it was destined to do so many times during the war. Under the rose-colored light in which I viewed everything that winter, it seemed to me that no people could have been more cultivated, attractive, and noble-hearted. The memories of that sojourn in our "war home" are among the most precious and sacred of my whole life. It was there that I was permitted to be the longest time with my husband after he entered the army. He was in such fine health and spirits that, with the exception of the Romney expedition, there was nothing to mar the perfect enjoyment of those three blessed months.

No sooner had General Jackson, with his gallant Stonewall Brigade, taken up his headquarters at Winchester, than petitions came pouring in from the loyal people along the border counties of Virginia, praying for protection, and this he promised them so soon as he could get more reinforcements. In the small body of cavalry which he found at Winchester, a conspicuous officer was Lieutenant-Colonel Turner Ashby, whom General Jackson placed in command of his cavalry after consolidating all the companies into a regiment. At the beginning of the war this young

soldier raised a company of volunteers, and during the summer campaign he had been engaged in the first capture of Harper's Ferry, and distinguished himself by his gallantry and courage. He was as brave and chivalrous a gentleman as ever drew sword, and when he received his trust from General Jackson he kept it with unwearied zeal until he fell in the cause to which he had given his life. His brother, Captain Richard Ashby, whom he had loved with unusual tenderness and devotion, and who was his equal in courage and heroism, had fallen by the hand of the foe, and this terrible stroke inspired Turner Ashby with a fearful resolution to avenge his brother's death. With his sad, earnest gray eyes, jet-black hair and flowing beard, his lithe and graceful form mounted upon a superb steed, he was a typical knight of the Golden Horseshoe, and his daring and intrepid exploits soon shed a halo of romance around his name, and made it one of terror to his enemies. The sound of his well-known yell and the shout of "Ashby!" from his men were the signal for a tremendous charge that was generally victorious. He was an invaluable auxiliary to General Jackson in guarding the outposts of the army—his coolness, discretion, and untiring vigilance being as remarkable as his daring and bravery.

Before proceeding further with an account of General Jackson's movements, a brief glance will be given at the situation in Northwestern Virginia. The campaigns of the Confederates in that region had been attended with disaster almost from the beginning, which had been a source of great grief to General Jackson; and his anxiety to be sent as a defender to the loved

"home of his boyhood and family" has already been shown in his letters. General McClellan, crossing the Ohio, had attacked a small force under General Robert S. Garnett, who was killed in one of the first engagements of the war. After his death and the defeat of his troops, the Confederate government sent out a larger force, under General Robert E. Lee, to oppose Rosecrans, who had succeeded McClellan. The high reputation of General Lee raised great hopes of success; but owing to the nature of the country, the mountains, the condition of the roads, and the superior numbers of the enemy, these hopes were doomed to disappointment.

After this second failure of the campaign even in hands so competent as General Lee's, that distinguished officer was assigned to a more important command, and was succeeded in the Northwestern Department by Brigadier-General Loring. Brigadier-General Henry R. Jackson and Colonel Edward Johnson, of this command, had each gallantly repulsed the enemy; but their successes proved to be fruitless on account of their forces being too small to hold any ground they had gained; and the enemy having occupied the counties of Hardy and Hampshire, thereby threatening the rear of the Confederates, they were finally forced to retreat to a position on the Shenandoah Mountain, forty miles to the rear.

Such was the situation in the Northwest when General Jackson arrived at Winchester. And so anxious was he to engage in the work of protecting his native region that he urged the government to let him have the troops under Generals Loring and Johnson, and, if his request were granted, that there should be no delay

in hurrying them at once to him; and with these reinforcements he proposed to undertake a winter campaign. He remembered the saying of Napoleon, that "an active winter's campaign is less liable to produce disease than a sedentary life by camp-fires in winter-quarters"—and seeing the imminent dangers that were threatening the country from delay, together with the immense resources of the Northern Army, he was eager to do all in his power, feeling that the issues involved justified him in making the experiment. The government partly acceded to his request, but did not furnish him with all the troops he desired, and so restricted him, both in force and authority, that it was impossible for him to accomplish all that he hoped and expected. A letter to the War Department will show how much he had reflected upon this subject, and what bold plans he had formed:

"HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY DISTRICT, Nov. 20th, 1861.

"HON. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of War:

"SIR,—I hope you will pardon me for requesting that at once all the troops under General Loring be ordered to this point (Winchester). Deeply impressed with the importance of absolute secrecy respecting military operations, I have made it a point to say but little respecting my proposed movements in the event of sufficient reinforcements arriving; but since conversing with Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. L. Preston, upon his return from General Loring, and ascertaining the disposition of the general's forces, I venture to respectfully urge that after concentrating all his troops here, an attempt should be made to capture

the Federal forces at Romney.* The attack on Romney would probably induce McClellan to believe that the Army of the Potomac had been so weakened as to justify him in making an advance on Centreville; but should this not induce him to advance, I do not believe anything will during the present winter. Should the Army of the Potomac be attacked, I would be at once prepared to reinforce it with my present volunteer force, increased by General Loring's. After repulsing the enemy at Manassas, let the troops that marched on Romney return to the Valley and move rapidly westward to the waters of the Monongahela and Little Kanawha. Should General Kelly be defeated, and especially should he be captured, I believe that by a judicious disposition of the militia, a few cavalry, and a small number of field-pieces, no additional forces would be required for some time in this district. I deem it of great importance that Northwestern Virginia be occupied by Confederate troops this winter. At present it is to be presumed that the enemy are not expecting an attack there, and the resources of that region necessary for the subsistence of our troops are in greater abundance than in almost any other season of the year. Postpone the occupation of that section until spring, and we may expect to find the enemy prepared for us, and the resources to which I have referred greatly exhausted. I know that what I have proposed will be an arduous undertaking, and cannot be accomplished without the sacrifice of much personal comfort; but I feel that the troops will be

* General Kelly was then at Romney with a force reputed to be five thousand men, to cover repairs on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

prepared to make this sacrifice when animated by the prospect of important results to our cause and distinction to themselves. It may be urged against this plan that the enemy will advance on Staunton and Huntersville. I am well satisfied that such a step would but make their own destruction more certain. Again, it may be said that General Floyd will be cut off. To avoid this, if necessary, the general has only to fall back towards the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. When Northwestern Virginia is occupied in force, the Kanawha Valley, unless it be the lower part of it, must be evacuated by the Federal forces, or otherwise their safety will be endangered by forcing a column across the Little Kanawha, between them and the Ohio River. Admitting that the season is too far advanced, or that from other causes all cannot be accomplished that has been named, yet through the blessing of God, who has thus far so wonderfully prospered our cause, much more may be expected from General Loring's troops according to this programme than can be expected from them where they are. If you decide to order them here, I trust that, for the purpose of saving time, all the infantry, cavalry, and artillery will be directed to move immediately upon the reception of the order. The enemy, about five thousand strong, have been for some time slightly fortifying at Romney, and have completed their telegraph from that place to Green Spring Depot. Their forces at and near Williamsport are estimated as high as five thousand, but as yet I have no reliable information of their strength beyond the Potomac.

"Your most obedient servant,

"T. J. Jackson, Major-General, P. A. C. S."

General Johnston endorsed this letter as follows:

"CENTREVILLE, Nov. 21st.

"Respectfully forwarded. I submit that the troops under General Loring might render valuable services by taking the field with General Jackson, instead of going into winter-quarters, as now proposed.

"J. E. JOHNSTON, General."

The Secretary of War, in sending General Jackson's letter to General Loring, and expressing concurrence in the opinion that it would be the destruction of the enemy for him to advance at that season upon Monterey and Staunton, said:

"In opposition to all this, we have the views of General Lee and yourself impliedly given in the recommendation to guard the passes through the winter. We do not desire, under such a state of things, to direct the movement above described, without leaving you a discretion, and the President wishes you to exercise that discretion. If upon full consideration you think the proposed movement objectionable and too hazardous, you will decline to make it, and so inform the department. If, on the contrary, you approve it, then proceed to execute it as promptly and secretly as possible, disguising your purpose as well as you can, and forwarding to me by express an explanation of your proposed action to be communicated to General Jackson."

In the meantime, while awaiting the result of this decision, General Jackson determined not to remain

inactive, and taking the small force then under his command, early in December, he went to work to destroy Dam No. 5 on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which ran down the Potomac from Cumberland, Maryland, to Washington. This canal was of great importance to the enemy in affording them the means of transporting their supplies and troops, especially since the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry had been burned. As General Banks, with a large force, was upon the other side of the Potomac, General Jackson despatched his militia to make a feint upon Williamsport, while he, with the rest of his troops, repaired to the dam, the destruction of which was accomplished, but at the expense of great personal discomfort and suffering to his men. However, they proved themselves true soldiers—many of them volunteering to enter the chill waters of the Potomac, and working like beavers for four cold winter days and still colder nights, waist-deep in water, with the Federal cannon-balls booming over their heads; but only one poor fellow lost his life from the guns of the enemy. Captain Holliday (afterwards an honored Governor of Virginia), of the Thirty-third Regiment, and Captain Robinson, of the Twenty-seventh (all Virginia troops), volunteered, with the companies, to go into the river and cut out the cribs. This was done under fire from the Maryland bank.

General Loring decided to join General Jackson, and with his troops, numbering about six thousand men, arrived in Winchester the latter part of December. The government did not send Colonel Edward Johnson's troops also, as Jackson had requested, and directed Loring to retain command of his own forces, but to act

under orders from Jackson. The enemy having possession of the towns of Bath, Hancock, and Romney, which gave them control of the fertile valley of the south branch of the Potomac, Jackson's plan was to move swiftly upon the first two named villages, and then to attack Romney, which was their strongest point.

The morning of New Year's Day of 1862 dawned upon Winchester with all the glory and mildness of a spring day, and, the roads being in good condition, General Jackson started out with his little army of about eight thousand five hundred men, five battalions, and a few companies of cavalry, all moving forward with alacrity and fine spirits. But the weather, which on the first day had been so propitious, on the second "suddenly changed to be very severe, and the snow and sleet made the roads almost impassable for loaded wagons, unless the teams were specially shod for the purpose." The sufferings of the troops were terrible, as the frozen state of the roads rendered it impossible for the wagons to come up in time, and for several nights the soldiers bivouacked under the cold winter sky without tents or blankets. All these hardships and privations Jackson shared with the troops, and tried to encourage them in patient endurance, and inspire them to press on. His own command bore up with great fortitude and without murmuring, but the adverse weather had the effect of greatly intensifying the discontent and disgust of Loring and his men, who had from the first been disinclined to a winter campaign; and an unfortunate jealousy springing up between the two commands, caused an immense amount of trouble and disappoint-

ment to Jackson, and frustrated much of the success for which he had reason to hope. Many of the malcontents left their posts on the plea of sickness and returned to Winchester, and taunted "Jackson's pet lambs," as they called the Stonewall Brigade, for their foolhardiness in following a leader whom they did not hesitate to denounce as rash and severe, in dragging men through a winter campaign in such arctic weather. Nevertheless, this much-abused man and his brave followers pressed on, and at the end of a three days' hard march they reached Bath, but found the enemy had fled without stopping to make any resistance, leaving behind them all their stores and provisions. The Confederates pursued the fugitives, and soon overtook them near Hancock, and drove them into that village. Colonel Ashby was sent on the morning of the 5th to summon the place to surrender, and was led blindfold through the streets into the presence of the Federal commander. His name had so often caused dismay and confusion among their troops that their curiosity was greatly aroused at a sight of the dashing young cavalryman, and as they thronged around him he heard whispers of "That is the famous Ashby." The Federal commander refused to surrender, whereupon General Jackson cannonaded the town, and speedily drove the Federal forces out of it. It was his design to cross the Potomac and enter Hancock, but he says in his report: "On the 6th the enemy were reinforced to such an extent as to induce me to believe that my object could not be accomplished without a sacrifice of life, which I felt unwilling to make, as Romney, the great object of the expedition, might require for its recovery,

and especially for the capture of the troops in and near there, all the force at my disposal. . . . As the United States troops had repeatedly shelled Shepherdstown, and had even done so while there were no troops in the place, and it was not used as a means of defence, I determined to intimate to the enemy that such outrages must not be repeated, and directed a few rounds from McLaughlin's battery to be fired at Hancock. The invader having been defeated and driven across the Potomac, the telegraph line broken at several points, and the railroad bridge across Great Cacapon destroyed, thus throwing material obstacles in the way, not only in transmitting intelligence from Romney to Hancock, but also of receiving reinforcements from the east, arrangements were made for moving on Romney.

"The next day, the 7th, the command was put in motion. . . . Before night a despatch reached me giving intelligence of our disaster that morning at Hanging Rock, where the enemy not only defeated our militia under Colonel Monroe, but captured two guns. . . . The enemy evacuated Romney on the 10th, and the town was soon occupied by Sheetz's and Shand's companies of cavalry, which were subsequently followed by other troops. The Federal forces, abandoning a large number of tents and other public property, which fell into our possession, retreated to a point between the railroad bridge across Patterson's Creek and the northwestern branch of the Potomac, which was as far as they could retire without endangering the safety of the two bridges. Our loss in the expedition in killed was four; in wounded, twenty-eight. The Federal loss in killed and wounded not ascer-

tained. Sixteen of them were captured. After the arrival in Romney of General Loring's leading brigade, under Colonel Taliaferro, I designed moving with it, Garnett's brigade, and other forces on an important expedition against the enemy, but such was the extent of demoralization in the first-named brigade as to render the abandonment of that enterprise necessary. Believing it imprudent to attempt further movements with Loring's command against the Federals, I determined to put it in winter-quarters in the vicinity of Romney."

On hearing of the approach of Jackson, even when they were over a day's march distant, the Federals, though superior in numbers, fled from Romney in such haste that they left their tents standing, and much of their equipage behind them. In their track of retreat they left ruin and desolation everywhere. The dwellings of the rich and poor alike, the factories, mills, and churches were burned or wantonly desecrated; widows and orphans driven from their homes, and the torch applied to them; and even the domestic animals—everything that could be useful to man—were either taken away or shot down. For fifteen miles it was one continuous scene of smoking ruins and devastation. In his official report General Jackson thus alludes to these atrocities:

"I do not feel at liberty to close this report without alluding to the conduct of the reprobate Federal commanders, who, in Hampshire County, have not only burned valuable mill property, but also many private houses. The track from Romney to Hanging

Rock, a distance of fifteen miles, was one of desolation. The number of dead animals lying along the roadside, where they had been shot by the enemy, exemplified the spirit of that part of the Northern army."

General Jackson's estimate of the value of the fruits of this expedition will be shown by a quotation from his report:

"On January 2d there was not, from the information I could gather, a single loyal man in Morgan County who could remain at home with safety. Within less than four days the enemy had been defeated, their baggage captured; and by teaching the Federal authorities a lesson, that a town claiming allegiance to the United States lay under our guns; Shepherdstown protected, which had repeatedly before, though not since, been shelled; the railroad communication with Hancock broken; all that portion of the county east of the Great Cacapon recovered; Romney and a large part of Hampshire County evacuated by the enemy without the firing of a gun; the enemy had fled from the western part of Hardy, had been forced from the offensive to the defensive—under these circumstances, judge what must have been my astonishment at receiving from the Secretary of War the following despatch: 'Our news indicates that a movement is being made to cut off General Loring's command. Order him back to Winchester immediately.'"

From the report of General Loring and his command, it seems that the military circles of the Confederacy at Richmond had been made to believe that

they were the victims of a crazy leader, whose mad career must be stopped at once for the safety of Loring and his men, if not for the country. General Jackson, with the Stonewall Brigade, had returned to Winchester, leaving Loring's force, which was the larger part of his command, in winter-quarters near Romney, with the confident expectation that, since he had cleared out all that region of the enemy, Loring would be safe, and able to defend himself against any future attack, and, besides, he was near enough to go to him in case of danger. It can readily be seen, therefore, how inexplicable to him seemed this order from the War Department. In his report he continues:

"I promptly complied with the order, but in doing so forwarded to the Secretary of War my conditional resignation. Up to that time, God, who has so wonderfully blessed us during the war, had given great success to the efforts for protecting loyal citizens in their rights, and in recovering and holding territory in this district which had been overrun by the enemy. It is true that our success caused much exposure and suffering to the command. Several nights the troops had to bivouac, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, their tents not coming up on account of the bad condition of the roads; yet every command, except part of General Loring's, bore up under these hardships with the fortitude becoming patriotic soldiers.

. . . "General Loring's evacuation of Romney and return to the vicinity of Winchester was the beginning of disasters. The enemy, who up to that time had been acting on the defensive, suddenly changed to the offensive and advanced on Romney; next, drove our troops

out of Moorefield on the 12th of this month [February]; two days after forced our militia from Bloomery Pass, thus coming to within twenty-one miles of Winchester, and capturing a number of prisoners."

Perhaps the honorable Secretary of War was, in his turn, somewhat surprised at receiving the following reply to his peremptory order to General Jackson:

"HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY DISTRICT, Jan. 31st, 1862.

"HON. J. P. BENJAMIN:

"SIR,—Your order requiring me to direct General Loring to return with his command to Winchester has been received and promptly complied with. With such interference in my command, I cannot expect to be of much service in the field, and I accordingly respectfully request to be ordered to report for duty to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, as has been done in the case of other professors. Should this application not be granted, I respectfully request that the President will accept my resignation from the army.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"T. J. JACKSON,

"Major-General, P. A. C. S."

This letter was, of course, submitted to General Johnston, the chief commander of the department, who, in forwarding it, wrote upon it this endorsement:

"HEADQUARTERS, CENTREVILLE, Feb. 7th, 1862.

"Respectfully forwarded with great regret. I don't know how the loss of this officer can be supplied. General officers are much wanted in this department.

"J. E. JOHNSTON, General."

General Johnston also wrote the following letter to General Jackson:

"February 3d.

"MAJOR-GENERAL JACKSON:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just read, and with profound regret, your letter of January 31st to the Secretary of War asking to be relieved from your present command, either by an order to the Virginia Military Institute or the acceptance of your resignation. Let me beg you to reconsider this matter. Under ordinary circumstances, a due sense of one's own dignity, as well as care for professional character and official rights, would demand such a course as yours; but the character of this war, the great energy exhibited by the government of the United States, the danger in which our very existence as an independent people lies, require sacrifices from us all who have been educated as soldiers. I receive my information of the order of which you have such cause to complain from your letter. Is not that as great an official wrong to me as the order itself is to you? Let us dispassionately reason with the government on this subject of command, and if we fail to influence its practice, then ask to be relieved from positions the authority of which is exercised by the War Department while the responsibilities are left to us. I have taken the liberty to detain your letter to make this appeal to your patriotism, not merely from warm feelings of personal regard, but from the official opinion which makes me regard you as necessary to the service of the country in your present position.

"Very truly yours,

"J. E. JOHNSTON."

General Jackson also addressed the following note to General Johnston's adjutant-general:

"HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY DISTRICT, Feb. 1st, 1862.

"MAJOR THOMAS G. RHETT, Assistant Adjutant-General:

"MAJOR,—The Secretary of War stated, in the order requiring General Loring's command to fall back to this place immediately, that he had been informed that the command was in danger of being cut off. Such danger, I am well satisfied, does not exist, nor did it, in my opinion, exist at the time the order was given, and I therefore respectfully recommend that the order be countermanded, and that General Loring be required to return with his command to the vicinity of Romney.

"Respectfully,

"T. J. JACKSON,

"Major-General, P. A. C. S., commanding."

"Endorsement:

"CENTREVILLE, Feb. 6th, 1862.

"Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War, whose orders I cannot countermand.

"J. E. JOHNSTON, General."

In his late expedition, General Jackson had received but little aid from the government. The disaffection of General Loring and his men had been enough to discourage and seriously affect the success of the enterprise. Jackson had endured with his command all the rigors and hardships of an exceptionally severe winter. And yet, in the face of all these obstacles, he had with his heroic little band succeeded in driving the enemy

from every point he had attacked, and had recovered his entire district. When it was urged upon him that he should be willing to make sacrifices to serve his country in her time of sore need, he exclaimed: "Sacrifices! have I not made them? What is my life here but a daily sacrifice? Nor shall I ever withhold sacrifices for my country, where they avail anything. I intend to serve her anywhere, in any way in which I am permitted to do it with effect, even if it be as a private soldier. But if this method of making war is to prevail, which they seek to establish in my case, the country is ruined. My duty to her requires that I shall utter my protest against it in the most energetic form in my power, and that is to resign." He also wrote to Governor Letcher, requesting him to use his influence in having him ordered back to the Institute, saying the order from the War Department "was given without consulting me, and is abandoning to the enemy what has cost much preparation, expense, and exposure to secure, and is in direct conflict with my military plans, and implies a want of confidence in my capacity to judge when General Loring's troops should fall back, and is an attempt to control military operations in detail from the Secretary's desk at a distance. I have, for the reasons set forth in the accompanying paper, requested to be ordered back to the Institute, and if this is denied me, then to have my resignation accepted. I ask as a special favor that you will have me ordered back to the Institute. As a single order like that of the Secretary's may destroy the entire fruits of a campaign, I cannot reasonably expect, if my operations are thus to be interfered with, to be of much service in the field. A sense of duty brought

me into the field, and has thus far kept me. It now appears to be my duty to return to the Institute, and I hope that you will leave no stone unturned to get me there. If I ever acquired, through the blessing of Providence, any influence over troops, this undoing my work by the Secretary may greatly diminish that influence. I regard the recent expedition as a great success. . . . I desire to say nothing against the Secretary of War. I take it for granted that he has done what he believes to be best, but I regard such a policy as ruinous.

"Very truly your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON."

A gentleman who had an interview with him at this critical moment thus gives the result: "Never can I forget an interview held with him the night that he forwarded his resignation. When urged to withhold it, upon the ground that the country could not spare his services—that his name was alike a terror to our enemies and a tower of strength to our cause, inspiring confidence and arousing enthusiasm, even among the doubtful and wavering—'No, no,' said he, 'you greatly overestimate my capacity for usefulness. A better man will soon be sent to take my place. The government have no confidence in my capacity, or they would not thus countermand my orders, and throw away the fruits of victory that have been secured at such a sacrifice of the comfort of my noble troops in their hurried march through the storm of snow and sleet. No, sir, I must resign, and give my place to some one in whom they have more confidence.'"

When urged that perhaps the government had been misinformed as to the facts, he responded:

"Certainly they have; but they must be taught not to act so hastily without a full knowledge of the facts. I can teach them this lesson now by my resignation, and the country will be no loser by it. If I fail to do so, an irreparable loss may hereafter be sustained, when the lesson might have to be taught by a Lee or Johnston." This was nearly his exact language, as we well remember it. But little he knew that when his services were lost to the cause — or, as General Lee afterwards expressed it, that he had lost his right arm —the whole army would be paralyzed, and the cause itself lost. But our far-seeing and sagacious governor knew the worth of Stonewall Jackson to the army, and wrote at once, begging him to reconsider his decision, and sent one of his most influential officials to remonstrate with him in person against his leaving the army. The same protests poured in from other quarters, from persons of all grades, both in public and private life, among them some aged ministers of the Gospel—all imploring him to withdraw his resignation. In reply to a second letter from Governor Letcher, he wrote:

"WINCHESTER, Feb. 6th, 1862.

"HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LETCHER, Governor of Virginia:

"GOVERNOR,—Your letter of the 4th instant was received this morning. If my retiring from the army would produce that effect upon our country which you have named in your letter, I, of course, would not desire to leave the service; and if, upon the receipt of this note, your opinion remains unchanged, you are authorized to withdraw my resignation, unless the Secretary

of War desires that it should be accepted. My reasons for resigning were set forth in my letter of the 31st ultimo, and my views remain unchanged; and if the Secretary persists in the ruinous policy complained of, I feel that no officer can serve his country better than by making his strongest possible protest against it, which, in my opinion, is done by tendering his resignation, rather than be a wilful instrument in prosecuting the war upon a ruinous principle. I am much obliged to you for requesting that I should be ordered to the Institute.

"Very truly your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON."

Upon receiving assurances from the government that it did not intend to interfere with his military plans, Governor Letcher deemed it best to withdraw his resignation in the name of Virginia; and to this he yielded with true soldierly obedience, and it was thus that Stonewall Jackson was preserved to the army.

CHAPTER XIII.

KERNSTOWN, McDOWELL, AND WINCHESTER—1862.

After all the hardships and trials of the late expedition, General Jackson returned from Romney to Winchester so full of animation and high spirits, galloping along on his little sorrel with such speed through the mud and slush, that one of his elder staff-officers laughingly said to him: "Well, general, *I* am not so anxious to see Mrs. Jackson as to break my neck keeping up with you, and with your permission I shall fall back and take it more leisurely." As they were not in pursuit of the enemy, the request was granted, and this officer, with some others, did not reach Winchester until the day following, while General Jackson, with the younger members of the staff, rode the whole forty miles in one short winter day. After going to a hotel and divesting himself of the mud which had bespattered him in his rapid ride, and making as perfect a toilet as possible, he rang the door-bell of Mr. Graham, who admitted him, and in another moment he came bounding into the sitting-room as joyous and fresh as a schoolboy, to give his wife a surprise, for he had not intimated when he would return. As soon as the first glad greetings were over, before taking his seat, with a face all aglow with delight, he glanced around the room, and was so impressed with the cosy and cheerful aspect of Mr. Graham's fireside, as we all

sat round it that winter evening, that he exclaimed: "*Oh! this is the very essence of comfort!*" The bright picture of home-life was exceedingly refreshing to him after all the discomfort and exposure through which he had passed since he left us three weeks before. He never looked better and more radiant than on that evening. Mr. Graham had an interesting little family of children, who afforded him much pleasure, and it was the special privilege of one of the little boys to ride down-stairs in the mornings upon the back of the general, the performance provoking as much glee on his part as it did on that of the child.*

In making the trip from Romney, he was more than ever charmed with "Little Sorrel," whose powers of endurance proved quite remarkable. After bearing him along with so much fleetness and comfort, he said the horse seemed almost as fresh and unwearied at the end of the journey as at the beginning.

When the Loring troubles came, and General Jackson thought he might be ordered back to the Institute, the anticipation of returning home gave him unbounded happiness—the only consideration marring it being a feeling that his paramount duty was to be in the field when his country was in danger. Duty alone constrained him to forego the happiness and comforts of his beloved home for the daily hardships of a soldier's life.

For the next month after his return he remained quietly in Winchester. After Loring's evacuation of Romney the Federal troops again took possession, and

* It is an interesting item of the family history that the little youngster who was thus honored, when he grew to manhood, became a minister of the Gospel, and, as the Rev. Alfred T. Graham, was married to Miss Isabel Irwin, a niece of Mrs. Jackson.

spread in such numbers along the border as to threaten Winchester on every side; and the difficulties of General Jackson's position were greatly enhanced by a diminution of his small army, Loring and all his troops that were not Virginians having been ordered elsewhere; and in order to induce re-enlistment, furloughs had been freely granted; so that, at the time of the most imminent danger, General Jackson's force was reduced to about four thousand effective men, exclusive of militia. He informed the commander-in-chief that his position required at least nine thousand men for its defence, threatened as it was by Banks on one side and Lander on the other. But as Johnston was himself preparing to retreat before the advance of McClellan, he had no troops to spare. To a friend in the Confederate Congress Jackson wrote:

"What I desire is, to hold the country as far as practicable until we are in a condition to advance; and then, with God's blessing, let us make thorough work of it. But let us start right. . . . In regard to your question as to how many troops I need, you will probably be able to form some idea when I tell you that Banks, who commands about thirty-five thousand, has his headquarters in Charleston, and that Kelly, who has succeeded Lander, has probably eleven thousand, with his headquarters near Paw-Paw. Thus you see two generals, whose united force is near forty-six thousand troops, already organized for three years or the war, opposed to our little force here; but I do not feel discouraged. Let me have what force you can. McClellan, as I learn, was at Charleston on Friday last; there may be something significant in

this. You observe, then, the impossibility of saying how many troops I shall require, since it is impossible for me to know how many will invade us. I am delighted to hear you say Virginia is resolved to consecrate all her resources, if necessary, to the defence of *herself*. Now we may look for war in earnest. You ask me for a letter respecting the Valley. I am well satisfied that you can say much more about it than I can, and in much more forcible terms. I have only to say this, that if this valley is lost, Virginia is lost.

"Very truly your friend, T. J. JACKSON."

Jackson meanwhile remained at Winchester, watching closely the advance of Banks, and doing what was possible to impede it. General Johnston thus describes the duty assigned to him: "After it had become evident that the Valley was to be invaded by an army too strong to be encountered by Jackson's division, that officer was instructed to endeavor to employ the invaders in the Valley, but without exposing himself to the danger of defeat, by keeping so near the enemy as to keep him from making any considerable detachment to reinforce McClellan, but not so near that he might be compelled to fight." General Jackson sent his stores, baggage, and the sick to the rear, but continued to hold his position to the last moment. Early in March, when he found that he would be compelled to retire from Winchester, although his heart was yearning to stay and defend the place, he thought it was no longer safe for me to remain, and I was sent away on the same train which conveyed the sick to a place of safety. In the midst of all this terrible mental strain my husband maintained the most perfect

self-control and cheerfulness, throwing off (when in my presence at least) the heavy burden under which he labored—talking as little as possible about military matters, and showing much of his old home playfulness and abandon. He told me that when his "sunshine" was gone out of the room which had been to us the holy of holies on earth that winter, he never wanted to enter it again; and yet to the last moment he lingered at the door of the coach in which I left with bright smiles, and not a cloud upon his peaceful brow. For thirteen months we did not meet again.

Never, as long as life lasts, can I forget the harrowing scenes of that day upon which I left Winchester. Many of the poor soldiers looked as if they were almost at the point of death. Some were so helpless that they had to be carried on the backs of their comrades—their pale, emaciated, and despairing faces and moans of suffering being pitiful and heart-moving beyond description. At Manassas there was a delay of an hour or more in transferring them to another train, and as I sat and watched that procession of concentrated misery, with my own heart so heavy and anxious, I was never so impressed with the horrors of war.

No ray of sunshine lightened the gloom. As I journeyed sadly along, my attention was attracted by the conversation of a lady and gentleman who sat immediately in front of me. He was a Confederate officer, and she was plying him with questions about the army, its officers, etc. After freely discussing Lee, Johnston, and others, the lady asked: "And what do you think of *Old Stonewall?*" I almost held my breath, but could not have been more gratified when the answer came, for it was this: "I have *the most implicit confi-*

dence in him, madam. At first I did not know what to think of his bold and aggressive mode of warfare; but since I *know* the man, and have witnessed his ability and patriotic devotion, *I would follow him anywhere.*" How my heart warmed to that stranger, who little knew that General Jackson's wife was a listener to a commendation which could not have been more satisfactory if it had been given for her benefit! This was to me the brightest gleam of sunlight on that dreary journey.

To show General Jackson's extreme relùctance to retreat from the loyal old town of Winchester without striking a blow in its defence, he conceived the bold idea of becoming the attacking party himself, and to this end he called a council of his chief officers, and proposed to them a night attack upon Banks. In the meantime, while they were assembling, he went, all booted and spurred, to make a hasty call on his friend Mr. Graham, whose family he found oppressed with the gloom which overspread the whole town. He was so buoyant and hopeful himself that their drooping spirits were revived, and after engaging with them in family worship he returned to meet his council of war. However, his proposition was not approved, and he hurried back to correct the impression he had made upon his friends by his cheering words and sanguine predictions; his countenance and bearing, which at that time beamed with hope and the fire of patriotic devotion, were now changed to deepest perplexity and depression. Still, he was so loath to give up his coveted scheme that he said, with slow and desperate earnestness: "But—let me think—can I not yet carry my plan into execution?" As he uttered these words he

grasped the hilt of his sword, raised his face with a look of determination, and the light of battle glowed in his eyes; but the next moment he dropped his head, and, releasing his sword, said: "No; I must not do it; it may cost the lives of too many brave men. I must retreat, and wait for a better time."

On the 7th of March General Banks approached within four miles of Winchester, and General Jackson drew up his little force in line of battle to meet him; but the former withdrew without attacking. The activity of Ashby and the boldness with which Jackson maintained his position impressed his adversary with the conviction that the Confederate force was much larger than it was in reality. Banks advanced in a cautious and wary manner, refusing to attack, but pushing forward his left wing so as to threaten Jackson's flank and rear. By the 11th of March this movement had gone so far that it was no longer safe to hold Winchester. Jackson remained under arms all day, hoping for an attack in front, but none was made, and late in the afternoon his little army withdrew from the town, and it was occupied by the Federals the next day, March 12th. The Confederates continued to retreat slowly to Woodstock and Mount Jackson, forty miles in rear of Winchester, and Shields's division was thrown forward in pursuit to Strasburg on the 17th.

To his wife General Jackson wrote on the 10th of March from Winchester:

"My darling, you made a timely retreat from here, for on Friday the Yankees came within five miles of this place. Ashby skirmished for some time with them, and after they fell back he followed them until

they halted near Bunker Hill, which is twelve miles from here, where they are at present. The troops are in excellent spirits. . . . How God does bless us wherever we are! [This was in reference to the kindness we had received in Winchester.] I am very thankful for the measure of health with which He blesses me. I do not remember having been in such good health for years. . . . My heart is just overflowing with love for my little darling wife."

"WOODSTOCK, March 17th, 1862.

"The Federals have possession of Winchester. They advanced upon the town the Friday after you left, but Ashby, aided by a kind Providence, drove them back. I had the other troops under arms, and marched to meet the enemy, but they did not come nearer than about five miles of the town, and fell back to Bunker Hill. On last Tuesday they advanced again, and again our troops were under arms to meet them, but after coming within four miles of the town they halted for the night. I was in hopes that they would advance on me during the evening, as I felt that God would give us the victory; but as they halted for the night, and I knew they could have large reinforcements by morning, I determined to fall back, and sent my troops back the same night to their wagons in rear of Winchester, and the next morning moved still farther to the rear."

The retirement of Jackson and the unopposed occupation of the lower valley by Banks relieved McClellan of all fears in that direction; and in pursuance of President Lincoln's requirement, Banks was ordered

to intrench himself in the vicinity of Manassas, in order to guard the approaches to Washington. Shields's division was accordingly recalled from Strasburg, and the Federals began their movement towards Manassas on the 20th of March. On the evening of the 21st Ashby reported that the enemy had evacuated Strasburg. Jackson, divining that this meant a withdrawal towards Washington, at once ordered pursuit with all his available force. The whole of his little army reached Strasburg on the afternoon of the 22d, the greater part after a march of twenty-two miles. Meantime the indefatigable Ashby was following close behind the retreating enemy, and late in the afternoon of the 22d, as Jackson was entering Strasburg, Ashby was attacking the Federal pickets one mile south of Winchester. After the skirmish, Ashby camped for the night at Kernstown, three miles south of Winchester. General Shields, who commanded the troops Ashby had attacked, and who was himself wounded in the skirmish, had displayed but a small part of his force; and this fact, combined with information obtained within the Federal lines, misled the Confederates. The reports brought out led Ashby to believe that all but one brigade had gone, and that it expected to leave for Harper's Ferry the next day; but the fact was that Shields's division of three brigades still remained. This information caused Jackson to push on with all haste the next morning. At daylight he sent three companies of infantry to reinforce Ashby, and followed with his whole force. After a march of fourteen miles he reached Kernstown at 2 P.M. Shields had made his disposition to meet attack, and Ashby kept up an active skirmish with the advance of

Shields's force during the forenoon. But though thus making ready, the Federal generals did not expect an attack in earnest, believing that Jackson could not be tempted to hazard himself so far from his main support. When he reached Kernstown his troops were very weary. Three fourths of them had marched thirty-six miles since the preceding morning. He therefore gave directions for bivouacking, and says in his report: "Though it was very desirable to prevent the enemy from leaving the Valley, yet I deemed it best not to attack until morning. But subsequently ascertaining that the Federals had a position from which our forces could be seen, I concluded that it would be dangerous to postpone the attack until the next day, as reinforcements might be brought up during the night." Jackson, therefore, led his men to the attack. His plan was to gain the ridge upon which the Federal right flank rested, turn that flank, and get command of the road from Kernstown to Winchester in the rear. He gained the top of the ridge, but Shields held him in check until he could hurry other troops to that flank, when Jackson in turn became the attacked party. For three hours of this Sunday afternoon the sanguinary and stubborn contest continued. But bravely as the Confederates fought, they were finally overcome by the superior numbers of the enemy, and were compelled to retreat. Weary and dispirited was the little army which had marched fourteen miles in the morning to attack a force more than double its own, and which had for three hours wrestled for victory in so vigorous a manner as to astonish and deceive the enemy. Baffled and overpowered, it slowly retraced its path for six miles more, and sank to

rest. In the fence corners, under the trees, and around the wagons, the soldiers threw themselves down, many too tired to eat, and forgot in slumber the toils, dangers, and disappointments of the day. Jackson shared the open-air bivouac with his men. His faithful commissary, Major Hawks, made a roaring fire, and was making a bed of rails, when the general wished to know what he was doing. "Fixing a place to sleep," was the reply. "You seem determined to make yourself and those around you comfortable," said Jackson. Knowing the general had fasted all day, the major soon obtained some bread and meat from the nearest squad of soldiers, and after they had satisfied their hunger they slept soundly on the rail bed in a fence corner.

The Federals picked up two or three hundred prisoners, and as they marched them through the streets of Winchester the inhabitants turned out almost *en masse* to show them their sympathy, and many of their friends and kindred were recognized among the captives. The next day the citizens asked and obtained permission to bury the Confederate dead on the battle-field, and persons of all ages and conditions flocked thither, for there was scarcely a family in the county which had not a relative in Jackson's command; and with torturing anxiety the women looked into the face of every prostrate form, fearing to find it one of their own loved ones. The wounded had been taken off the battle-field by their general, who ordered his medical director, Dr. McGuire, to send them to the rear. As the army was retreating, the surgeon said: "But that requires time. Can you stay to protect us?" "Make yourself easy about that," replied he;

"this army stays here until the last wounded man is removed." And then with deep feeling he said: "Before I will leave them to the enemy I will lose many more men." The next morning after the battle, General Jackson gradually retired before the advancing enemy, once more, to Mount Jackson.

To his wife he wrote on the 24th of March:

"Yesterday important considerations, in my opinion, rendered it necessary to attack the enemy near Winchester. The action commenced about 3 P.M. and lasted until dark. Our men fought bravely, but the superior numbers of the enemy repulsed me. Many valuable lives were lost. Our God was my shield. His protecting care is an additional cause for gratitude. I lost one piece of artillery and three caissons. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was probably superior to ours."

"March 28th. Near Mount Jackson. . . . My little army is in excellent spirits. It feels that it inflicted a severe blow upon the enemy. I stayed in camp last night bivouacking. To-day I am in the house of a Mr. Allen, where I am quite comfortable. This is a beautiful country. The celebrated Meem farm is near here, and is the most magnificent one that I know of anywhere. After God, our God, again blesses us with peace, I hope to visit this country with my darling, and enjoy its beauty and loveliness."

"April 7th. My precious pet, your sickness gives me great concern; but so live that it, and all your trials, may be sanctified to you, remembering that 'our

light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I trust you and all I have in the hands of a kind Providence, knowing that all things work together for the good of His people.

"Yesterday was a lovely Sabbath day. Although I had not the privilege of hearing the word of life, yet it felt like a holy Sabbath day, beautiful, serene, and lovely. All it wanted was the church-bell and God's services in the sanctuary to make it complete. . . . Our gallant little army is increasing in numbers, and my prayer is that it may be an army of the living God as well as of its country."

"April 11th. I am very much concerned at having no letter this week, but my trust is in the Almighty. How precious is the consolation flowing from the Christian's assurance that 'all things work together for good to them that love God!' . . . God gave us a glorious victory in the Southwest [at Shiloh], but the loss of the great Albert Sidney Johnston is to be mourned. I do not remember having ever felt so sad at the death of a man whom I had never seen. . . . Although I was repulsed in the attempt to recover Winchester, yet the enemy's loss appears to have been three times that of ours. In addition to this, the great object which required me to follow up the enemy, as he fell back from Strasburg, seems to have been accomplished very thoroughly. I am well satisfied with the result. Congress has passed a vote of thanks, and General Johnston has issued a very gratifying order upon the subject, one which will have a fine effect upon my command. The great object to be acquired

by the battle demanded time to make known its accomplishments. Time has shown that while the field is in possession of the enemy, the most essential fruits of the battle are ours. For this and all of our Heavenly Father's blessings, I wish I could be ten thousand times more thankful. Should any report be published, my views and object in fighting and its fruits will then become known. You appear much concerned at my attacking *on Sunday*. I was greatly concerned, too; but I felt it my duty to do it, in consideration of the ruinous effects that might result from postponing the battle until the morning. So far as I can see, my course was a wise one; the best that I could do under the circumstances, though very distasteful to my feelings; and I hope and pray to our Heavenly Father that I may never again be circumstanced as on that day. I believed that so far as our troops were concerned, necessity and mercy both called for the battle. I do hope the war will soon be over, and that I shall never again have to take the field. Arms is a profession that, if its principles are adhered to for success, requires an officer to do what he fears may be wrong, and yet, according to military experience, must be done, if success is to be attained. And this fact of its being necessary to success, and being accompanied with success, and that a departure from it is accompanied with disaster, suggests that it must be right. Had I fought the battle on Monday instead of Sunday, I fear our cause would have suffered; whereas, as things turned out, I consider our cause gained much from the engagement."

His bold attack at Kernstown, though unsuccess-

ful, led to many important results. Its first effect was the accomplishment of one of the principal objects of the Confederates—the recall of the Federal troops then marching from the Valley towards Manassas. It had also the effect of changing the disposition of several of their divisions and corps, and producing such consternation at Washington that President Lincoln did not consider his capital secure, and detained McDowell's corps in front of the city, although General McClellan had left over forty thousand troops for its defence!

For this achievement at Kernstown the Confederate Congress passed the following resolution of thanks:

"1. *Resolved* by the Congress of the Confederate States, that the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered, to Major-General Thomas J. Jackson, and the officers and men under his command, for gallant and meritorious services in a successful engagement with a greatly superior force of the enemy near Kernstown, Frederick County, Virginia, on the 23d of March, 1862. 2. *Resolved*, that these resolutions be communicated by the Secretary of War to Major-General Jackson, and by him to his command."

The noble women of Winchester, during the whole war, devoted themselves to nursing the sick and wounded soldiers with tender care and self-sacrifice, and their compassion failed not even in administering to the wounded of the enemy. And after the war was over, from the midst of saddened and desolate homes, they continued their self-denying care for

the ashes of the brave men to whose comfort and encouragement they had contributed so freely in life, and by whose suffering cots they had often watched in sorrow, danger, and death. Under the leadership of Mrs. Philip Williams, they gathered the thousands of Confederate dead from the surrounding battle-fields and placed them in the "Stonewall Cemetery" —a memorial not more to the patriotism of man than to the devotion of woman. They also erected a handsome monument to "The Unknown Dead"—and the State of Maryland, in the year 1880, likewise placed a beautiful monument in this cemetery in memory of her brave soldiers who fell in defence of the South. It is said that the State of North Carolina has more soldiers buried upon Virginia battle-fields than any other Southern State—a fact which speaks for itself in showing the heroic part borne by the good Old North State in the struggle for independence.

The next month after the battle of Kernstown was to General Jackson one of comparative inaction. He spent it in recruiting his forces and reorganizing his regiments, his ranks filling up under the new impetus given to enlistment by a new conscription bill, and by the return of furloughed men, which nearly doubled the number of his troops since the battle, but even yet he had only about five or six thousand men. His great desire to press into service every available man in Virginia will be seen by the following letter, which he wrote on the 21st of March to Governor Letcher's aide-de-camp, Colonel French:

"COLONEL,—Please request the governor to order three thousand muskets to Staunton at his earliest

convenience for the militia of this district. None of the militia beyond the county, except five hundred from Augusta, have yet arrived, but they are turning out encouragingly. There are three religious denominations in this military district who are opposed to war. Eighteen [men] were recently arrested in endeavoring to make their escape through Pendleton County to the enemy. Those who do not desert will, to some extent, hire substitutes, others will turn out in obedience to the governor's call; but I understand some of them say they will not 'shoot.' They can be made to fire, but can very easily take bad aim. So, for the purpose of giving to this command the highest degree of efficiency, and securing loyal feelings and co-operation, I have, as these non-combatants are said to be good teamsters and faithful to their promises, determined to organize them into companies of one hundred men each, rank and file, and after mustering them, with the legal number of company officers, into service, assign them to the various staff departments without issuing arms to them; but if at any time they have insufficient labor, to have them drilled, so that in case circumstances should justify it, arms may be given them. If these men are, as represented to me, faithful laborers and careful of property, this arrangement will not only enable many volunteers to return to the ranks, but will also save many valuable horses and other public property, in addition to arms. . . . All I have pledged myself is that, as far as practicable, I will employ them in other ways than fighting, but with the condition that they shall act in good faith with me, and not permit persons to use their names for the purpose of keeping out of service."

On the 28th of April, General Jackson applied to General Lee, then acting as commander-in-chief under President Davis, for a reinforcement of five thousand men, which addition to his force he deemed necessary to justify him in marching out and attacking Banks. Next day he was informed that no troops could be spared to him beyond the commands of Generals Ewell and Edward Johnson, the latter of whom was seven miles west of Staunton, at West View, with a brigade. General J. E. Johnston had transferred the mass of his army to the front of Richmond, where he had taken command in person. Ewell's division alone remained on the Rappahannock to watch the enemy, and to aid Jackson in case of need. This division was now near Gordonsville, and a good road from that point to Swift Run Gap placed it in easy reach of Jackson. Banks followed Jackson but slowly. He reached Woodstock on April 1st, and having pushed Ashby's cavalry back to Edinburg, five miles beyond, he attempted no further serious advance until the 17th. He then moved forward in force, and Jackson retired to Harrisonburg, and, crossing the main fork of the Shenandoah, took up his position at the western base of the Blue Ridge, in Swift Run Gap. This camp the Confederates reached on the 20th of April, and here they remained through ten days more of rain and mud.

On the 16th of April, General Jackson wrote to his wife as follows:

"Near New Market.

"This morning is warm and spring-like, and this country is one of the most beautiful that I ever beheld. . . . On last Wednesday the enemy advanced

on me at one o'clock A. M., and I fell back to this place, where I arrived on Friday. My route was through New Market and Harrisonburg. I am about midway between Harrisonburg and Stannardsville. The enemy did not advance as far as Harrisonburg on the Valley turnpike. The advance of the two armies is within a few miles of each other. . . . I do want so much to see my darling, but fear such a privilege will not be enjoyed for some time to come."

"SWIFT RUN GAP.

. . . "Dr. Dabney is here, and I am very thankful to God for it. He comes up to my highest expectations as a staff-officer."

"STAUNTON, May 5th.

"Since I last wrote to my darling I have been very busy. On Wednesday last I left my position near Swift Run Gap, and moved up the south fork of the Shenandoah to Port Republic, which is about three miles from Weyer's Cave. I would like to see the cave, for I remembered that my little pet had been there, and that gave me a deeper interest in the great curiosity. The road up the river was so treacherous that I could only advance about six miles per day, and to leave the road was at the risk of sinking yet deeper in the quicksands, in which that locality abounds. The country is one of the loveliest I have ever seen. On Saturday the march was resumed, and we crossed the Blue Ridge at what is known as Brown's Gap, and thus entered into Eastern Virginia. I stopped with a very agreeable family named Pace. Here I expected to pass the Sabbath, but on Sunday morning I received a despatch stating that part of the

enemy's force had arrived within one day's march of Brigadier-General Edward Johnson's camp. Under the circumstances I felt it incumbent upon me to press forward, and I arrived here last evening, where I am stopping at the Virginia House. The troops are still coming in. The corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute is here."

General Edward Johnson was seven miles west of Staunton with about thirty-five hundred men. General Jackson had about six thousand troops, and General Ewell, with an equal force, was in the vicinity of Gordonsville. Such was the Confederate position. On the other hand, Banks, with the main body of his force of about twenty thousand men, occupied Harrisonburg, twelve or fifteen miles in front of General Jackson. Schenck and Milroy, commanding Fremont's advance of six thousand men, were in front of Edward Johnson, their pickets already east of the Shenandoah mountain, and on the Harrisonburg and Warm Springs turnpike. Fremont was preparing to join them from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad with nearly ten thousand men, making the total of Fremont's movable column some fifteen thousand; so, with a force of about sixteen thousand men (including Ewell and Edward Johnson), General Jackson had on his hands the thirty-five thousand under Banks and Fremont. The Warm Springs turnpike afforded Banks a ready mode of uniting with Milroy and Schenck, in which case Staunton would be an easy capture. Fremont was already preparing to move in that direction. Jackson determined to anticipate such a movement, if possible, by uniting his own force to that of Johnson, and fall-

ing upon Milroy, while Ewell kept Banks in check. Then he would join Ewell, and with all his strength attack Banks. To accomplish this, Ewell was ordered to cross the mountain and occupy the position Jackson had held for ten days at Swift Run Gap, thus keeping up the menace of Banks's flank. As Ewell approached, Jackson left camp on the 30th of April, and marched up the east bank of the Shenandoah to Port Republic, and on the 5th of May he reached Staunton with his army, after a toilsome march through the mud and frequent quicksands. The movement of this devious route mystified friends as well as foes. The good people of Staunton were almost as much astonished when General Jackson made his sudden appearance in their town as if an angel had dropped down from the clouds; for, like Banks, they thought he had withdrawn from the valley and disappeared into Eastern Virginia, no one knew whither. He gave his troops one day to rest, and on the next he hurried forward, united Johnson's force with his own, drove in the Federal pickets and foraging parties, and camped twenty-five miles west of Staunton. On the morrow (May 8th) he pushed on to McDowell, seized Sitlington's Hill, which commanded the town and enemy's camp, and made his dispositions to seize the road in rear of the enemy during the night. But Milroy and Schenck had united, and seeing their position untenable, made a fierce attack in the afternoon to retake the hill or cover their retreat For three or four hours a bloody struggle took place on the brow of Sitlington's Hill. The Federals, though inflicting severe loss, were repulsed at every point, and at nightfall quietly withdrew. This was known as the battle of McDow-

ell. The enemy lit their camp-fires, and in the darkness evacuated the town, retreating twenty-four miles to Franklin, in Pendleton County, where they met Fremont advancing with the main body of his forces. Jackson followed to this point; but, finding it impossible to attack to advantage, deemed it inadvisable to attempt anything further in this difficult country, with his ten thousand men against Fremont's fourteen or fifteen thousand. Screening completely his movements with cavalry, he turned back (May 13th), marched rapidly to within seventeen miles of Staunton, then turned towards Harrisonburg, and sent a despatch to General Ewell that he was on his way to attack Banks with their united forces. On the 12th of May he wrote thus to his wife:

"HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY DISTRICT, near FRANKLIN.

"My precious darling, I telegraphed you on the 9th that God had blest us with victory at McDowell. I have followed the enemy to this place, which is about three miles from Franklin. The enemy has been reinforced, and apparently designs making a stand beyond Franklin. I expect to reconnoitre to-day, but do not know as yet whether I will attack him thus reinforced. We have divine service at ten o'clock to-day (Monday) to render thanks to Almighty God for having crowned our arms with success, and to implore His continued favor."

"Near HARRISONBURG, May 19th.

. . . "How I do desire to see our country free and at peace! It appears to me that I would appreciate home more than I have ever done before. Here I am sitting in the open air, writing on my knee for want

of a table. . . . Yesterday Dr. Dabney preached an excellent sermon from the text: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' It is a great privilege to have him with me."

Before beginning his march on his return, he granted his soldiers a rest of half a day on Monday, and issued the following order:

"Soldiers of the Army of the Valley and Northwest:

"I congratulate you on your recent victory at McDowell. I request you to unite with me this morning in thanksgiving to Almighty God for thus having crowned your arms with success, and in praying that He will continue to lead you on from victory to victory, until our independence shall be established, and make us that people whose God is the Lord. The chaplains will hold divine service at ten o'clock A.M. this day in their respective regiments."*

The day after the battle he sent the following brief announcement to the government at Richmond:

* A writer thus describes this scene: "There, in the beautiful little valley of the South Branch, with the blue and towering mountains covered with the verdure of spring, the green-sward smiling a welcome to the season of flowers, and the bright sun, unclouded, lending a genial, refreshing warmth — that army, equipped for the stern conflict of war, bent in humble praise and thanksgiving for the success vouchsafed to their arms. While this solemn ceremony was progressing in every regiment, the enemy's artillery was occasionally belching forth its leaden death; yet all unmoved stood that worshipping army, acknowledging the supremacy of the will of Him who controls the destinies of men and nations, and chooses the weak things of earth to confound the mighty."

"God blest our arms with victory at McDowell Station yesterday.

"T. J. JACKSON, Major-General."

About the time General Ewell received the message from General Jackson to join him at Harrisonburg, an order came from General Johnston calling him with his force back to Gordonsville. But Ewell, knowing what a disappointment it would be to Jackson to thus have all his plans destroyed by want of his support, determined to have an interview with Jackson before moving in any direction. He accordingly rode a day and night to see him, and in the conference both were sorely perplexed as to what was their duty under the circumstances; Jackson not questioning the right of superior authority, and saying regretfully: "Then Providence denies me the privilege of striking a decisive blow for my country, and I must be satisfied with the humble task of hiding my little army among these mountains to watch a superior force." But Ewell proposed that if Jackson, as his ranking officer, would take the responsibility, he would remain until the condition of affairs could be represented to General Johnston, which was decided upon, and meantime they united in a vigorous pursuit of Banks. Ashby had followed close on Banks's heels, and now occupied his outposts with constant skirmishing, while he completely screened Jackson. The latter, having marched rapidly to New Market, as if about to follow the foe to Strasburg to attack him there, suddenly changed his route, crossed the Massanutton Mountain to Luray, where Ewell joined him, and poured down the narrow Page Valley by forced marches towards Front Royal.

The Confederates marched from Franklin to Front Royal, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, by Jackson's route, in ten days, and arrived at the latter place on the 23d of May. Front Royal was held by about one thousand Federals under Colonel Kenly, who had charge of large stores, and of the railroad and the important railroad bridges on the Shenandoah. This force covered the flank and rear of Banks's position at Strasburg. Kenly was taken by surprise, but after making what resistance he could, was forced across the bridges which he vainly attempted to destroy, and fled to Winchester. Jackson, too impatient to wait for his tired infantry, placed himself at the head of a few companies of cavalry, and pushed after the foe, whom he overtook, attacked, and dispersed so effectually, that of those who were not killed or wounded, the greater part were taken prisoners.

Exhausted nature could do no more. The weary and march-worn army sank down to rest. General Banks, amazed at this irruption, by which his flank was turned and his communications threatened, began during the night a precipitate retreat from Strasburg to Winchester. Jackson anticipates this, and pressed on the next morning to Middletown, a village between Strasburg and Winchester, to find the road filled with Federal trains and troops. Capturing or scattering these in every direction, he followed on after the main body, which had already passed him, towards Winchester. He overtook them in the afternoon—pushed Banks's rear-guard before him all night, giving the main body of his troops only one hour to rest upon their arms. The advance regiment, under Colonel Baylor, were not allowed to lie down at all, while their

vigilant and untiring commander stood sentinel himself at the head of the column, listening to every sound from the front. At dawn, he gave in an undertone the command, "Forward! March!" which was passed down the command, and by daylight on the 25th of May he reached Winchester to find the Federal forces drawn up across the approaches to the town from the south and southeast. A vigorous attack was at once made by the Confederates, which for a short time was bravely resisted, but the Federal lines soon began to yield, and, seeing himself about to be overwhelmed, Banks retreated through Winchester. General Jackson pressed closely, and the Federals emerged from the town a mass of disorganized fugitives, making their way with all speed towards the Potomac. Seeing the enemy break, Jackson set spurs to his horse, and, bounding upon the crest of a hill, shouted to his men: "Forward! After the enemy!" and with a face aflame with animation and triumph, he galloped amidst the foremost pursuers. The Confederate infantry followed for several miles, capturing a large number of prisoners, and had the cavalry been as efficient, but few of Banks's troops would have escaped. The troopers who proved derelict at this crisis had yielded to the temptation of the rich spoils they had captured from the enemy, and, as General Jackson expressed it, "forgetful of their high trust as the advance-guard of a pursuing army, deserted their colors and abandoned themselves to pillage to such an extent as to make it necessary for the gallant Ashby to discontinue further pursuit." This was a painful disappointment to General Jackson, and as he watched the flight of the multitude of fugitives, and saw the

golden opportunity for cavalry to make the victory complete, he exclaimed with bitter regret: "Oh that my cavalry were in place! Never was there such a chance for cavalry!" In his official report he says: "Never have I seen an opportunity when it was in the power of cavalry to reap a richer harvest of the fruits of victory!"

Banks halted on the north side of the Potomac, and Jackson allowed his exhausted men to rest at Winchester. In forty-eight hours the enemy had been driven between fifty and sixty miles, from Front Royal and Strasburg to the Potomac, with the loss of more than one third of his entire strength. His army had crossed that river a disorganized mass. Hundreds of wagons had been abandoned or burned. An immense quantity of quartermaster, commissary, medical, and ordnance stores had fallen into the hands of the victor. These stores were estimated by the Confederate quartermaster as worth $300,000, and proved of inestimable value to the Confederacy. Some twenty-three hundred prisoners were taken to the rear when General Jackson fell back, besides seven hundred and fifty wounded, sick, paroled, and left in the hospitals at Winchester and Strasburg, making a total of about three thousand and fifty. The victory was glorious, even if the weary and march-worn command had not achieved all that their tireless and indomitable leader thought possible. Winchester, having for several months been in the hands of the enemy, the joy of the inhabitants knew no bounds when they caught sight of the victorious Confederates, whom they welcomed as their deliverers and greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. Universal rejoicing was manifested by all ages

and sexes. That historic old town and its beautiful environs presented, by the afternoon of May 25th, an aspect of quiet and repose strangely in contrast with the stormy scenes of the morning.

Monday, the day after the engagements around Winchester, was spent, according to General Jackson's custom, in religious services and thanksgiving, the following general order being issued by him on the morning of that day:

"Within four weeks this army has made long and rapid marches, fought six combats and two battles—signally defeating the enemy in each one—capturing several stands of colors and pieces of artillery, with numerous prisoners, and vast medical, ordnance, and army stores; and, finally, driven the boastful host which was ravaging our beautiful country into utter rout. The general commanding would warmly express to the officers and men under his command his joy in their achievements, and his thanks for their brilliant gallantry in action and their patient obedience under the hardships of forced marches, often more painful to the brave soldier than the dangers of battle. The explanation of the severe exertions to which the commanding general called the army, which were endured by them with such cheerful confidence in him, is now given in the victory of yesterday. He receives this proof of their confidence in the past with pride and gratitude, and asks only a similar confidence in the future. But his chief duty to-day, and that of the army, is to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days—which have given us the results of a great vic-

tory without great losses—and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for His mercies to us and our country in heartfelt acts of religious worship. For this purpose the troops will remain in camp to-day, suspending as far as possible all military exercises, and the chaplains of regiments will hold divine service in their several charges at four o'clock P.M."

The next day was devoted to rest; and on the third he moved on again towards Harper's Ferry, in order, by the most energetic diversions possible, to draw away troops from Richmond.

The total rout of Banks at Winchester created such a panic in Washington that President Lincoln sent a despatch to McDowell to lay aside for the present his movement upon Richmond, and put twenty thousand men in motion at once for the Shenandoah, to meet the forces of Jackson and Ewell. And in a despatch to McClellan, of the 25th of May, he says:

"Banks ran a race with them, beating them into Winchester yesterday evening. This morning a battle ensued between the two forces, in which Banks was beaten back in full retreat towards Martinsburg, and probably is broken up in a total rout."

A favorite aphorism of General Jackson's was: "Never take counsel of your fears." While President Lincoln was thus "taking counsel of his fears" and promptly ordering troops from all directions to overwhelm Jackson, the latter was resting from the fatigues of his forced marches at Winchester. His loss during the whole expedition was four hundred men.

The entire strength of his force was not over fifteen thousand men. All the energy of a great government was now expended in gathering about him a force of between fifty-five and sixty thousand men. Fremont, who had been quietly resting at Franklin while General Jackson was making forced marches after Banks, was startled by the tidings of the Federal rout, as he himself was ordered by the President to take up his march, and come to the rescue in saving the national capital from the grasp of the redoubtable Confederate leader. On the 26th of May General Jackson wrote thus to his wife from Winchester:

"My precious darling, an ever-kind Providence blest us with success at Front Royal on Friday, between Strasburg and Winchester on Saturday, and here with a successful engagement on yesterday. I do not remember having ever seen such rejoicing as was manifested by the people of Winchester as our army yesterday passed through the town in pursuit of the enemy. The people seemed nearly frantic with joy; indeed, it would be almost impossible to describe their manifestations of rejoicing and gratitude. Our entrance into Winchester was one of the most stirring scenes of my life. The town is much improved in loyalty to our cause. Your friends greatly desired to see you with me. Last night I called to see Mr. and Mrs. Graham, who were very kind. . . . Time forbids a longer letter, but it does not forbid my loving my *esposita*."

CHAPTER XIV.

CROSS KEYS AND PORT REPUBLIC—1862.

After his victory at Winchester, General Jackson despatched a trusted messenger to Richmond to ask for reinforcements, and even that he should be given a force sufficient to march on Washington, believing that this would be the surest way to break the formidable lines which the enemy were now drawing round the Confederate capital. "Tell them," he said, "that I have but fifteen thousand effective men. If the present opening is improved, as it should be, I must have forty thousand." But the government decided that it would be unsafe to withdraw any troops from the defence of Richmond, but directed him to carry out his plan to the extent of making a feint of an invasion of Maryland, and of a move upon Washington, and to retreat when he became too much endangered by overwhelming numbers. He marched to Harper's Ferry, closely watching the approach of the enemy, and concluded on the 30th of May that it was time to withdraw his small army if he would pass between the converging armies of Fremont and McDowell. By his march to Harper's Ferry he had intensified the panic at Washington, but he had now carried out his instructions to the extreme point consistent with safety.

The movements of the large bodies of troops which

President Lincoln had been for some days urging with such haste towards his rear, now demanded his attention. Shields was pouring down from the mountain-pass to Front Royal to cut him off. The combined forces of McDowell and Fremont, which were nearly three times that of the Confederates, were hastening from opposite directions to intercept his retreat; and once at Strasburg, the way would be barred. From the Potomac side the combined forces of Banks and Saxton amounted to fourteen thousand men, that were ready to close in on his retreat. In this perilous situation, Jackson decided to occupy Strasburg in advance, and to pass swiftly between the two principal armies gathering for his destruction. It was a case in which supreme audacity was the most consummate skill. He lost no time in escaping from the dangers that threatened him—sending forward his twenty-three hundred prisoners under a guard; then his long trains, many loaded with captured stores, followed by his whole army of scarcely fifteen thousand men. The march was made without molestation, the main body of his troops camping at Strasburg on the night of the 31st. Of these the larger part had marched twenty-five miles the day before, and the rear-guard, under General Winder, which had kept up a running skirmish with the enemy between Harper's Ferry and Winchester, had marched thirty-five miles. Thus, in a single day, Jackson had put thirty miles between himself and the slow columns of Saxton and Banks, and took position directly between the armies of Fremont and McDowell, which had been sent to crush him. Fremont had orders from Mr. Lincoln to enter Strasburg that after-

noon, but he stopped several miles short of the town, hindered probably by a violent rain-storm; but, whatever the cause, the result was the loss of all opportunity to cut off Jackson's retreat.

The next morning Fremont made a feeble effort to advance, but evidently hesitated to bring down the whole of Jackson's force on himself, while uncertain that McDowell was in supporting distance. The latter, on coming up, said he found "it was too late to get ahead of Jackson then." Shields was sent in pursuit in another direction to "head off" Jackson, but the latter had gained a day's start, and with his entire force continued to retreat towards Harrisonburg.

Between Friday morning (when Jackson was in front of Harper's Ferry) and Sunday night he had marched a distance of between fifty and sixty miles, though encumbered with prisoners and captured stores, and reached Strasburg before either of his adversaries, having passed safely between them, while he held Fremont at bay by a show of force, and blinded and bewildered McDowell by the rapidity of his movements. In order to prevent the pursuit of Shields by the Luray Valley, and his "heading off," Jackson despatched a detachment of cavalry to burn the three bridges over the South Fork of the Shenandoah, which was effected without opposition. Having taken this measure to free himself for the time from one of his pursuers, he fell back more leisurely before the other.

On Monday (June 2) he retreated to Mount Jackson. On this day he wrote his wife these few hurried lines:

"I am again retiring before the enemy. They en-

deavored to get in my rear by moving on both flanks of my gallant army, but our God has been my guide and saved me from their grasp. You must not expect long letters from me in such busy times as these, but always believe that your husband never forgets his little darling."

On the 3d he fell back to New Market. Ashby, who had received his commission as brigadier-general at Winchester a few days before, was now placed in command of all the cavalry, and to him was committed the duty of protecting the rear. The Confederates were closely followed by Fremont's advance, with whom Ashby constantly skirmished, checking them whenever they came too near; and by burning the bridge over which the Confederates crossed, their advance was held back for a day. Jackson continued his retreat, and on the 5th reached Harrisonburg.

Here he changed his line of march, and, leaving the valley turnpike, moved in the direction of Port Republic and Brown's Gap. His first care was to prevent a union of the forces of Fremont and Shields, for which he burned the only bridge over the Shenandoah by which they could cross, while he held the only ready means of communication between them, the bridge at Port Republic. By destroying the other bridges he had placed a barrier between his two pursuers, and now he occupied the point where their two routes converged. No farther to the rear would the Shenandoah serve as a barrier to their junction, for south of Port Republic its head-waters are easily fordable. General Jackson sent his sick and wounded to Staunton, having overcome what was thought an in-

surmountable obstacle in having a ferry constructed to convey them over the swollen river.

On the 6th Ashby was attacked by a body of Fremont's cavalry, under command of Colonel Sir Percy Wyndham, an English officer who had taken service in the Union army, and now rushed into the fray, without sufficient knowledge of the situation, and was defeated and taken prisoner with sixty-three of his men. As soon as the news of his repulse was received at Fremont's headquarters, a strong force was ordered forward to hold the farther end of the town and the approaches on that side. Ashby, in disposing his troops to meet this formidable advance, seemed to the spectators to be instinct with unwonted animation and genius. A fierce combat ensued, in which his horse fell; but extricating himself, and springing to his feet, he saw his men wavering, and shouted, "Charge, men! for God's sake charge!" and waved his sword, when a bullet pierced him full in the breast, and he fell dead. The regiment took up the command of their dying general and rushed upon the enemy, pressing them back, and pouring volleys into them until they were out of musket range.

The interest attaching to this fight between Jackson's rear-guard and Fremont's advance does not grow mainly out of the engagement itself, which was comparatively unimportant, but out of the fact that it was the occasion of the fall of General Turner Ashby, who was truly the ideal of a soldier in whom the qualities that excite admiration were united to those that win affection and devotion. Insensible to danger, the more daring an enterprise the greater was its attraction for him. With such qualities were

united the utmost generosity and unselfishness; a delicacy of sentiment and feeling like a woman's; and a respect for the rights of others which permitted within the limits of his authority no outrage on friend or foe. Says General Jackson in his report:

"An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead; but the close relation which General Ashby bore to my command for most of the previous twelve months will justify me in saying that, as a partisan officer, I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy."

After the remains of the young hero had been prepared for burial in Port Republic, General Jackson came to the room and requested to see them. He was admitted alone, and after remaining for a time in silent communion with the dead, came forth with a countenance of unusual solemnity and elevation. Ashby's widowed mother lived in Fauquier, but her home being now within the Federal lines, she was denied the comfort of receiving the remains of this, her second gallant son who fell in defence of his country. He was taken to Charlottesville for temporary interment. Slowly and sadly the funeral cortége passed on its way through that exquisitely beautiful valley. The storm of battle even seemed to have ceased out of respect for the dead. An escort of the brave comrades of Ashby, with bowed heads and solemn mien, their arms reversed, accompanied the hearse. Behind

it came the chieftain's horse and trappings, led by his negro servant, whose grief was most demonstrative. His personal staff next followed. The whole, as it wound along the country road in the broad sunlight of a perfect summer day, seemed to recall some rite of ancient chivalry; and surely no braver, truer knight was ever borne to a glorious tomb. After the war his remains were removed and placed beside those of his brother, Captain Richard Ashby, in the "Stonewall Cemetery" at Winchester.

"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career;
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes.
And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose,
For he was Freedom's champion; one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons. He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

And now for two days—the 6th and 7th of June—Jackson's army enjoyed a sorely needed rest. In the twenty-four days that had intervened between the time that he had withdrawn from Fremont's front at Franklin and his arrival at Port Republic, it had marched three hundred miles, besides driving Banks over the Potomac. Lying on the north side of the Shenandoah, along Mill Creek, a few miles in front of Port Republic, these exhausted and march-worn men refreshed themselves, and at the end of two days were as ready as ever for battle.

Meantime Jackson, having prevented the junction of his two opponents by burning the bridges across the South Fork of the Shenandoah, below Port Re-

public, was preparing to take advantage of their enforced separation. He adapted his strategy to the character of the country and the rivers. Fremont was equal to Jackson in force, Shields was inferior. Together they largely outnumbered him. His effective force at this time could not have exceeded thirteen thousand men, and he determined to retreat no farther, but to fight them in detail while separated. To retire towards Brown's Gap was to allow his enemies to unite. To concentrate on the east side at once against Shields as the weaker, and burn the bridge to keep Fremont back, was to run the risk of having the battle-field in the plain on the eastern side commanded by Fremont's guns, which would then crown the heights on the left bank. While it might not thus entirely paralyze Fremont in the struggle with Shields, it would certainly prevent Jackson from returning in case of success to attack Fremont. The Confederate commander therefore took the other plan remaining to him, and, having sent off his prisoners to the railroad at Waynesboro' and removed his trains to Port Republic, placed his army in position on the north side of the river; General Ewell's division at Cross Keys, half-way on the road to Harrisonburg, and General Winder's division on the heights above the bridge along the river. Here artillery was at hand to command the town and bridge and plain by which Shields must approach. Fremont was well closed up, and his vigorous pursuit of the last few days indicated a prompt attack without waiting for the co-operation of Shields. The latter was not so well up as Fremont, but his advance came within six miles of Port Republic on Saturday evening, June

7th. Jackson thus took a position where he might receive the attack of Fremont, while it was in the power of a small part of his force to hold Shields in check. His position, if the latter attempted to attack in aid of Fremont, was impregnable. The Federal General Tyler thought it "one to defy an army of fifty thousand men." Defeat by Fremont would have rendered Jackson's condition precarious, but this contingency he did not anticipate. His sagacity was made manifest, and his strategy approved, by the movements of his adversaries. Fremont had failed to seize the Confederate line of retreat at Strasburg when it was possible, and had permitted Jackson, encumbered with prisoners, to pass by him unmolested. His pursuit of the retreating Confederates had emboldened him, and now, having followed them over fifty miles farther, he was ready to attack in a chosen position the army which he had hesitated to fight when hampered by its trains and captures. Then McDowell was within reach to aid; now an impassable river prevented all co-operation. Shields, on the other hand, condemned by the burning of the bridges to make his toilsome way along the muddy roads of the Luray Valley, had halted at Columbia, and sent forward his advance brigades to harass Jackson's flank, with orders to go as far as Waynesboro, and break the railroad. The mass of Shields's forces were known to be miles away, and Jackson's cavalry scouts were expected to give timely warning of his approach. Jackson had placed his headquarters on the southwestern outskirts of the village.

Sunday morning, June 8th, was bright with all the glory of summer in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

Quiet reigned throughout the Confederate camp, and men and animals alike seemed to enjoy the rest, which for a day or two had followed the excessive toils and marches of the campaign. Jackson was just mounting his horse to ride to the front, when a bold and unexpected dash by the enemy opened the fight at Port Republic itself, and for a few moments threatened such disaster that Shields sent a despatch to Fremont saying, "I think Jackson is caught this time."

Jackson, followed by his staff, rode rapidly through the town towards the bridge and his troops stationed on the hills around it. The enemy boldly crossed the bridge, and rode so quickly into the middle of the town as to intercept the two hindmost members of Jackson's staff, and make them prisoners; but both were soon released, one by being left in town when the Federals subsequently retreated, and the other by capturing the soldier in whose care he was placed and bringing *him* back as a prisoner. The enemy promptly placed one piece of artillery at the bridge, so as to command the approaches to it, and with another piece prepared to attack Jackson's train lying just outside of the town. Their unexpected approach threw teamsters and camp-followers into great confusion. But soon a gun from a Confederate battery was brought and placed so as to rake the main street of the village, and a charge was poured into the rear column of Federal troopers, and their movement was checked. Meantime Jackson had reached his troops nearest the bridge, and ordered three batteries instantly to the brow of the terrace overlooking the river. Taliaferro's brigade, of Winder's division, was the nearest infantry. General Taliaferro had them

drawn up for inspection. Ordering them forward, Jackson placed himself at the head of the leading regiment, and the first of Poague's guns that was ready, and rushed at a double-quick towards the bridge. At the word from Jackson, Poague fired a charge which disconcerted the enemy, then followed a volley from the infantry, and an immediate charge with the bayonet. In a moment the Federal gunners were down, their gun was captured, and the bridge was again in Jackson's possession. The Confederates lost two men wounded, and the Federals their chance of destroying the bridge. Carroll (the Federal colonel), seeing himself attacked from both ends of the village, rode out of it as rapidly as he entered it, and in his flight abandoned another piece of artillery to the Confederates. He soon met his infantry coming to his support; but the three Confederate batteries were now in position on the bluff on the north side, and they so rained fire on all the approaches to the town and bridge from the south and east side that any further attempt was futile, and Carroll's whole force was obliged to retreat. To avoid the galling fire they moved some distance towards the mountain before turning down the river. The Confederate batteries followed on the bluff, and continued to shell them until they were entirely out of range, some two and a half miles below. The affair had only occupied about one hour, and quiet once more succeeded to the noise of battle.

To guard against any repetition of this attack, Jackson now stationed Taliaferro's brigade in the village to hold the fords of South River, and placed the Stonewall Brigade on the north side of the main river, to observe the enemy and impede by artillery

any renewed advance. The remainder of Winder's division was held in reserve to assist Ewell, if need be. While these arrangements were being made, the battle opened along Ewell's front.

On Saturday evening, Fremont had made a reconnoissance, and having found the Confederates in force near Cross Keys, gave orders for a general advance the next morning. General Ewell selected for his position one of the ridges with which the country is filled, the Federals occupying a lower parallel ridge. Fremont disposed his forces for attack. Blenker's division, his left wing, was placed opposite Trimble. For a time a spirited fire was maintained between the opposing batteries, when the infantry was brought into play. General Trimble's brigade met the first assault, which it gallantly repulsed, and drove down the hill and back into the woods from which they advanced. The Confederates awaited another attack, but the repulse had been too bloody to invite a speedy renewal. Trimble waited a short time, and, perceiving no indications of a new advance, determined to move against the enemy. Several other regiments joined him *en route*, and after a short and sharp struggle the Federals were forced to yield; the artillery limbered up and retired; and in a few minutes their whole left wing was retreating towards the position which it held before the opening of the battle. Meantime, Milroy had advanced against the Confederate centre. A fierce artillery duel was here the principal feature of the contest. The Confederate batteries were in good position, and, in spite of the loss of men and horses in some of them, kept up so spirited a fire that no serious attempt was made on this part of the line. The

Federals drove in the Confederate skirmishers and felt the lines behind them, but there was no real attack. Thus, at the centre of the contending armies, the hours passed in which the fate of the day was being decided on Blenker's front. Schenck was last to take his post in the Federal line. He arrived on the field at one P. M., and moved in rear and to the right of Milroy, to take position to attack the Confederate left. General Ewell, seeing the movement of troops towards his left, strengthened and extended his line on the same flank. This delayed Schenck's aggressive movements, and before he was ready to attack in earnest the battle had been decided by the defeat of Blenker; and Fremont, alarmed by the disaster on his left wing, ordered both centre and right to withdraw. Ewell, conscious of his inferiority of force, and anticipating an attack from Schenck on his left, had been content with the advantages already gained until his enemy's purposes were developed. As the Federal right and centre withdrew, he followed, pushing forward his skirmishers and occupying the ground in front of the field. Night was at hand, however, and General Ewell decided to bivouac in the position he held rather than risk a night attack on the enemy. Thus ended the battle of Cross Keys. Ewell had repulsed Fremont so decisively on one wing as to paralyze his army and to secure all the advantages of victory. This had been done, too, with but a small part of the force at command. The losses were greatly disproportioned, Ewell's being but two hundred and eighty-seven, while that of Fremont was six hundred and sixty-four.

During this engagement the advance force of

General Shields continued quiet on the east side of the river. Jackson, emboldened by his slowness to advance, and the easy repulse of Fremont, conceived the bold design of attacking his two opponents in succession the next day, with the hope of overwhelming them separately. For this purpose he directed that during the night a temporary bridge, composed simply of planks laid upon the running-gear of wagons, should be constructed over the South River at Port Republic, and ordered Winder to move his brigade at dawn across both rivers and against Shields. Ewell was directed to leave Trimble's brigade and part of Patton's to hold Fremont in check, and to move at an early hour to follow Winder. Taliaferro's brigade was left in charge of the batteries along the river, and to protect Trimble's retreat if necessary. In case of an easy victory over Shields in the morning, Jackson proposed to return to the Harrisonburg side of the river and attack Fremont in the afternoon. In case, however, of delay, and a vigorous advance on Fremont's part, Trimble was to retire by the bridge into Port Republic, and burn it to prevent his antagonist from following. Jackson superintended in person the construction of the foot-bridge over South River, and before five o'clock in the morning Winder was already crossing. After two brigades had crossed, Jackson moved at once against the Federals at Lewiston, leaving orders for the remaining troops to follow as rapidly as possible. The foot-bridge proving defective, a good deal of time was lost in getting the troops over. Impatient of delay, Jackson, without waiting for the remainder of his forces, ordered an attack, as soon as Winder had come up, upon Tyler, whose

position was an admirable one, on the second terrace from the Shenandoah. The ground held by his left and centre was elevated, and commanded all the available approaches from Port Republic. Here he had six guns planted. A dense and almost impenetrable forest protected his flank, and made all direct approach to it difficult, while the batteries there placed covered a large part of the front and enfiladed Winder's advance. In this position General Tyler disposed his force. He seems, though on the alert, not to have been aware of Jackson's rapid approach until the latter was deploying in his front, but he was altogether ready to meet the attack. Winder deployed his skirmishers, and, advancing on both sides of the road, drove in the outposts. He soon found that the Federal batteries commanded the road and its vicinity completely. Jackson then directed him to send a force to his right through the woods to turn the Federal left flank. Winder, with less than twelve hundred men, found himself unable to cope with the force before him, and sent to Jackson for reinforcements, which the latter hurried forward as fast as possible. A most determined and stubborn conflict now took place. Jackson, finding the resistance of the enemy so much more obstinate than he had expected, and that his first attacks had failed, determined to concentrate his whole force and give up all intention of recrossing the river. He therefore sent orders to Trimble and Taliaferro to leave Fremont's front, move over the bridge, burn it, and join the main body of the army as speedily as possible. Meanwhile the bloody work went on, the Federals for a time proving the victors; but a rein-

forcement to the Confederate batteries in aid of the infantry enabled them to carry their position, and capture five of the enemy's guns. The Federals had made a most gallant fight, both with their guns and to save them, but they could not resist the combined attack. They were pushed back at every point, and were soon in full retreat. Not a moment too soon had they yielded the field, for the remainder of Jackson's force was arriving, and in a short time they must have been entirely overwhelmed. Colonel Carroll, who covered the Federal rear, says: "As soon as we commenced the retreat, the enemy turned and opened upon us portions of Clark's and Huntington's batteries that they had taken from us, which threw the rear of our column in great disorder, causing them to take to the woods and making it, for the earlier part of the retreat, apparently a rout. . . . Their cavalry also charged upon our rear, increasing the confusion." The Confederate infantry pressed the enemy for several miles, and the cavalry followed three miles more. About four hundred and fifty prisoners, a few wagons, one piece of abandoned artillery, and eight hundred muskets were the trophies of the pursuit. Some two hundred and seventy-five of the Federal wounded were paroled in the hospitals near the battle-field. About two hundred others were carried off.

In the series of engagements on the 6th, 8th, and 9th of June the losses were:

	Confederate.	Federal.
On June 6	70	Over 155
" 8	287	704 (including Carroll's).
" 9	816	Say 916
	1173	1775

During the forenoon Fremont had advanced against Trimble on the north side of the river, and was driving him slowly back, when the latter was ordered to rejoin Jackson at Lewiston. He, with Taliaferro, then withdrew as rapidly as possible, crossed the bridge without loss, and succeeded in burning it in the face of the advancing Federals. Fremont's army arrived on the heights overlooking Lewiston only in time to witness the retreat of Tyler, and were prevented by the river from giving him any assistance.

Next day the Confederates rested in camp. Exhausted nature demanded repose, and Jackson now gave it to his tired and battle-worn troops. Both Shields and Fremont continued to retreat down the valley. "Significant demonstrations of the enemy," as Fremont expressed it, caused him to withdraw farther, and he joined Banks and Sigel at Middletown, while Jackson moved out from his confined bivouac, and camped in the noble park-like forest between Weyer's Cave and Mount Meridian. Here for five days of that splendid June he rested and refreshed his army. On the 13th he issued this order: "The fortitude of the troops under fatigue and their valor in action have again, under the blessing of Divine Providence, placed it in the power of the commanding general to congratulate them upon the victories of June 8th and 9th. Beset on both flanks by two boastful armies, you have escaped their toils, inflicting successively crushing blows upon each of your pursuers. Let a few more such efforts be made, and you may confidently hope that our beautiful valley will be cleansed from the pollution of the invader's presence. The major-general commanding invites you to observe to-

morrow, June 14th, from three o'clock P. M., as a season of thanksgiving, by a suspension of all military exercises, and by holding divine service in the several regiments." The next day, being the Sabbath, the Lord's Supper was administered in a woodland grove, nature's own great temple, to a large company of Christian soldiers from all the army, with whom their general took his place, and received the sacred emblems from the hands of a regimental chaplain.

The following extracts are from letters to his wife:

"Near PORT REPUBLIC, June 10th.

"On Sunday, the 8th, an attack was made upon us by a part of Shields's command about seven o'clock A. M., which a kind Providence enabled us to repulse. During the same morning Fremont attacked us from the opposite side, and after several hours' fighting he also was repulsed. Yesterday morning I attacked that part of Shields's force which was near Port Republic, and, after a hotly contested field from near six to ten and a half A. M., completely routed the enemy, who lost eight pieces of artillery during the two days. God has been our shield, and to His name be all the glory. I sent you a telegram yesterday. How I do wish for peace, but only upon the condition of our national independence!"

"Near WEYER'S CAVE, June 14th.

"When I look at the locality of the cave, I take additional interest in it from the fact that my *esposita* was there once. . . . Our God has again thrown his shield over me in the various apparent dangers to which I have been exposed. This evening we have

religious services in the army for the purpose of rendering thanks to the Most High for the victories with which He has crowned our arms, and to offer earnest prayer that He will continue to give us success, until, through His divine blessing, our independence shall be established. Wouldn't you like to get home again?"

The battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic closed the Valley Campaign of 1862. Brilliant as were the achievements of General Jackson during the succeeding months of his too brief career, it was his Valley Campaign which lifted him into great fame; nor do any of his subsequent achievements show more strikingly the characteristics of his genius. Within forty days he had marched four hundred miles; fought four pitched battles, defeating four separate armies, with numerous combats and skirmishes; sent to the rear three thousand five hundred prisoners; killed and wounded a still larger number of the enemy, and defeated or neutralized forces three times as numerous as his own upon his proper theatre of war, besides keeping the corps of McDowell inactive at Fredericksburg.

From the rapidity of his forced marches, Jackson's soldiers were sometimes called his "foot-cavalry." They sometimes marched twenty-five, thirty, and even thirty-five miles a day! A Northern writer said that "Jackson moved infantry with the celerity of cavalry. His men said he always marched at 'early dawn,' except when *he started the night before;* but despite all these 'hardships, fatigues, and dangers,' says one of the 'foot-cavalry,' 'a more cheerful, genial, jolly set could not be found than were these men in gray.'"

They indulged in jokes *ad libitum* at the expense of each other, their indefatigable leader, and the Yankees. They declared that General Jackson was far greater than Moses. "Moses," they said, "took forty years to lead the Israelites through the wilderness, with manna to feed them on; 'old Jack' would have double-quicked through it on half rations in three days." General Banks was dubbed by them "Jackson's commissary-general," and whenever the head of their column turned down the valley, the jest ran along the lines, "Lee is out of rations again, and Jackson is detailed to call on the 'commissary-general.'"

It was a stirring life the soldiers led in those days of the war! Warm friendships sprang up among comrades who stood in the ranks together and shared the same privations and dangers. Besides these personal attachments among officers and soldiers, that which held the whole army together was its devotion to its commander, who shared the privations of the common soldier, the fatigues of the march, and the dangers of battle. All had such confidence in his genius for command that they felt sure of victory where he led the way. This confidence is expressed in the rough verses of one of his soldiers, which must have had a stirring effect when read or sung after a long day's march, as the men sat round their camp fires. Then, like a bugle, rang out the lines of

"STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

"Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fires bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.

Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's roaring song
Of Stonewall Jackson's way.

"We see him now—the old slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The 'Blue-light Elder' knows them well:
Says he, 'That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—' well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

"Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue-light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way!
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God,
'Lay bare Thine arm—stretch forth Thy rod,
Amen!' That's Stonewall's way.

"He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady, the whole Brigade!
Hill's at the Ford, cut off!—we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn!
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

"The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning—and, by George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his columns whipped before—
'Bayonets and grape!' hear Stonewall roar;
'Charge, Stuart! pay off Ashby's score!'
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

"Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
Than get in Stonewall's way!"

The gallant General Ewell proved a faithful coadjutor to General Jackson in all their arduous operations together. When asked once what he thought of the latter's generalship in this campaign, he replied, in his brusque, impetuous manner: "Well, sir, when he commenced it I thought him crazy; before he ended it I thought him inspired." Ewell was not a religious man at the beginning of the war, but the influence of Jackson's example was blest to his conversion, as the following well-authenticated fact will prove: "At a council of war one night, Jackson had listened very attentively to the views of his subordinates, and asked until the next morning to present his own. As they came away, A. P. Hill laughingly said to Ewell, 'Well, I suppose Jackson wants time to pray over it.' Having occasion to return soon afterwards to get his sword which he had forgotten, Ewell found Jackson on his knees, and heard his ejaculatory prayers for God's guidance in the perplexing movements then before them, by which he was so deeply impressed, and by Jackson's general religious character, that he said: 'If that is religion, I must have it;' and in making a profession of faith not long after, he attributed it to the influence of General Jackson's example."

Still more striking is the testimony to Jackson's devout habits by his colored servant Jim, who said that he could always tell when there was going to be a battle. Said he: "The general is a great man for praying, night and morning — all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night besides, to go off and pray, then I know *there is going to be something to pay;* and I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the morning."

CHAPTER XV.

THE RICHMOND CAMPAIGN—1862.

While we leave the brave little army of General Jackson luxuriating in a rest among the grand old woods and green valleys of the Shenandoah, a brief glance will be given at the operations of the two contending armies around Richmond. For months the government at Washington had been concentrating its energies upon the capture of the Confederate capital. General McClellan, with a large army splendidly equipped, had intrenched and fortified himself upon the approaches to the city, and, aided by a fleet of gun-boats in the James River, was marching up from the Peninsula, while McDowell, with his corps, was advancing from Fredericksburg to join him.

To oppose this great movement, General Johnston had, early in April, transferred his army from Manassas to the Peninsula, but in consequence of greatly inferior numbers was compelled to fall back before the advance of the Northern army, not, however, without resisting and inflicting heavy losses. On the 5th of May a battle was fought at Williamsburg; but Johnston continued to retreat until he finally settled down with his army between Richmond and the Chickahominy. As the Federals began to cross that stream on the 31st of May, he attacked them, and a fierce contest ensued, lasting from two o'clock until

nightfall, and, as he reports, "drove them back to the 'Seven Pines,' more than two miles through their own camps, and from a series of intrenchments, and repelled every attempt to recapture them with great slaughter." In this battle he was wounded so seriously that he was unable to resume command, and his place was filled by General Robert E. Lee, who thus became the commander-in-chief of all the Southern armies. President Davis was also upon the ground, giving his counsel and aid. The gallant and dashing General J. E. B. Stuart, called from his initials "Jeb" Stuart, had, in obedience to General Lee's orders, made a raid with his cavalry force of twelve hundred men, and some light artillery, around the whole circuit of the Federal lines—a perilous undertaking, but from which he returned in safety, having thus ascertained the position and strength of the enemy. This was one of the most daring and brilliant exploits of the war, and won, both from friends and foes, great distinction for Stuart and his gallant troopers.

And now comes in the part of Jackson, who, after his victory at Winchester in May, had requested to be reinforced, saying: "I should have forty thousand men, and with them I would invade the North;" to which General Lee's reply was: "But he must help me to drive these people away from Richmond first." Thus, with his keen military sagacity, he had already formed the design to concentrate the army of Jackson with his own, and take the aggressive against McClellan. However, in order to deceive the enemy, it was necessary to mask Jackson's removal from the Valley; and a reinforcement of seven thousand men was sent as far as Staunton as a blind, and then

marched back with Jackson's army. The enemy in the Valley was deceived with equal adroitness, and Jackson's sudden march over the mountains was a complete surprise to friends as well as foes—not a man in his own army knowing where it was going as it took up its march from Mount Meridian on the 17th of June. After accompanying his troops to within fifty miles of Richmond, he placed them in command of General Ewell, and rode express, with a single courier, to the city to confer with General Lee. On leaving his camp on this occasion, he met with a pleasing evidence of the faithfulness of one of his pickets, who, not knowing him, refused to let him pass! The general pleaded that he was an officer on military business, but without avail; then that he was an officer bearing important intelligence to General Lee, but the man still protested, saying he had special orders from Jackson not to pass either soldiers or citizens. He agreed, however, to call the captain of the guard, who, on coming forward, recognized his general, and at once let him pass. He did not go, however, without warmly commending the fidelity of the sentinel-soldier for his strict obedience to orders.

After a full conference with General Lee, Jackson the next day returned to his command, and conveyed it safely to Ashland on the evening of June 25th, from which he was directed to march and turn the enemy's works at Mechanicsville, where he had a powerful reserve intrenched. On reaching Ashland, Jackson encountered unexpected difficulties in the way of burned bridges and the handling of a part of his army by inexperienced subordinates, which caused much delay. Under the stress of his great anxiety and

heavy responsibilities, he gave not one moment to rest or sleep during the night, but devoted the whole of it to the most energetic preparations *and to prayer.* Soon after sunrise the next morning, his army was put in motion, and in its march met at each cross-road the vigilant cavalry of Stuart, that gradually covered his left; and by the afternoon Jackson was abreast of the enemy's right flank at Mechanicsville. Here A. P. Hill's division* had been in position before the enemy's works for some hours, and was only waiting for Jackson's support to make an attack. At the sound of the latter's guns, which told that he was approaching, Hill swept forward, and drove the enemy out of the little village, and down the Chickahominy into their strong intrenchments on its eastern bank. In their impetuosity to drive them out of this position, the Confederates would not wait until Jackson's advance could turn their flank, but attacked them that evening on their left. A furious cannonade opened on both sides, and after a severe fight the Confederates failed to dislodge the enemy from their works, and slept that night upon their arms. This was the beginning of the seven days' battles around Richmond.

The bearing of the soldiers in this crisis was not more worthy of admiration than the calmness of the people. Dr. Dabney says:

---

* It is taken for granted that most readers know that there were two generals by the name of Hill in the Confederate army—A. P. Hill, of Virginia, and D. H. Hill, of North Carolina. Both were very distinguished officers. The latter was a brother-in-law of Stonewall Jackson.

"The demeanor of the citizens of Richmond showed their courage, and their faith in their leaders and their cause. For many weeks the Christian people had given themselves to prayer; and they drew from Heaven a sublime composure. The spectator, passing through the streets, saw the people calmly engaged in their usual avocations, or else wending their way to the churches, while the thunder of cannon shook the city. The young people promenaded the heights north of the town, and watched the distant shells bursting against the sky. As the calm summer evening descended, the family groups were seen sitting upon their door-steps, where mothers told their children at their knees how Lee and his heroes were driving away the invaders."

At dawn on the morning of the 27th, the contest between the Federal artillery and that of A. P. Hill was resumed; but perceiving the divisions of Jackson approaching their rear, the enemy retreated down the Chickahominy towards Cold Harbor, burning and deserting vast quantities of army stores. General Lee directed Jackson to proceed to Cold Harbor with D. H. Hill, and strike their line of retreat. Not knowing the country, Jackson was misled into taking the wrong road, and had to retrace his march, thus losing an hour of precious time, while the cannonading told that the battle was thickening in front, and there was danger that he might be too late to fulfil his order. But he maintained his calmness and composure, and when this fear was suggested to him, he replied: "No, let us trust that the providence of God will so overrule it that no mischief shall result."

The event proved that his confidence was not mistaken, for by this delay D. H. Hill was enabled to meet him precisely at the appointed time and place. While A. P. Hill was fighting against overwhelming numbers, Jackson, with D. H. Hill, advanced under the hottest fire, and for several hours continued the combat with wavering fortunes. The battle was a hardly contested one; but the Confederates, after making the most stubborn resistance, and stoutly holding every inch of ground they had won, at last won the day. The faithful Stonewall Brigade, under General Winder, with D. H. Hill's command, made brilliant charges; and, with simultaneous successes upon other parts of the field, the whole wing of the Federal army, with its reinforcements, was forced back into the swamps of the Chickahominy.

During this terrible day, while the issue was in suspense, Jackson was seen to show unwonted excitement, riding restlessly to and fro, despatching messengers to each of his division commanders with this sharp command: "Tell them this affair must hang in suspense no longer; *sweep the field with the bayonet!*" But before his messages were received, the ringing cheers rising from every side out of the smoking woods relieved his anxiety, and told him that the day was won. The next morning there was not a Federal soldier north of the Chickahominy. In Jackson's official report of the battle, he thus describes the part borne by the gallant General Hood and his Texans, who were under his command:

"Advancing through a number of retreating and disordered regiments, he came within range of the

enemy's fire; who, concealed in an open wood and protected by breastworks, poured a destructive fire, for a quarter of a mile, into his advancing line, under which many brave officers and men fell. Dashing on with unfaltering step in the face of these murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Colonel Laws, at the heads of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position. In this charge, in which upwards of a thousand men fell, killed and wounded, before the face of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery, and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns. . . . The shouts of triumph which rose from our brave men as they, unaided by artillery, had stormed this citadel of their strength, were promptly carried from line to line, and the triumphant issue of this assault, with the well-directed fire of the batteries, and successful charges of Hill and Winder upon the enemy's right, determined the fortunes of the day. The Federals, routed at every point, and aided by the darkness of the night, escaped across the Chickahominy."

The next morning, as General Jackson inspected this position and saw the deadly disadvantages under which the Texans had carried it, he exclaimed: "These men are soldiers indeed!"

The Confederates had indeed gained a great victory. It now remained to push their success to the utmost. To this end Ewell and Stuart were sent to cut off the retreat by the York River Railroad, which was effected. Before retiring, the enemy destroyed a vast amount of army stores and burned the residence and farm buildings of General Lee at the White House. The retreat down the Peninsula being now cut off, it only remained for the Confederate right wing to get between it and the James River to complete the success by the capture of the whole Federal army. But the retreat was aided by the dense forests and impassable swamps, and as they burned the bridges across the Chickahominy as soon as they had crossed them, they were able to continue their march towards the James. At their intrenchments, and in their track, were found deserted supplies of vast army stores, much of which they had attempted to destroy. But, notwithstanding, the spoils proved a rich harvest to the Confederates, who gained great stores of fixed ammunition, and, besides, the suffering country people were supplied with much-needed provisions and necessaries.

McClellan's last intrenchments were at Savage Station, where General Magruder made a vigorous attack upon his flank and front, and drove him out of them near sunset of the 29th. The sound of the combat put Jackson on the *qui vive*, and as he lay down under the open sky for a short rest, he gave orders that everything should be ready to move at early dawn. At midnight he was awakened by a sudden shower, which drenched him so thoroughly that he could sleep no more, and he determined to precede his troops to the position of Magruder, in order to have

time for fuller conference. This was the same gallant John Bankhead Magruder under whom Jackson won his first laurels as a soldier in Mexico.

On June 30th General Jackson wrote thus to his wife:

"Near White Oak Swamp Bridge.

"An ever-kind Providence has greatly blessed our efforts and given us great reason for thankfulness in having defended Richmond. To-day the enemy is retreating down the Chickahominy towards the James River. Many prisoners are falling into our hands. General D. H. Hill and I are together. I had a wet bed last night, as the rain fell in torrents. I got up about midnight, and haven't seen much rest since. I do trust that our God will soon bless us with an honorable peace, and permit us to be together at home again in the enjoyment of domestic happiness.

"You must give fifty dollars for church purposes, and more should you be disposed. Keep an account of the amount, as we must give at least one tenth of our income. I would like very much to see my darling, but hope that God will enable me to remain at the post of duty until, in His own good time, He blesses us with independence. This going home has injured the army immensely."

After the discomforts of the previous night, when his troops came up, he was found drying himself before a camp-fire, but, speedily taking his place at their head and moving on, captured at Savage Station a field hospital containing twenty-five hundred sick and wounded. Other prisoners fell into his hands at every step, until one thousand were sent to the rear. An

officer, congratulating him on the great number of his captives, said they surrendered too willingly, and that their maintenance would be a heavy expense to the Confederacy; but General Jackson answered, with a smile, "It is cheaper to feed them than to fight them." On this day, the 30th, he surprised the enemy by a fierce onslaught from his batteries that were in a concealed position, which drove them rapidly to the rear, leaving several pieces of artillery behind them. They afterwards rallied, and during the rest of the day an artillery duel was kept up; but as each party was invisible to the other, not much damage resulted to either side. The White Oak Swamp bridge having been destroyed, Jackson made an attempt to repair it, so as to pursue the enemy; but when night came, and he saw that so little had been accomplished, more wearied and depressed than he had ever been seen to be before, as he lay down to sleep, he said: "Now, gentlemen, let us at once to bed, and rise with the dawn, and see if to-morrow we cannot *do something!*"

During that night the Federal forces skilfully withdrew from his front and moved to Malvern Hill. At an early hour the next morning, July 1st, Jackson put his corps in motion and crossed the White Oak Swamp. His reconnoissance showed him the enemy strongly posted upon an eminence in front of Malvern Hill. In short, the whole army of McClellan, which was still powerful and well disciplined, was now assembled on one field, while the whole Confederate army was converging around it, under the immediate eye of the general-in-chief and the President. The war of the giants was now about to begin. The position of the Federals was selected by McClellan himself with con-

summate skill—the ridge commanding all the surrounding country, and he was also under the protection of his gun-boats in the James River. The Confederates labored under the disadvantage of an inferior position, having also to cross swampy woods and a plain, which was exposed to the fire of McClellan's artillery, and, as they approached his intrenchments, his deadly musketry was equally appalling. The Confederate leaders were likewise ignorant of the country, which impeded their progress and delayed the opening of the battle until late in the afternoon. But on it came at last, and raged with the utmost fury until night put an end to the conflict. Jackson's troops fought with their usual bravery, but he conceded the laurels of the day to D. H. Hill, who charged across the open plain in face of a terrific fire of artillery, under which his men fell fast. But he was soon reinforced by Jackson, and enabled to maintain his ground until the veil of darkness interposed and mercifully closed the bloody struggle. At ten o'clock the battle died away, when Jackson retired slowly and wearily to the rear to seek some refreshment and rest. His faithful servant, Jim, prepared a pallet for him on the ground, in the midst of a confused multitude of wagons and stragglers, and after partaking of some food he sank to sleep. At one o'clock he was awakened by his division commanders, who wished to receive instructions for the morning. These officers all agreed in the opinion that McClellan would probably take the aggressive on the morrow, and were full of apprehension as to their ability to resist him. Jackson listened indifferently, asking a few brief questions, and said, as if at ease in the matter, "No; I think he will clear out in the morning."

His words were prophetic, for when morning dawned, with a pouring rain, McClellan was indeed gone, leaving behind him the marks of a precipitate retreat. The wearied Confederates were permitted by the commander-in-chief to rest a day and replenish the ammunition of their batteries, and had orders to move the next day in pursuit. Jackson was most impatient to march with the dawn, hurrying off without breakfast; but after losing a day, which gave the Federals time to reach the shelter of their gun-boats, the march proved to be a useless one, and the opportunity of capturing the enemy was gone.

"The commander-in-chief was disappointed to learn, on his arrival in front of the Federals, that no opportunity had been found for striking a blow, either on their retreat or in their present position. He immediately rode forward with General Jackson, and the two, dismounting, proceeded without attendants to make a careful reconnoissance on foot of the enemy's whole line and position. Jackson concurred fully in the reluctant opinion to which General Lee was brought by this examination—that an attack would now be improper; so that after mature discussion it was determined that the enemy should be left unassailed to the effects of the summer heats and the malaria, which were now at hand."

General Lee, in the close of his report, says:

"Under ordinary circumstances the Federal army should have been destroyed. . . . But regret that more was not accomplished gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the universe for the results achieved. The siege of Richmond was raised, and the object of

a campaign, which had been prosecuted after months of preparation at an enormous expenditure of men and money, completely frustrated. More than ten thousand prisoners—including officers of rank—fifty-two pieces of artillery, and upwards of thirty-five thousand stand of small-arms, were captured. The stores and supplies of every description which fell into our hands were great in amount and value; but small in comparison with those destroyed by the enemy. His losses in battle exceeded our own, as attested by the thousands of dead and wounded left on every field; while his subsequent inaction shows in what condition the survivors reached the protection to which they fled."

After spending a few days in a much-needed rest and in gathering up arms, the Confederate army was marched back, on the 8th of July, to the vicinity of Richmond.

A few extracts from Jackson's letters at this time will furnish glimpses of his varied experiences during this memorable week. Thus he writes:

"When my command arrived at White Oak Swamp bridge we found it broken up by the enemy; but we opened upon the Federal artillery, and succeeded in securing one of their cannons, four caissons, and one battery wagon, in addition to part of a pontoon-bridge train and prisoners. Many prisoners have fallen into our hands, and they really appear gratified at the idea of being taken. I have never seen prisoners so contented. . . . On Tuesday we had another engagement, in which General D. H. Hill, with his division,

accomplished more than any other part of the army. Other troops were sent to support him, but his division may be said to have borne the brunt of the battle, and he was by far the most distinguished officer engaged that day. My position is now about three miles north of James River, and twenty-five miles below Richmond. During the past week I have not been well, have suffered from fever and debility, but through the blessing of an ever-kind Providence I am much better to-day. Last week I received a present of a beautiful summer hat from a lady in Cumberland. Our Heavenly Father gives me friends wherever I go. . . . It would be delightful to see my darling, but we know that all things are ordered for the best."

The corps reached the neighborhood of Richmond on the 10th of July, and it was during its stay of a few days there that General Jackson made his first appearance openly in the city, for the purpose of attending divine worship on the Sabbath. He thus speaks of it in a letter to his wife:

"Yesterday I heard Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge preach in his church, and also in the camp of the Stonewall Brigade. It is a great comfort to have the privilege of spending a quiet Sabbath within the walls of a house dedicated to the service of God."

He slipped into the church unattended—quietly and modestly took a seat near the door, and, after the services were over, was gone before the congregation was aware of his presence. After calling on a mother who had lost a son in his command, he returned to his tent.

So great was the modesty of the now famous general that he found his greatness embarrassing, and he shrank more from public notice and applause. Whenever his soldiers caught sight of him, they rent the air with their cheers, which he always acknowledged by lifting his cap, and then putting spurs to his horse and galloping away at the top of his speed. "Little Sorrel" seemed to know the signal for this stampede, and perhaps it was from these marvellous flights that the "foot-cavalry" drew some of their inspiration. Whenever the sound of the "rebel yell" was heard in their camp, the soldiers jocularly said, "That's 'old Jack,' *or a rabbit!*"

In the movements of the troops around Richmond, on one occasion, Jackson and his staff were compelled to ride through a field of uncut oats. The owner rushed out upon them with great indignation, venting his rage specially on the general's devoted head, and demanding his name "that he might report him." In a quiet tone the name was given. "What Jackson?" asked the farmer. "General Jackson," was the reply. "What!" exclaimed the electrified man, as the truth dawned upon him—"what! '*Stonewall*' Jackson?" "That is what they call me," was the answer. Taking off his hat with the profoundest respect, and with a voice now all kindness and reverence, the man said: "General Jackson, ride over my whole field; do whatever you like with it, sir."

On the 14th of July, he wrote to his wife from Richmond:

"Again your husband is about leaving his camp.

Please direct your next letter to Gordonsville, and continue to address me there until you hear otherwise. Everybody doesn't know the meaning and location of '*Headquarters, Valley District!*'"

During his campaign in the valley he had requested that his letters should be directed simply to "Headquarters, Valley District"—his headquarters during all that time being principally in the saddle; but after he was transferred to Richmond the inappropriateness of this address amused him, and perhaps caused delay and even loss of his letters. Ubiquitous as he was during the war, he could not have any one address long. About the time of his leaving Richmond, his chief of staff, the Rev. Dr. Dabney (who afterwards wrote his biography) was compelled to resign in consequence of ill-health. The general wrote: "It was with tearful eyes that I consented to our separation." This officer, by his intelligence and faithfulness, had been invaluable to him, not only in his Valley Campaign, but in the battles around Richmond. In one instance, at the battle of Chickahominy, a misconception of Jackson's orders on the part of a messenger might have resulted in a fatal error but for the promptness and efficiency of the chief of staff, who, comprehending the general's true intentions, and the urgency of the occasion, went himself in person and brought all into harmonious action, and thus decided the fortunes of the day.

In a letter to his wife he says:

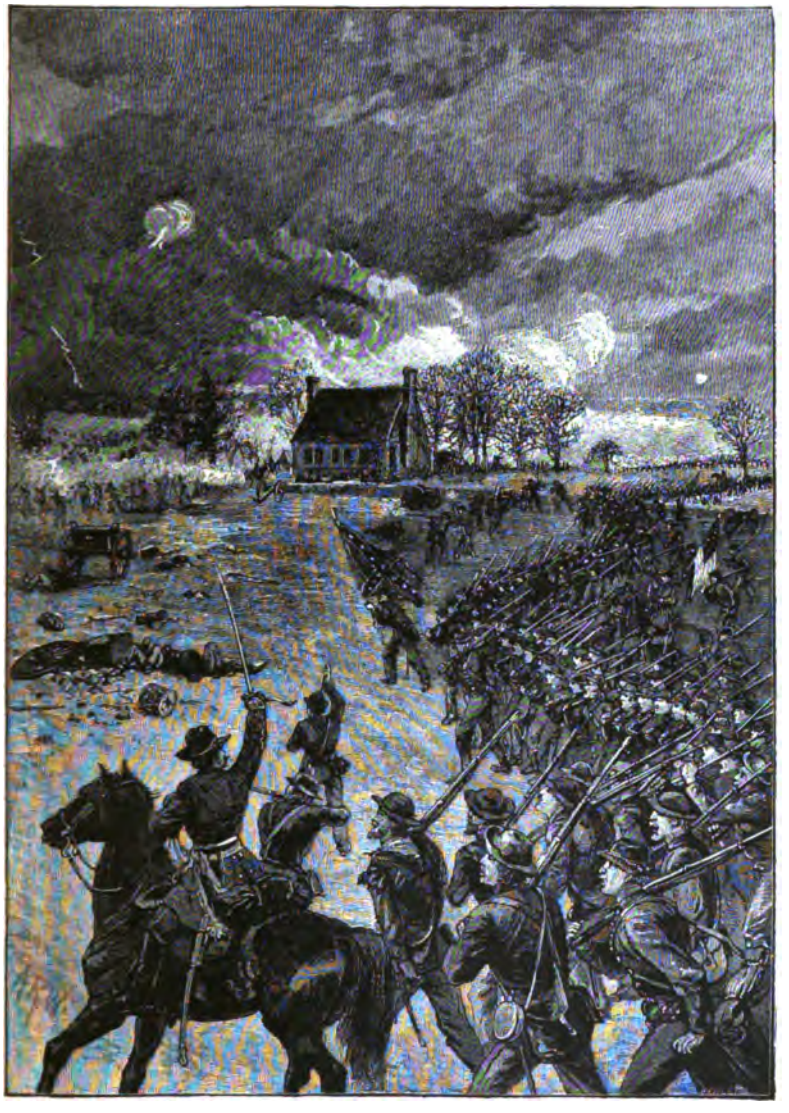
"If you will vouch for Joseph's (her brother) *being*

an early riser during the remainder of the war, I will give him an aide-ship. I do not want to make an appointment on my staff except of such as are early risers; but if *you* will vouch for him to rise regularly at dawn, I will offer him the position."

The youth, Captain J. G. Morrison, was courageous enough to accept even on this rigid condition, and served the general faithfully until his death, being himself twice wounded, the last time losing the whole of one foot, except the heel.

General Jackson was no respecter of persons when duty was concerned. On one occasion, when he had an early march before him, he so lost his patience with the tardiness of his staff in rising that he ordered his cook to pack up everything, and to throw away the coffee, which had been captured from the enemy and was a rare luxury; and he finally threatened to arrest the whole staff if they did not get up immediately. This had the effect of awakening them thoroughly, and doubtless of arousing some ire also against the stern and relentless leader, though all who served under him were ready to say, as one did, that "his kindness *to those who did their duty* was like a woman's." The attachment of members of his staff to him was sincere and strong. They knew he was sterner to himself than he was to them, and could never doubt his whole-souled and patriotic devotion. I shall never forget the intense feeling with which young "Sandy" Pendleton (as he was called) said to me the day after General Jackson's death, his face bathed in tears: "*God knows I would have died for him!*"

This true and gallant officer followed his general to the grave in less than a year—slain in battle in his youth and promise. He was the only son of the Rev. General W. N. Pendleton, of Lexington, and would have followed his father's sacred calling if he had lived. A tender romance hangs around his memory. With his ardent, chivalrous nature, his heart was soon captured during the war by a charming young lady, near whose home he was stationed for a time in winter-quarters. He had some rivals among his brother-officers, but was successful in winning the prize, and, obtaining a furlough, was married, and spent a few blissful weeks with his young bride, when duty called him into the field, and they never met again. Many were the similar tragedies which the cruel war brought to the hearts and homes of the devoted Southern women, for even the stern duties of the soldier's life did not put a stop to marrying and giving in marriage; hence it was that there were left so many broken hearts and blighted lives.



JACKSON'S ATTACK ON THE RIGHT WING OF THE FEDERALS AT THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

CHAPTER XVI.

CEDAR RUN AND THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

After the terrible fatigues of the campaign around Richmond, it was a joyful moment when Jackson and his troops received orders (the campaign being over) to return to the valley. It was sad to think that they should leave thousands of their comrades behind them to sleep their last sleep near the city which they had given their lives to defend. But they, too, had suffered from hardships and exposure. Some were just out of the hospital walking on crutches, or with their arms in slings; others had contracted diseases as deadly as wounds, but who felt new life from the thought of exchanging the swamps of the Chickahominy for the bracing air of their native mountains. No one had undergone more exposure than their commander, who had slept on the ground, and had the coarse fare of the common soldiers, so that he and they were alike in the highest spirits when they set out on their return march. On the 19th of July they reached Gordonsville, from which Jackson writes to his wife:

"I have been staying for a few days with Mrs. Barbour, mother-in-law of the Rev. Mr. Ewing, of our church, and have received much kindness from her and her three daughters. My tent opens upon the Blue

Ridge in the distance. The wagon-train is moving in front."

The society and kindness of this Christian family were exceedingly congenial and refreshing to him, and after the duties of the day were over he spent his leisure moments in their home circle, enjoying their hospitality, and amusing himself with the children of the household. One little girl, in particular, he made a special pet of, often taking her upon his knee and caressing her until she grew so fond of him that she asked him one day to give her as a keepsake one of the bright brass buttons from his coat when it was worn out. Months afterwards, although burdened with the most anxious and weighty cares of an arduous campaign, he did not forget the request, and sent the promised button, which the delighted child preserved as one of her greatest treasures.

General Jackson found special pleasure in joining Mr. Ewing's household in their family worship, and whenever requested would conduct prayers himself. Mr. Ewing thus describes these services: "There was something very striking in his prayers. He did not pray to men, but to God. His tones were deep, solemn, tremulous. He seemed to realize that he was speaking to Heaven's King. I never heard any one pray who seemed to be pervaded more fully by a spirit of self-abnegation. He seemed to feel more than any man I ever knew the danger of robbing God of the glory due for our success."

After spending a few days at Gordonsville, he changed his quarters into the county of Louisa, near by, so as to find in that fertile region better pastur-

age for his horses. He also wished to be more retired and devote his time to reorganizing his command, and getting both men and horses into better condition for future service. Just before this move he wrote from Gordonsville, on the 28th of July:

"My darling wife, I am just overburdened with work, and I hope you will not think hard at receiving only very short letters from your loving husband. A number of officers are with me, but people keep coming to my tent—though let me say no more. A Christian should never complain. The apostle Paul said, 'I glory in tribulations!' What a bright example for others!"

After ascertaining that the enemy were in large force under General Pope, combining the united commands of Fremont, Shields, Banks, and McDowell, making an army of at least fifty thousand men, Jackson applied to General Lee for reinforcements. The division of A. P. Hill was immediately sent to him, and, with this accession to his small army, Jackson had no intention of remaining idle or of awaiting an attack from so powerful a foe, but determined to strike a blow himself before the enemy had time to concentrate all their forces. He therefore advanced towards them on the 7th of August. Before taking this step, it was observed that he was much in prayer, but this was his custom previous to every battle. Even upon the field he was often seen to lift his eyes and raise his right arm as if in earnest prayer, and sometimes it seemed that while his soul was thus lifted up in supplication, the Lord of hosts heard and answered, giving him the victory.

Pope's army was gathering in all its strength at Culpepper Court-House, and on the 9th of August Jackson's little army came in contact with his advance-guard about six miles from the Court-House, on the borders of a little stream called Cedar Run. Here hostilities began by a furious cannonade on both sides, lasting two hours, when, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the infantry of both armies became hotly engaged. The conflict was fierce and stubborn, but the overwhelming numbers of the enemy swept down with such impetuosity that the weaker party were forced to yield, and it looked as if it were doomed to destruction. Ewell, Early, A. P. Hill, Winder, and other commanders all fought their bravest and best—the gallant Winder receiving a mortal wound—and still they were pressed back. "It was at this fearful moment," says his late chief-of-staff, Dr. Dabney, "that the genius of the storm reared his head, and in an instant the tide was turned. Jackson appeared in the mid-torrent of the highway, his face flaming with the inspiration of battle: he ordered the batteries which Winder had placed to be instantly withdrawn to preserve them from capture; he issued his summons for his reserves; he drew his own sword (the first time in the war), and shouted to the broken troops with a voice which pealed higher than the roar of battle: 'Rally, brave men, and press forward! Your general will lead you! Jackson will lead you! Follow me!' This appeal was not in vain, and the Federals, startled by this unexpected rally, were driven from the field. They afterwards made an attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day, which they had so nearly won, by an assault from a magnificent body of

cavalry, but even this was repelled, and the troopers driven in full retreat."

That night Jackson bivouacked with his troops. Finding every house filled with the wounded, he declined to enter, saying the sufferers needed a place for rest more than he did. He was so utterly worn out that he threw himself upon a grass-plot—one of his staff kindly spreading a cloak to add to his comfort—and here, underneath the star-lit canopy of heaven, he found that rest and sleep which his wearied frame so much demanded. When offered food his reply was: "No, I want *rest*, nothing but *rest!*"

Two days after the battle he wrote to his wife:

"On last Saturday our God again crowned our arms with victory, about six miles from Culpepper Court-House. I can hardly think of the fall of Brigadier-General C. S. Winder without tearful eyes. Let us all unite more earnestly in imploring God's aid in fighting our battles for us. The thought that there are so many of God's people praying for His blessing upon the army greatly strengthens and encourages me. The Lord has answered their prayers, and my trust is in Him, that He will continue to do so. If God be for us, who can be against us? That He will still be with us and give us victory until our independence shall be established, and that He will make our nation that people whose God is the Lord, is my earnest and oft-repeated prayer. While we attach so much importance to being free from temporal bondage, we must attach far more to being free from the bondage of sin."

This battle of Cedar Run Jackson himself pronounced the most successful of his exploits. But he announced it to his commander-in-chief, General Lee, in these devout and modest terms:

"August 11th, 6.30 A. M. On the evening of the 9th, God blessed our arms with another victory. The battle was near Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpepper Court-House. The enemy, according to statements of prisoners, consisted of Banks's, McDowell's, and Sigel's commands. We have over four hundred prisoners, including Brigadier-General Price. Whilst our list of killed is less than that of the enemy, we have to mourn the loss of some of our best officers and men. Brigadier-General Charles S. Winder was mortally wounded whilst ably discharging his duty at the head of his command, which was the advance of the left wing of the army. We have collected about fifteen hundred small-arms and other ordnance stores."

In his official report, he pays this tribute to the late commander of the Stonewall Brigade, the brave General Winder:

"It is difficult within the proper reserve of an official report to do justice to the merits of this accomplished officer. Urged by the medical director to take no part in the movements of the day, because of the enfeebled state of his health, his ardent patriotism and military pride could bear no such restraint. Richly endowed with those qualities of mind and person which fit an officer for command, and which attract the admiration and excite the enthusiasm of troops,

he was rapidly rising to the front rank of his profession. His loss has been severely felt."

The report closes as follows:

"In order to render thanks to Almighty God for the victory at Cedar Run, and other victories, and to implore His continued favor in the future, divine service was held in the army on the 14th of August."

In this battle the Confederates had between eighteen and twenty thousand men engaged, while the Federals, according to their own returns, had thirty-two thousand. Jackson, however, had one incalculable advantage over the enemy, which he gained by his promptitude in seizing and holding Slaughter's Mountain — an elevation which commanded all the surrounding plains, and enabled him to overlook the whole scene of action as it lay beneath him, and to pour down the volleys of his artillery upon the foe, while his own gunners were secure from a returning fire, in consequence of the elevation of their position. It was to the advantage of this position as well as the bravery of his troops that he was indebted for his complete success.

By this victory Pope received such a blow that he was deterred from making another advance until he could gather reinforcements. Burnside's corps was withdrawn from North Carolina and sent on to Culpepper Court-House, and it was believed that McClellan's remaining forces would be recalled from James River and sent also to swell the ranks of the grand "Army of Virginia," as the command of Pope was

called. At all events, General Lee was convinced that McClellan was incapable of further aggression, and that the most effective way to dislodge him from the Peninsula was to threaten Washington! He therefore determined to move his army from Richmond to Gordonsville. He began his march on the 13th, and four days after, on the 17th, McClellan evacuated the Peninsula and removed his troops to the Potomac.

On the 15th, as soon as the troops from Richmond began to arrive, Jackson left Gordonsville, and marched to the base of Clarke's Mountain, on a peak of which he had established a signal station, which commanded a view of the enemy's encampment along the Orange Railroad. After General Lee joined him, with their united forces he was most impatient to push on in pursuit of the enemy on the 18th, and cut off his line of retreat; but General Lee, owing to the dilatoriness of a part of his subordinates, deemed it best to restrain Jackson's impetuosity, and postponed the advance until the 20th, to give his troops more time for preparation. By this delay the success of Jackson's design was frustrated, for on the night of the 18th the Federals obtained information from a party of colored deserters from the Confederate camp which so alarmed them that the next day, when General Lee ascended Clarke's Mountain to take a look at their encampment, he saw their tents gradually disappearing, and the work went steadily on until the whole of Pope's vast army "folded their tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away!" The object of Pope was to place the Rappahannock between himself and his pursuers. General Lee now

hastened to pursue, and at an early hour on the morning of the 20th the whole Confederate army was put in motion. General Stuart's splendid division of cavalry, with its usual daring, dashed across the Rappahannock, and after skirmishing a few hours and capturing some prisoners, returned to report Pope's whole army massed upon the northern bank of the Rappahannock, with a powerful artillery prepared to dispute the passage of General Lee. His position on that side of the river was far more safe and defensible than when Jackson proposed to attack him on the 18th. General Lee now ordered Jackson to cross the Rappahannock high up, and by a forced march go to Manassas and get in Pope's rear. Other divisions were sent to Pope's front, and the two hostile armies marched along on either side of the stream, opening fire upon each other whenever the opportunity offered. Jackson continued his march up stream until he reached Warrenton Springs, on the 22d, where he found the bridge destroyed, but he passed Early's brigade over on a mill-dam, and took possession of the Springs. Before other troops could be crossed to his support, a sudden and heavy rain-fall swelled the river so as to render it impassable, and Early was thus cut off from his friends and surrounded by the enemy. His situation was one of extreme peril, but he managed to conceal his troops in the woods, and hold his foes at bay with artillery, until Jackson had constructed a temporary bridge, and by the dawn of the morning of the 24th the gallant Early, with his command, had recrossed the river without the loss of a man.

While a fierce artillery duel was going on across the river between A. P. Hill and the enemy, Jack-

son left the river-bank a few miles, and marched to the village of Jeffersonton. He was thus lost sight of by the Federals, and to Longstreet was given the task of amusing Pope by the appearance of a crossing at Warrenton Springs. Jackson was now preparing to obey Lee's order to separate himself from the rest of the army, pass around Pope to the westward, and place his corps between him and Washington at Manassas Junction. Leaving behind him all his trains, except ambulances and carriages for ammunition, and making a hasty issue of rations, he started from Jeffersonton early on the morning of the 25th of August. On that day he wrote a hurried note to his wife, not alluding to his movements, but saying:

"The enemy has taken a position, or rather several positions, on the Fauquier side of the Rappahannock. I have only time to tell you how much I love my little pet dove."

Although his troops had been constantly marching and fighting for five days, and subsisting upon insufficient rations, supplemented by the green corn of the fields along their route, yet they did not lose their enthusiasm and devotion to their indefatigable leader. Towards the close of the day he had gone in advance of the column, and, dismounting, had stepped upon a large stone by the roadside, probably to inspect his army as they passed by. As he stood upon this elevation, with uplifted cap, the sunset glow irradiating his noble face and figure, his men, as they caught sight of him, began to cheer, but he quickly indicated by a gesture that silence must be preserved,

in order not to betray their presence to the enemy. Down the column were passed the words, "No cheering, boys; the general requests it," and the command was instantly obeyed; but as the soldiers passed their general, they waved their caps in the air, and their eyes bespoke the cheer which their lips had been forbidden to utter. As the columns marched by in this loyal and devoted spirit, General Jackson turned to his staff, with a face beaming with pleasurable emotion, and exclaimed: "Who could not conquer with such troops as these?"

Thus always, whatever his army achieved, his modesty led him to ascribe it to his brave men, feeling himself to be but an humble instrument in the hand of God.

With such a leader to inspire them, Jackson's corps marched fifty miles in two days, capturing all their supplies from the enemy, and reached Bristow Station, by which they accomplished their object, that of placing themselves between Pope and Washington—a perilous position, as they were now cut off from General Lee, with the whole of Pope's army in their front. General Stuart, with his cavalry, was guarding the right flank, and his promptness and efficiency were invaluable to Jackson, enabling him to carry out his plans of secrecy and rapidity of movement. Upon arriving at Bristow Station, the first object of Jackson was to get possession of the vast stores of the enemy at Manassas Junction, four miles farther north. So much did he realize this necessity that he determined to press on that night, and not to wait until morning, and thus give the enemy time to destroy the stores. So completely were his brave soldiers in sympathy

with him that General Trimble, with his Twenty-first North Carolina and Twenty-first Georgia regiments, volunteered for this service, and, supported by a detachment of Stuart's cavalry, with Stuart himself in command of the whole, the work was undertaken, and resulted in complete success. The Confederates captured all the vast stores, consisting of everything which their army needed, took several hundred prisoners, two hundred and fifty horses, with immense commissary and quartermaster's supplies. To this disaster Pope ascribed his defeat in the three days' sanguinary struggle which ensued upon the plains of Manassas, alleging that his army had been compelled to fight without sufficient rations and ammunition.

On the morning of the 27th, Jackson went to the relief of Trimble, who had been all night under arms, taking a part of his command, and leaving the rest to watch Pope, with orders to rejoin him, if necessary, at Manassas. Almost immediately after Jackson's arrival upon the scene, a Federal detachment began an attack, but, mistaking the strength of the Confederates, were soon compelled to retire in confusion. Their own guns were captured and turned against them, making such havoc in their ranks that Jackson's heart was moved with compassion, and he dashed forward alone, at the risk of his life, and waved a white handkerchief, as a signal of truce to them to accept quarter. The reply to this was a volley from their guns, and, seeing his offer refused, he hastened back to his men and ordered them to proceed with their work. The opposing force was quickly overcome; the commander fell mortally

wounded and was left upon the field, while his men were pursued and scattered.

Jackson now gave his troops a short rest, and permitted them to refresh themselves with the rich spoils which they had captured from the enemy. As it was impossible for them to remove all these vast stores, the men were allowed to help themselves to all that they could consume and carry away, and the remainder was destroyed, to prevent its falling again into the hands of the enemy. The new clothing, boots, hats, and tempting eatables were a rare treat to the hungry soldiers, who had marched twenty-five and thirty miles a day, and had fed principally on green corn and apples gathered by the way. But after a few hours of this high carnival, they had again to buckle on their armor. The forces which Jackson had left at Bristow Station under Ewell had been attacked, and after a brave resistance had been withdrawn to join Jackson at Manassas. This was in obedience to Jackson's order, and was managed with so much skill that not a single man was captured in the retreat; the stream separating Bristow from Manassas was safely crossed, and the railroad bridge was burned. One division was sent that night across the Warrenton and Alexandria Turnpike, and halted near the battle-field of the first Manassas. The next morning, the 28th, the two remaining divisions, after marching in different directions, joined the first, and Stuart's cavalry, after making a circuit as far as Fairfax Court-House, was also brought up on the flanks of the infantry, and the whole command was now concentrated north of the Warrenton Turnpike. The left wing rested on Bull Run, the right extended towards the road lead-

ing from Thoroughfare Gap, through which Longstreet, with his corps, was expected to come up to the support of Jackson.

Thus far Jackson had been entirely successful in executing the instructions of General Lee in placing his corps between Pope and the Federal capital, but his position was becoming more and more critical; for if Longstreet, by any reason, should fail in coming up to time, there was danger of Jackson's small army of only eighteen thousand men being crushed by the sheer weight of the greatly superior numbers of the whole Federal army, which he had drawn upon himself through his daring and rapid movement. Scarcely had he completed the disposition of his troops, when the enemy were discovered to be advancing along the Warrenton turnpike in heavy force. Suspecting that they might be retreating to Alexandria to avoid an engagement, Jackson determined to attack them, even at the risk of his own safety. He had no idea of letting the enemy escape him, and he lost no time in striking them on the flank as they passed, thereby arresting their march and compelling them to come to a stand. The Confederate batteries, having an elevated position, opened such a fierce cannonade that the enemy were forced to return it, and a short time before sunset a furious and bloody battle began, and continued until about nine o'clock, when the enemy retired under cover of darkness, leaving the field in the possession of the Confederates. In this engagement two of General Jackson's major-generals, Ewell and Taliaferro, were wounded; the former losing a leg, but he was subsequently able to resume his command.

On the morning of the 29th Jackson discovered that the enemy were preparing to give battle, and, if possible, crush him before he could receive reinforcements. To both officers and men the danger of their situation was so imminent that all eyes were anxiously turned towards Thoroughfare Gap, to see Longstreet coming to their relief. Early in the morning clouds of dust in that direction raised their hopes, but it proved to be a body of the enemy who had occupied that pass the day before for the purpose of intercepting Longstreet's passage, and were now retiring to Bristow. At ten o'clock Jackson's right flank was attacked by a heavy cannonade from the enemy's batteries, which was returned with promptness and spirit. A general and terrible conflict now threatened, and Jackson's lines, though thinned by battle and almost exhausted by their extraordinary exertions, yet stood heroically at bay. Soon, however, their anxious hopes were realized when Stuart's couriers came dashing up and announced the approach of Longstreet. Already great clouds of dust were seen arising over Thoroughfare Gap, and the expected troops, stimulated by the sound of the cannonading, were hurrying forward to the relief of their struggling comrades. Stuart conducted them in safety to Jackson, and the union of the two corps was effected, and infused new life and spirit into the whole Confederate ranks. After Longstreet's arrival, the enemy changed position, and the battle continued for many hours with stubborn and relentless fury on both sides. The Federals displayed great valor, six times rushing forward in separate and determined assaults, but were each time repulsed. About two o'clock they hurled their masses of infantry with

perfect desperation against Jackson's wing, but, as line after line advanced to close quarters, it was only to be mowed down and driven back in dismay and confusion. The conflict raged until many of the Confederate infantry had exhausted their cartridges; but they declared they would hold their position with the bayonet, and some of them did thus hold it, while others seized the stones of the field and fought with them. While Jackson's corps was struggling against these furious onslaughts, Longstreet was engaged in equally severe and bloody work in resisting the forces that were brought against him. The army of Pope was reinforced by a corps of McClellan from the Peninsula, and with this new enemy Longstreet was engaged until nine o'clock at night, driving back his assailants and capturing a number of prisoners and trophies. Darkness then closed this second day of carnage, and the weary Confederates slept upon their arms, in possession of the lines which they had so gallantly held.

That night, when Jackson and his staff came together for a few hours' sleep under the open sky, their pale faces did not indicate the success of the day, for their hearts were heavy with sorrow at the fall of many of the best and bravest of their army, and around them, in the darkness, lay the wounded and dying. Wearied and sad, they spoke but little beyond inquiries and remarks concerning the occurrences of this eventful day. The medical director, Doctor McGuire, in speaking of the terrible conflict, said: "General, this day has been won by nothing but stark and stern fighting." "No," replied Jackson, "it has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence." After the fatigues and horrors of the day

were over, the chaplains, who had occupied themselves in caring for the wounded, collected in groups all the men that could be found off duty, and led them in prayer and praise to the Captain of their salvation. Before another sun had set, many of these worshippers were among the throng around the great white throne.

General Lee, having arrived with Longstreet upon the scene of action, the morning of the 30th found the commander-in-chief at the head of his army, upon the ground which his subordinates had so stoutly held against all the assaults of the previous day, and calmly awaiting the attack. Jackson held the left wing, Longstreet the right, and the artillery occupied an elevated ridge in the centre, commanding the fronts of both wings.

The Confederates stood solely upon the defensive, and possessed such advantages in position that it might be said the battle was won before it was fought. The Federals showed their wisdom in delaying hostilities until late in the afternoon. The morning was marked by only an occasional cannonade upon different portions of the Confederate lines, with slight skirmishes, and the great attack was not made until four o'clock. Then the struggle began in earnest — the Federals making a most gallant charge—three lines advancing in dense masses, and dashing like great billows against their opponents. As each line recoiled before the murderous fire with which it was met, another followed with still more determination, and the struggle raged with furious desperation, until the Confederates exhausted their ammunition.

For about half an hour the brunt of the battle was borne by Jackson's lines, and finding them wavering

at several points, Longstreet was ordered to his assistance. But before the order was received, Longstreet, perceiving and embracing an opportunity of pouring his artillery into the advancing ranks, turned the tide against them. This gave the Confederates time to rally, and they dashed forward with renewed enthusiasm and vigor. Both of their wings were ordered to close in upon the foe, while the artillery dealt a deadly and terrific fire into his lines, causing them to break just as darkness, intensified by the smoke of battle and an impending storm, gathered over the terrible scene. At ten o'clock the third day of this great battle came to an end, and the wearied Confederates lay down to seek rest upon a victorious field, but found only a watery bivouac under the beating of a continuous rain, while all night long was heard the tramp of the enemy retreating to the heights of Centreville.

In this three days' battle the Confederate loss was very heavy, but the battle-field revealed the fact that that of the Federals was far greater. Their surgeons, under a flag of truce, ministered to the wounded, many days being consumed in the work, and numbers of lives were sacrificed by delay in receiving attention. The estimate was that in this series of battles the total Confederate loss was about seventy-five hundred men, eleven hundred of whom were slain upon the field. Jackson's proportion of the loss in officers and men greatly exceeded that of the rest of the army, in consequence of his fighting the first day without the support of reinforcements, and subsequently the enemy seemed to select his lines chiefly as the points of the most furious attacks. In all the

long struggle he lost only thirty-five men by capture, while the prisoners on the other side were estimated at seven thousand, in addition to two thousand left wounded upon the battle-field. Twenty thousand small-arms, thirty pieces of artillery, numerous colors, and a large amount of army stores fell into the hands of the Confederates. In reviewing the whole, Jackson thus closes his report:

"For these great and signal victories our sincere and humble thanks are due unto Almighty God. We should in all things acknowledge the hand of Him who reigns in heaven and rules among the armies of men. In view of the arduous labors and great privations the troops were called to endure, and the isolated and perilous position which the command occupied while engaged with greatly superior numbers of the enemy, we can but express the grateful conviction that God was with us, and gave us the victory; and unto His holy name be all the praise."

Dr. Dabney says: "Few words are needed to point out the share which Jackson and his corps merited in the glory of the second victory of Manassas. To the rapidity of his march, the promptitude and skill of his action in seizing and destroying the Junction, the wisdom which guided his selection of a position, and the heroic tenacity with which he held it against fearful odds until the arrival of General Lee, was the splendid result chiefly due. It was so ordered as if to illustrate the superior prowess of the Confederate soldiery, that in this battle the positions of the combatants in July, 1861, were almost precisely

reversed. The ground held by Jackson in the second battle was that held by McDowell in the first; and the ground from which the Confederates drove Pope at nightfall, the 30th of August, was that from which McDowell could not drive them on the 21st of July; while the preponderance of numbers was still upon the Federal side."

On the 1st of September General Jackson wrote to his wife:

"We were engaged with the enemy at and near Manassas Junction Tuesday and Wednesday, and again near the battle-field of Manassas on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; in all of which God gave us the victory. May He ever be with us, and we ever be His devoted people, is my earnest prayer. It greatly encourages me to feel that so many of God's people are praying for that part of our force under my command. The Lord has answered their prayers; He has again placed us across Bull Run; and I pray that He will make our arms entirely successful, and that all the glory will be given to His holy name, and none of it to man. God has blessed and preserved me through His great mercy. On Saturday, Colonel Baylor and Hugh White were both killed, and Willie Preston was mortally wounded."

Hugh White was the son of his pastor, a candidate for the ministry, and was one of the purest and noblest of characters, as was also young Preston, who combined great beauty of youthful manhood with fervent piety and the brightest promise. They were

both Lexington boys, from General Jackson's own church, and sons of his dearest friends.

On the morning of the 1st of September, General Jackson's soldiers arose from the wet ground, cold and comfortless, and, after refreshing themselves with food and warmth from camp-fires, were ordered to march. Longstreet was to remain to bury the dead and gather up the spoils. Stuart reported the enemy as having rallied upon the heights of Centreville, and occupying a powerful line of works, capable of defence either in front or rear, which General Joseph E. Johnston had constructed the first winter of the war. Here Pope's shattered army had taken refuge, and, with large reinforcements from McClellan, once more presented a front, and General Jackson was directed to turn their position, and, if possible, compel them to retreat without a battle. To accomplish this, he marched through circuitous country roads, which brought him up far in the rear of Centreville. As soon as the enemy perceived this unexpected movement, they resumed their retreat, but upon approaching Fairfax Court-House they found Jackson prepared to attack them. A sudden and spirited engagement, known as that of Ox Hill, took place, the enemy making such a brave and desperate resistance that at last victory seemed almost within their grasp; but after a short and bloody struggle the tide again turned, and they once more took up their line of retreat, and disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARYLAND CAMPAIGN AND SHARPSBURG—1862.

THE invaders had now retreated in full force from Northern Virginia, leaving only a few fortified posts along the frontier, while the shattered armies of both Pope and McClellan sought shelter in the strong fortifications of Washington, from which they had so recently marched in immense numbers and with splendid equipment, in the confident expectation of annihilating the Confederate army. Pope's boast had been that during his campaign his headquarters should be in the saddle, and that he would subsist his troops on the invaded country, authorizing them to appropriate from the inhabitants all the horses and provisions which they could make use of, and to destroy what they could not use. He also demanded that all citizens within his lines should take an oath of allegiance to the Federal government, or be banished South, threatening that they should be executed as spies in case of their return. Fortunate was it for the Virginians that this cruel and boastful commander had so short and inglorious a reign.

The success of the Confederates thus far, with an inferior force against greatly superior numbers, now emboldened General Lee to conceive the plan of taking the aggressive, and pursuing his advantage by an invasion of Maryland. It was desirable that

Virginia should have a respite from the ravages of the two great contending armies, which had so long made it their field of battle; and as Maryland had been a Southern State, and was full of Southern sympathy, it was hoped that the appearance of Lee's army would stimulate her people to aid in achieving independence. From the beginning of the war, many Marylanders had been in the Southern army, and it had no braver men or better soldiers. In consequence of its forced marches and many hard-fought battles, it was poorly equipped for an invasion; but the great success hitherto, and the high spirit of his men, gave confidence to their commander, and the army was put in motion for the Potomac—Jackson's corps having rested only one day after the battle of Ox Hill, which closed with the night of September 1st, in a thunder-storm and deluge of rain. The first day they marched to Dranesville, and on the second reached Leesburg.

The fame of Stonewall Jackson having spread far and wide, the people were eager to catch a glimpse of him whenever his march led him near their homes. Crowds pressed upon him, and ardent admirers would sometimes throw their arms round the neck of his horse. Attentions were showered upon him by the old and young, and were often of so enthusiastic a nature as to really embarrass him. As an instance of this, while he was passing through Leesburg a lady was seen standing in her doorway, who, on having her hero pointed out to her, ran out into the middle of the street, and, divesting herself of a scarf, threw it before his horse. With his characteristic modesty, he did not comprehend that this was meant to do him honor,

and, reining up, he looked with puzzled inquiry first at the lady, who had retired to the sidewalk, and then at the scarf in front of his horse's feet. One of his young staff officers, seeing his perplexity, explained to him in a stage whisper: "She means you to ride over it, general." As soon as he understood the delicate tribute which she intended, he turned to her with a beaming smile, and, taking off his cap, gallantly rode over the scarf.

On the 5th of September General Jackson's command crossed the Potomac at White's Ford. The river here is only about half a mile wide, and having a level and pebbly bottom, from two to three feet deep, the infantry were able to ford the stream. As the troops came in sight of the river, they quickened their steps, and as line after line planted their feet upon Maryland soil, they rent the air with enthusiastic cheers.

As soon as they had crossed, the first work to be done was to destroy the locks of the canal, thus draining off its waters and preventing its navigation. On the 6th the army occupied the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and entered Frederick City. Here a Maryland gentleman welcomed General Jackson by presenting him with a superb horse, and a few hundred young men joined the ranks of the Southern army. Just as soon as his troops became the invaders, he issued the most stringent orders against straggling, depredation upon property, and every species of rapine or trespass, and his well-disciplined soldiers proved their obedience by a respect for private rights and a magnanimous forbearance that were in striking contrast with the conduct of the Federal army while

in Virginia. At Frederick, Jackson rested with his troops four days, and the day after his arrival being the Sabbath, he attended divine worship. It was a noteworthy fact that the people of the place attended their various churches with as much freedom and security as if they were not within the lines of an invading army. Of the service he wrote to his wife the next day, September 8th:

. . . "Last evening I attended a German Reformed church in Frederick City. I was not quite near enough to hear all the sermon [his modesty had led him to take a back seat], and I regret to say fell asleep; but had I been near enough to hear, would probably not have been so unfortunate. The minister is a gifted one, and the building beautiful. The pews are arranged in a circular form, so that every person faces the pulpit. The town appears to be a charming place, neat and beautiful. The ladies and gentlemen were sitting in front of the doors, and all looked so comfortable, and I may say elegant, according to my ideas, and their enjoyment looked so genuine, that my heart was in sympathy with the surroundings. If such scenes could only surround me in Lexington, how my heart would, under a smiling Providence, rejoice!"

Whittier's celebrated war poem, "Barbara Frietchie," claims to be founded upon an incident which was supposed to have taken place upon the entrance of General Jackson with his troops into Frederick City. The story is best told in the poet's own melodious language, the part relating to General Jackson and his troops only being quoted:

"On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town—
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down:
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
'Halt!'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
'Fire!'—out blazed the rifle blast;
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:
'Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.
* * * * * *
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier."

Alas for the poet! that rude hands should have to

sweep away this graphic picture, which his many admirers have so long regarded as drawn from life; but I have been told by members of General Jackson's staff that this pretty story was a myth. This is confirmed by Dame Barbara's own nephew, Valerius Ebert, of Frederick City, who writes to a Northern paper:

. . . "As to the waving of the Federal flag in the face of the rebels by Dame Barbara on the occasion of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick, truth requires me to say that Stonewall Jackson, with his troops, did not pass Barbara Frietchie's residence at all; but passed through what in this city is called "The Mill Alley," about three hundred yards from her residence, then passed due west towards Antietam, and thus out of the city. But another and still stronger fact with regard to this matter may be here presented—viz.: the poem by Whittier represents our venerable relative (then ninety-six years of age) as nimbly ascending to her attic window and waving her small Federal flag defiantly in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Now, Dame Barbara was at the moment bed-ridden and helpless, and had lost the power of locomotion. She could at that period only move, as she was moved, by the help of her attendants. These are the facts, proving that Whittier's poem upon this subject is pure fiction."

The bold step of General Lee in the invasion of Maryland spread consternation at Washington; and President Lincoln, realizing the paramount importance of protecting the capital, no immediate ac-

tion was taken to follow the invading army. Upon the arrival of the whole Confederate army at Frederick, General Lee held a consultation with his leading generals as to a plan of future operations. Although the mass of the Federal troops had retired to Washington, Harper's Ferry had not yet been evacuated, as General Lee had hoped, and this endangered the safety of his army. It had been his design to proceed with his command into Western Maryland, keeping up his communications with Richmond through the Shenandoah Valley, and to threaten Pennsylvania, thus hoping to draw the enemy after him, and away from their base of supplies. But with the Federals holding Harper's Ferry, it was deemed necessary to capture the place as speedily as possible, and General Jackson was ordered to move with his corps to Martinsburg, and after dislodging the enemy there to march down the south side of the Potomac upon Harper's Ferry. He accordingly left Frederick on the 10th of September, and, making a rapid transit through Middletown, Boonsboro', and Williamsport, the next day he recrossed the Potomac, and was upon his native soil. Upon hearing of Jackson's approach, on the 11th, the Federal commander retreated to Harper's Ferry, and the next morning Jackson's cavalry reached Martinsburg, where the people, equally astonished and delighted, greeted him with a glad welcome; and, being once more in his beloved valley, among his own people, his heart responded with grateful emotion to their eager demonstrations. The ladies, who are always foremost in doing and claiming honors, beset him on all sides, and besought of him souvenirs—some requesting locks of his hair, and

others buttons from his coat. He tried to excuse himself by telling one pretty petitioner that *she* had more hair than *he* had, and he permitted them to strip his coat of buttons, but finally their importunity so embarrassed him that, with a blushing face, he said: "Really, ladies, this is the first time I was ever surrounded by the enemy," and, with the best grace he could, he retreated from the clamorous circle. Afterwards, a considerate young lady sent him a present of several cards of military buttons to replace those that had been cut from his coat, accompanying the gift with a charming letter. As a penalty of sharing his master's fame, poor "Little Sorrel" lost many locks from his mane and tail.

A rapid march from Martinsburg brought General Jackson and his corps, on the morning of the 13th of September, to Harper's Ferry. In the space of three months Jackson had swept down the valley, fought and won the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic; had marched to Richmond and borne a conspicuous part in the seven days' battles; had then turned north towards Washington, and won the battle of Cedar Run, and the second great struggle upon the plains of Manassas; and now, after a march to Frederick, Maryland, returned to Harper's Ferry, thus completing a circuit so full of toil, heroism, and victory as to appear almost incredible.

Arrived at Harper's Ferry, General Jackson found the enemy in force, and drawn up in battle array upon Bolivar Heights. General Lee, in his plan for the capture of the place, had ordered two other divisions, commanded by Generals McLaws and Walker, to approach simultaneously with Jackson's corps, and

seize the Maryland Heights and Loudoun Heights, which would surround the garrison beyond escape. It was but one day's march for these divisions, while Jackson's route around by Martinsburg was a circuit of sixty miles. He was therefore naturally anxious to ascertain whether they had arrived at their respective destinations, and lost no time in signalling their posts, but, receiving no reply, found that he was in advance of them. He then sent couriers to the heights, who returned during the night with the intelligence that both generals had executed their movements, and were in possession of the two heights. The Federals were now encompassed on every side. On the morning of the 14th, Jackson established communication with McLaws and Walker, and, as the ranking officer, directed the plan of operations for the capture of Harper's Ferry.

After cutting roads, with great labor, by which artillery could be taken up to the heights, the Confederates poured shot and shell upon the enemy, producing great dismay and the wildest confusion. However, they still had one loop-hole of escape, for the Confederate artillery could not dislodge the troops that occupied the main line upon Bolivar Heights, and here there was a chance of McClellan's coming to their relief. So it fell to Jackson's corps to deal the finishing stroke, in frustrating this forlorn hope, which was accomplished by moving in the darkness of night, screened by the ravines along the river, and getting in the enemy's rear. To make assurance doubly sure, he planted eleven pieces of artillery across the Shenandoah to intercept egress or ingress, thus destroying every chance of escape or relief. The

morning of the 15th found the assailants eager to renew the attack, and Jackson ordered all the batteries to open at once. A furious cannonade thus began, when after about an hour's resistance on the part of the garrison, a white flag was seen to be lifted aloft, and the tempest of battle at once ceased. The enemy had surrendered—with a garrison of eleven thousand men, over sixty pieces of artillery, thirteen thousand stand of small-arms, great numbers of horses and wagons, and vast quantities of stores of every description. The garrison was treated on the most liberal terms. The officers were permitted to retain their side-arms and all their personal effects, upon their parole; and wagons and horses were also loaned them to remove their baggage into the Federal lines. The privates also, after being disarmed, were released on parole.

Writing to his wife, General Jackson says:

"It is my grateful privilege to write that our God has given us a brilliant victory at Harper's Ferry to-day. Probably nearly eleven thousand prisoners, a great number of small-arms, and over sixty pieces of artillery are, through God's blessing, in our possession. The action commenced yesterday, and ended this morning in the capitulation. Our Heavenly Father blesses us exceedingly. I am thankful to say that our loss was small, and Joseph and myself were mercifully protected from harm."

When General Lee sent the forces under Jackson from Frederick to reduce Harper's Ferry, he started

the remaining part of his command in other directions, and in the meantime the situation of the Confederates in Maryland assumed a grave aspect. McClellan's grand army entered Frederick the day after General Lee evacuated it, and unfortunately a copy of his order directing the movements of his whole army had been dropped on leaving the town, and was picked up by the Federals, revealing Lee's plan to McClellan, who at once embraced his opportunity, and pressed forward in pursuit, before Lee could concentrate his scattered troops for battle. The Confederate army was now in great peril, as McClellan, with a full knowledge of the situation and of the movements of the Confederates, was gathering his forces for a decisive conflict. On the 13th the Confederate cavalry near Boonsboro' was forced back slowly, and the command of General D. H. Hill, which had been sent to guard the mountain pass in front of Boonsboro', was attacked by overwhelming numbers. With less than five thousand men, he held the pass for five hours, repelling repeated assaults until Longstreet, coming to their support in the afternoon, enabled them to maintain their ground until nightfall.

To oppose the advance of the enemy more effectually, General Lee determined to concentrate his forces at Sharpsburg, and Jackson was summoned to join him as speedily as possible. Prompt to obey the order, he did not wait to receive the surrender of the Federal troops at Harper's Ferry, but left that duty to General A. P. Hill. With the rest of his command he took up his march by way of Shepherdstown. Generals Walker and McLaws having orders

to follow. The movement of all the troops, except McLaws's, which were harassed and delayed by the enemy, was safely effected. Longstreet and D. H. Hill arrived at Sharpsburg on the morning of the 15th, and their troops were greatly inspirited by the news of the capture of Harper's Ferry. Sharpsburg is a little hamlet, situated two and a half miles from the Potomac and one mile from Antietam Creek. In the Federal accounts this creek gave name to the battle, which is always spoken of as the Battle of Antietam. Sharpsburg itself is remarkable only for its intersection of six roads, which afforded facilities for the concentration of Lee's divided army. The country is elevated and undulating, and presented a good defensive position, and here General Lee made his dispositions to meet the advance of the enemy on the 15th of September; but the latter made only reconnoissances on that day. However, on the next morning, the 16th, their batteries opened fire, and their swaying multitudes indicated that a great battle had begun. It was about noon when Jackson arrived on the field, and, after a brief rest for his wearied troops, took his position, which was one of great exposure and danger. With the approach of evening, both the Federal artillery and infantry fiercely assailed the Confederates under the command of General Hood, whose left Jackson was ordered to support. This assault continued late into the night, but was gallantly repelled, and the two hostile armies slept upon their arms to be ready to renew the bloody conflict in the morning. Even their hours of repose were disturbed by a continual dropping fire.

A splendid autumn morning had scarcely dawned,

on the 17th, when its brilliant beams were obscured by the smoke of terrific volleys from the whole Federal line of artillery—the heaviest fire falling upon the Confederate left held by Jackson—an attack which was soon supported by infantry advancing in great force. The overwhelming numbers were met with unflinching bravery and resolution, and for several hours the unequal combat raged with unceasing violence and varying fortune. Many of the Confederate field officers were killed and wounded, and their whole line rapidly thinned under the murderous fire of the tremendous odds against them; still they fought with unconquerable tenacity, repeatedly breaking the ranks of the enemy, and, although forced back by sheer weight of numbers, they turned at every favorable position to make a stand, and retired to the best advantage, when Jackson, still undaunted, ordered Early and Hood to gather up the fragments of the shattered troops and return to the front to relieve those who were there so sorely pressed. Nobly did they execute their commission, and, rushing forward against the surging masses of the enemy, succeeded in arresting the tide of battle. For hours they resisted far greater numbers, and finally drove them back, and re-established the Confederate lines. Most opportunely, at this juncture, General McLaws, with his division, arrived upon the field, and with his prompt co-operation and the strenuous efforts of other commanders the victorious enemy were checked; their lines began to waver, and they retreated half a mile with great loss. General Jackson was now enabled to re-establish the whole of his line; but the Federals, though withdrawing their infantry, still rained down a furious artillery

fire the remainder of the day; but Jackson's troops, now in a more sheltered position, suffered little loss. The Federal troops returned again to attack the Confederate right and centre, but were again repulsed. Unfortunately, however, they discovered that one of the brigades opposed to them had been withdrawn from its position, and immediately pressed forward through the breach thus made, and pierced the Confederate lines. General D. H. Hill and other officers rallied the remnants of several scattered brigades, and with four pieces of artillery, supported by only a few hundred bayonets, arrested the vast masses of the enemy. This small force (some of whom had fired every cartridge, and could trust only to the bayonet) presented a bold front, until two other batteries came to their relief; and after a desperate and determined resistance of an hour or so, the Federals retired.

Notwithstanding the most stubborn and determined defence of the bridge over the Antietam, it was at last gained by the Federals, who crossed over in immense numbers and attacked Longstreet's right, which commanded the approaches. A few hundred yards advance would have given them possession of the roads leading from Sharpsburg to the Potomac, which were saved only by the timely arrival, from Harper's Ferry, of A. P. Hill and his division, which came at once to the support of Longstreet, and attacked the Federals who, flushed with expectant victory, had become disordered by a too rapid and eager advance. After crossing the bridge, a triple line of the enemy dashed forward, captured a battery, and almost gained the crest of the wave of success, when they were checked by Hill's batteries and others in different positions,

the effect of whose concentrated fire was to drive the enemy back across the creek, and the Confederates recaptured the lost battery. The shadows of night now gathered over the scene, closing one of the most desperate and hard-fought battles of the war.

"During this terrible conflict, General Jackson," so writes Dr. Dabney, his former chief-of-staff, "exposed his life with his accustomed imperturbable bravery, riding among his batteries and directing their fire, and communicating his own indomitable spirit to his men. Yet he said to a Christian comrade that on no day of battle had he ever felt so calm an assurance that he should be preserved from all personal harm through the protection of his Heavenly Father."

In his report of this battle of Sharpsburg, General Lee gives the following picture of his army: "The arduous service in which our troops had been engaged, their great privations of rest and food, and the long marches, without shoes, over mountain roads, had greatly reduced our ranks before the action began. These causes had compelled thousands of brave men to absent themselves, and many more had done so from unworthy motives. This great battle was fought by less than forty thousand men on our side, all of whom had undergone the greatest labors and hardships in the field and on the march. Nothing could surpass the determined valor with which they met the large army of the enemy, fully supplied and equipped, and the result reflects the highest credit on the officers and men engaged."

The 18th was devoted by both armies to burying their dead and removing their wounded. On that day General Lee discovered that McClellan was ex-

pecting a large reinforcement of fresh troops, and, in view of the exhausted condition of his own forces, determined not to risk another battle, and therefore withdrew them to Virginia. He took with him all his wounded who could bear removal, not leaving behind an efficient man or a single gun. General Jackson was intrusted with the rear-guard, and, sitting on his horse in the middle of the Potomac, for hours he watched the passage of the troops across the stream. Not until he had seen the last man and the last gun safely upon the Virginia side did he cross over himself. He then marched his command four miles, and encamped near Martinsburg. General Pendleton, with thirty pieces of artillery, was posted upon an elevation overlooking the river, in order to prevent the Federals from crossing in pursuit. Meanwhile the alertness of the enemy resulted in an advance in considerable force, which planted their guns on the opposite shore. During the night a detachment crossed the river, and, completely surprising the Confederates, captured nearly all of their guns. General Pendleton, at midnight, reported to General Jackson (what he then believed to be true) that they had lost *every* gun! It is said the news of this appalling disaster caused Jackson more anxiety than he had ever shown before during the war. He immediately gave orders to effect the recovery of the captured guns, and started alone towards Boteler's Ford, which was a little below the position lost by Pendleton, having ordered his troops to follow him without delay. He was soon found by General Lee's couriers, without escort, far in advance of his troops, examining the position of the enemy. The gallant A. P. Hill ar-

rived first upon the ground, and, spreading out his division into two lines, charged with great spirit, regardless of the storm of shot and shell from the guns across the river. The enemy resisted by bearing heavily down against Hill's left; but, rallying his whole force, he made a second charge, and, sweeping down the hill, forced the enemy into the river, and, as he continued to fire upon them, but few reached the northern shore.

While Jackson was watching this night engagement, a second messenger from General Lee approached him for information, and the only remark he made was, "With the blessing of Providence, they will soon be driven back." In this contest the Confederates fought entirely without artillery, employing only the musket and bayonet. This brilliant affair was known as that of Boteler's Ford.

In this arduous campaign not one of Jackson's soldiers in the ranks endured more fatigue than he, and the mental strain was even more wearing upon him. In his rapid marches he sometimes was so overpowered by sleep that he could not resist it even when riding, and members of his staff found it necessary to support him in the saddle for fear of his falling. Several times he dismounted, and, leaning his head on a fence, and resting his outstretched arms upon it, would sleep for only five or ten minutes, having asked his staff to awaken him if he slept longer. He would not trust himself to lie down, lest his slumber might prove so profound as to render it difficult to arouse him.

An incident which occurred about the close of this campaign illustrates his kindness of heart. An old woman called at his headquarters, and, to the no

small amusement of the young staff-officers, said she had come to see her son John, who was with "Jackson's Company." She was much surprised that they could not tell her where John was, for he had been with "Jackson's Company" in all the battles. Her persistency somewhat annoyed the young men; but when Jackson came in and heard her simple story, he listened with as much politeness as if she were a grand lady, and after gently reproving the young men for laughing at her, he ordered that every company in his corps should be searched for "John," who was at last found, to the inexpressible delight of his loving old mother.

The general's next letter to his wife is dated

"BUNKER HILL, Oct. 6th.

"I am glad that you were privileged to keep Thanksgiving Day. We did not enjoy that blessing, I regret to say. I trust it was generally observed, and that rich blessings may flow from it through our ever-kind Heavenly Father. I also hope that on that day large contributions were made to our Bible Society. You and I have, as you say, special reason for gratitude to God for His goodness and mercy to us. . . . The citizens of Frederick did not present me the horse, as was published, though a Marylander gave me a fine-looking animal, possessed of great muscle and fine powers of endurance; but he was not gentle, and of this the donor notified me. Notwithstanding the notice, I mounted and rode him that evening, and he did well. The next morning, however, when I attempted again to ride him, he reared up and fell back with me, hurting me considerably. Miss Osbourn, of Jefferson,

sent me some excellent socks, and a beautiful scarf, which I wish my darling had. Our friend, Mrs. Graham, of Winchester, sent me two nice sponge-cakes last week, and a Mr. Vilwig, of the same place, sent me an excellent arm-chair for camp use. I wish I could keep it until the close of the war, as I think my *esposa* would enjoy it. You are earnestly remembered in my prayers."

A cessation of hostilities for a few weeks now gave the march-worn army of Northern Virginia a needed and grateful rest. Encamped on the banks of the Opequon, they literally revelled in their repose, in the beauties and delights of an unsurpassed autumn, and, above all, in the opportunity of refreshing the inner man, which was afforded by the productive farms of the valley. In the rich meadows and pastures their horses also luxuriated and recruited strength. Never were the sweets of rest and plenty more enjoyed by man and beast. The admiration and devotion of General Jackson's men had greatly intensified during this arduous campaign, and at his appearance they never failed to yell forth cheers, which were echoed and re-echoed by the more distant camps, as they sprang to their feet, exclaiming, "There comes old Jack!" This season of repose was not spent by their leader in inaction or idleness. He devoted himself to reorganizing his shattered troops—supplying them with shoes and clothing, and encouraging them in every way that he could minister to body and soul. With all his efforts, many of his men were left without shoes; but such was the magic of his name that his forces increased rapidly in numbers and efficiency.

On the 11th of October General Jackson received from the Confederate government his last promotion, which was that of lieutenant-general. October 13th he wrote to his wife again from Bunker Hill, in the vicinity of Winchester:

"I am sitting in my tent, about twelve miles from our 'war-home,' where you and I spent such a happy winter. The weather is damp, and for the past two days has been rainy and chilly. Yesterday was communion at Mr. Graham's church, and he invited me to be present, but I was prevented from enjoying that privilege. However, I heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Dr. Stiles.* His text was 1st Timothy, chap. ii., 5th and 6th verses. It was a powerful exposition of the Word of God; and when he came to the word '*himself*' he placed an emphasis upon it, and gave it a force which I had never felt before, and I realized that, truly, the sinner who does not, under Gospel privileges, turn to God deserves the agonies of perdition. The doctor several times, in appealing to the sinner, repeated the 6th verse—'Who gave *himself* a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' What more could God do than to give *himself* a ransom? Dr. Stiles is a great revivalist, and is laboring in a work of grace in General Ewell's division. It is a glorious thing to be a minister of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. There is no equal position in this world.

* Rev. Joseph C. Stiles, D.D., who had been a pastor in Richmond, from which he was called to New York to the Mercer Street Church, of which he was the pastor for some years. At the breaking-out of the war he went South, and cast in his lot with his own people.

"Colonel Blanton Duncan, of Kentucky, has presented me with two fine field or marine glasses. He has apparently taken a special interest in me."

"October 20th. Although I greatly desire to see our much-prized Winchester friends, it has not been my privilege to visit the town since last May. . . . Last night was very cold, but my good friend Dr. Hunter McGuire secured a camp-stove for me, and in consequence, to-day, I am comparatively quite comfortable. Don't send me any more socks, as the kind ladies have given me more than I could probably wear out in two years. God, through kind friends, is showering blessings upon me. . . . Let the soldiers have all your blankets. [This order was fulfilled, and finally all his carpets were sent to the army as covering for the suffering soldiers.]

"Don't trouble yourself about representations that are made of your husband. These things are earthly and transitory. There are real and glorious blessings, I trust, in reserve for us beyond this life. It is best for us to keep our eyes fixed upon the throne of God and the realities of a more glorious existence beyond the verge of time. It is gratifying to be beloved and to have our conduct approved by our fellow-men, but this is not worthy to be compared with the glory that is in reservation for us in the presence of our glorified Redeemer. Let us endeavor to adorn the doctrine of Christ our Saviour in all things, knowing that there awaits us 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I would not relinquish the slightest diminution of that glory for all this world can give. My prayer is that such may ever be the feeling of

my heart. It appears to me that it would be better for you not to have anything written about me. Let us follow the teaching of inspiration—'Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth: a stranger, and not thine own lips.' I appreciate the loving interest that prompted such a desire in my precious darling. . . . You have not forgotten my little intimation that we might meet before the end of the year, but I am afraid now that your *esposo* will not be able to leave his command. However, all this is in the hands of the Most High, and my prayer is that He will direct all for His own glory. Should I be prevented from going to see my precious little wife, and mother should grow worse, I wish you to remain with her. In addition to the comfort it would give her, it would also gratify me to know that she was comforted by your being with her. She has my prayers that it may please our Heavenly Father to restore her again to perfect health. Do not send me any more handkerchiefs, socks, or gloves, as I trust I have enough to last until peace. You think you can remember the names of all the ladies who make presents to me, but you haven't heard near all of them. An old lady in Tennessee, of about eighty years, sent me a pair of socks. A few days since a friend in Winchester presented me with a beautiful bridle and martingale for a general officer, according to the Army Regulations. Mr. Porter, of Jefferson, sent me a roll of gray cloth for a suit of clothes, and friends are continually sending things to contribute to my comfort. I mention all this merely to show you how much kindness has been shown me, and to give you renewed cause for gratitude. If I only had you with me in my

evenings, it would be such a comfort! I hope it may be my privilege to be in Winchester this winter. The people are so kind, and take a great interest in my *esposita*, and that gratifies me. . . . I am in a Sibley tent, which is of a beautiful conical shape, and I am sure you would enjoy being in it for a while."

"November 10th. Colonel A. R. Boteler telegraphs me from Richmond that arrangements are made for supplying my command with blankets. Yesterday about seventeen hundred and fifty were distributed in Winchester. There has been much suffering in my command for want of blankets and shoes, especially the latter."

"November 11th. . . . Tell Colonel E—— that I am glad to see he has so pleasant a post as Charlotte, and that *I* would rather be stationed there [where his wife then was] than anywhere else in the Confederacy. Colonel Boteler deserves the lasting gratitude of the country for having done so much towards clothing our men."

"November 17th. I am more concerned again about clothing, especially shoes and blankets, than I expected to be, from what I heard. Colonel Boteler is doing much, and has been the means of greatly contributing to the comfort of our men. . . . Our gracious Heavenly Father strikingly manifests his kindness to me by disposing people to bestow presents upon me."

He then gives the names of a number who had thus honored him, and closes by saying:

"And so God, my exceeding great joy, is continually showering His blessings upon me, an unworthy creature."

November 20th he wrote as follows:

"Don't you wish you were here in Winchester? Our headquarters are about one hundred yards from Mr. Graham's, in a large white house back of his, and in full view of our last winter's quarters, where my *esposa* used to come up and talk with me. Wouldn't it be nice for you to be here again? but I don't know how long you could remain. . . . I hope to have the privilege of joining in prayer for peace at the time you name, and trust that all our Christian people will; but peace should not be the chief object of prayer in our country. It should aim more especially to implore God's forgiveness of our sins, and make our people a holy people. If we are but His, all things shall work together for the good of our country, and no good thing will He withhold from it."

"Monday. If you had been in Winchester when I commenced this letter, you would not be there now, for your husband is no longer there, but his heart is with his little darling. Write to me at Gordonsville, as I hope to be there by Thursday."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GLIMPSES OF HOME JOYS.—BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER—1862.

It will now be a relief to turn aside for a season from the horrible pictures of war which have been so long before us to some more restful and attractive pages in the history of General Jackson's life. In order to do this, we will begin by going back as far as the spring of 1862, and glean some extracts from the letters of Mrs. Graham, of Winchester, in whose hospitable home we spent the first winter of the war; letters written to me from time to time, which will show how warm a friendship grew out of this association, and of which he was the chief subject.

The correspondence began soon after the first evacuation of Winchester by the Confederates, dating from the 3d of April, 1862.

"My dear Friend,— . . . The events of the past few weeks have been so strange, so new, and so dreadful, that I almost feel as if I had entered upon a new existence; and when I sit and recall the pleasant hours that we passed together last winter, and the dear general's brief but happy visits to us, with all that delightful interchange of Christian and social intercourse, it seems like a bright dream. 'Oh, could those days but come again!' I feel as though that would be almost too much happiness. The occupation of our town by

the Federals came upon me like a dreadful shock. I had never permitted myself to believe for an instant that they would ever get here. I had a firm conviction that reinforcements were somewhere within reach, for, of course, we knew that our general, brave and splendid as he is, could not withstand an overwhelming force with his little band, but still I believed something would turn up to keep them away; and when he came to tell us good-by, looking so sad (and I know he *felt* deeply grieved), I felt stunned, and could scarcely trust myself to speak, lest I should say something to add to his troubles. The agony of the next twenty-four hours, I trust, if it is God's will, may never be experienced by me again. It was, indeed, a bitter thing to feel that our own army was gone, and then to see the Yankees in such numbers, the main body marching to the music of their brass bands, but some tearing across the fields, up the alleys, and in every direction—'monarchs of all they surveyed'—it was too much for me, and I gave way completely. But I remembered that God reigns, and is *over all!* and I know this has not come upon us by accident. God has ordered and permitted it, and He has been better to us than all our fears. His angel has certainly encamped around our dwelling, and no harm has happened to us. It is really wonderful how we have been protected, while others have suffered so from their depredations. . . . Our ladies have a daily prayer-meeting, which is very delightful, and serves to strengthen our faith and help us to bear our trials. I firmly believe that God will deliver us and drive out our enemies. Their sojourn among us has greatly increased the secession feeling, and persons who had

never taken any part before have become violent. Indeed, the old town has stood up bravely for the South. This country is becoming completely desolated—the farms being stripped of everything, the fences all destroyed, and the farmers not planting any crops. There is no encouragement for them to do so, as long as the Yankees are here, for they take possession of everything they want. Their officers threaten to arrest every secessionist, but we are not intimidated, and I earnestly hope our general will come back before they have time. We do long and watch for the day when he will return at the head of his army, and we will give him such a welcome as no man ever did receive before."

"August 9th, 1862. . . . Although our master Pope does not allow us to write to our '*rebel*' friends, I expect to have an opportunity of sending a letter through the lines; but as he is certainly not our *rightful* master, and if I can so cheat him as to have a pleasant chat with you, my conscience will not be offended. While you were here, it became so natural for me to go into your room to communicate to you everything that was interesting or amusing, that now, when anything funny happens (for sometimes we do have occasion to laugh even now), I feel an intense desire to tell you about it, but have to content myself with imagining how we would laugh if we only had a chance. . . . That threatened oath of allegiance has been so long delayed that we hope it may not be carried out; but you may depend the thought was by no means agreeable that my dear husband would be picked up and put through the lines, not knowing whither to turn his feet, and I left with four little children with-

out protection or support. However, I had the calm and delightful *assurance* that our Father would not forsake us, but would make all things work together for our good. . . . God has certainly made use of your noble husband to do great things for his country. 'Them that honor me, I will honor,' is His own promise, and He has been faithful to His word. I think our dear general more entirely forgets *self* in his desire to glorify God than any one I ever knew—his humble, confiding trust in the Almighty gives me more comfort and more confidence than anything else. His qualities as a splendid general *all* admit, but the greatest of men often fail in their efforts; so, *far above* everything else do I prize his noble, Christian character, and I am thankful for the privilege which I enjoyed in being thrown so intimately with him. You remember I told you that I asked my Heavenly Father, if it was right for us to take boarders, to send me those who would be congenial, and He certainly *more* than answered my prayers. I thank Him for you both, my dear friend.

"How wonderfully God has protected your dear husband! Oh! how I do rejoice with you that 'his head has been covered in the day of battle!' May God, in His infinite and tender mercy, spare him from all harm, and continue to make him the instrument of our deliverance, if it is His will. Oh that He may give us such victories as may *compel* a peace—an honorable peace!

"The general's little visit to us was a perfect sunbeam. I never saw him look so fat and hearty, and he was as bright and happy as possible. He spent two evenings with us; the evening he arrived here

(which was Sunday) he came around, and said he did not think it was wrong to come *home* on Sunday. This was very gratifying to us. I don't remember ever experiencing more intense happiness than during that visit; and when I saw our dear general in his old place at the table, I could have screamed with delight! The children were very happy at seeing him. . . . When the Federal army last retreated, some of the frightened fugitives reported that the ladies of our town actually *fired on them.* Mother was seen to *kill two!*"

"October 13th. We watch with jealous and anxious eyes everything which looks like a retrograde tendency. I cannot help envying you your quiet home, far removed from the sight of war, but I have no doubt you would be even willing to exchange with me if you could have your husband with you. Well, so it is—'every heart knoweth its own bitterness.' But I assure you, this thing of being on the border, and subject at any time to be taken captives again, is indeed dreadful; every time they come it is worse than before. In this last retreat they tried to destroy everything—burned the depot and warehouses, but I think our troops captured a great deal. The explosion of their magazine was terrific, our house heaved, and the glass was broken in almost every house in town. We poor Winchester people have a hard time, don't we?

"I wish the general was near enough for me to minister to his comfort in many ways, for we *do love him.* I hope yet that we may see him. I was quite amused with Jim, who came to see me the other day.

You know you didn't give me a very exalted idea of Jim's talent in the culinary art, and I said in rather a commiserating tone, 'Jim, does the General get anything he wants to eat?' 'Oh! yes, madam, *I* cook. *I fare very well, and so do the staff!*' . . . I wish you could know how your husband is regarded here. I never saw such admiration as is felt for him by every one, and his Christian character elicits the greatest reverence and affection. It would have done your heart good to hear the prayers that were offered for *him* on the day of Thanksgiving."

"November 21st, 1862.

"My dear Friend,—I feel as if I cannot sleep to-night (although it is our bedtime) without writing a few lines just to tell you of a most delightful visit we had from your dear husband. He took his head-quarters in town day before yesterday, but he was too busy to come to see us. Mr. Graham called upon him yesterday, and he promised, if he could, to spend this evening with us; but this morning we witnessed the melancholy spectacle of our army moving off again, and we feared he would have to hurry off, without giving us the pleasure of seeing him. But he *did not* go, and *he did* come here to tea, and I tell you we had a pleasant time. It did seem so much like old times—those good old times of last winter; we were all so cosy in our dining-room, and around the table we did wish for you in your seat between us. Indeed, the presence of your dear little self was all that was wanting to complete the pleasure of the evening. He is looking in such perfect health—far *handsomer* than I ever saw him—and is in such fine

spirits, seemed so unreserved and unrestrained in his intercourse with us, that we did enjoy him to the full. The children begged to be permitted to sit up to see 'General Jackson,' and he really seemed overjoyed to see them, played with and fondled them, and they were equally pleased. I have no doubt it was a great recreation to him. He seemed to be living over last winter again, and talked a great deal about the hope of getting back to spend this winter with us, in that old room, which I told him I was keeping for you and him. He expects to leave to-morrow, but says he may come back yet. This would be *too* delightful. He certainly has had adulation enough to spoil him, but it seems not to affect or harm him at all. He is the same humble, dependent Christian, desiring to give God the glory, and looking to Him alone for a blessing, and not thinking of himself. This, I think, is a wonderful and beautiful trait, and one upon which I delight to dwell in my meditations upon him. The acquaintance that I have with him as an humble, trusting, and devoted follower of Christ is a source of the greatest consolation to me at all times. I always feel assured that he does everything under the guidance of our Heavenly Father, and this is the secret of his wonderful success.

"I fixed him a lunch for to-morrow, and we sat and talked so cosily, and the evening was concluded by bowing before the family altar again, and imploring our Father's blessing upon you and all of us, whatever may betide. Now, was not this a charming evening, and don't you wish *you* had been here?"

We now approach an event in the life of General

Jackson which gladdened his heart more than all his victories, and filled it with devout gratitude to the Giver of all good. On the 23d of November, 1862, God blest him with a daughter. To a man of his extreme domesticity and love for children this was a crowning happiness; and yet, with his great modesty and shrinking from publicity, he requested that he should not receive the announcement by telegraph, and when it came to him by letter he kept the glad tidings all to himself—leaving his staff and those around him in camp to hear of it through others. This was to him a "joy with which a stranger could not intermeddle," and from which his own hand could not lift the veil of sanctity.

The first intimation of his new happiness was a letter from his little daughter herself! The amanuensis was her aunt, Mrs. Irwin, at whose house she was born, in Charlotte, North Carolina, and this was the letter:

"My own dear Father,—As my mother's letter has been cut short by my arrival, I think it but justice that I should continue it. I know that you are rejoiced to hear of my coming, and I hope that God has sent me to radiate your pathway through life. I am a very tiny little thing. I weigh only eight and a half pounds, and Aunt Harriet says I am the express image of my darling papa, and so does our kind friend, Mrs. Osborne, and this greatly delights my mother. My aunts both say that I am a little beauty. My hair is dark and long, my eyes are blue, my nose straight just like papa's, and my complexion not all red like most young ladies of my age, but a beautiful

At twelve years. As a bride. At sixteen years.

JULIA, ONLY DAUGHTER OF GENERAL JACKSON.

Born November 23, 1862. Married Mr. William E. Christian June 2, 1885. Died August 30, 1889.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

blending of the lily and the rose. Now, all this would sound very vain if I were older, but I assure you I have not a particle of feminine vanity, my only desire in life being to nestle in close to my mamma, to feel her soft caressing touch, and to drink in the pearly stream provided by a kind Providence for my support. My mother is very comfortable this morning. She is anxious to have my name decided upon, and hopes you will write and give me a name, with your blessing. We look for my grandmother to-morrow, and expect before long a visit from my little cousin, Mary Graham Avery, who is one month my senior. I was born on Sunday, just after the morning services at church, but I believe my aunt wrote you all about the first day of my life, and this being only the second, my history may be comprised in a little space. But my friends, who are about me like guardian angels, hope for me a long life of happiness and holiness and a futurity of endless bliss.

"Your dear little wee Daughter."

These lovely little missives continued to reach the father until the mother was able once more to resume her pen, but only this one was ever recovered. In the meantime, he writes on the 4th of December:

. . . "Oh! how thankful I am to our kind Heavenly Father for having spared my precious wife and given us a little daughter! I cannot tell you how gratified I am, nor how much I wish I could be with you and see my two darlings. But while this pleasure is denied me, I am thankful it is accorded to you to have the little pet, and I hope it may be a great deal of com-

pany and comfort to its mother. Now don't exert yourself to write to me, for to know that you were taxing yourself to write would give me more pain than the letter would pleasure, so *you must not do it.* But you must *love your esposo* in the meantime. . . . I expect you are just made up now with that baby. Don't you wish your husband wouldn't claim any part of it, but let you have the sole ownership? Don't you regard it as the most precious little creature in the world? Do not spoil it, and don't let anybody tease it. Don't permit it to have a bad temper. How I would love to see the darling little thing! Give her many kisses for her father.

"At present I am about fifty miles from Richmond, and one mile from Guiney's Station, on the railroad from Richmond to Fredericksburg. Should I remain here, I do hope you and baby can come to see me before spring, as you can come on the railroad. Wherever I go, God gives me kind friends. The people here show me great kindness. I receive invitation after invitation to dine out, and spend the night, and a great many provisions are sent me, including nice cakes, tea, loaf-sugar, etc., and the socks and gloves and handkerchiefs still come!

"I am so thankful to our ever-kind Heavenly Father for having so improved my eyes as to enable me to write at night. He continually showers blessings upon me; and that *you* should have been spared, and our darling little daughter given us, fills my heart with overflowing gratitude. If I know my unworthy self, my desire is to live *entirely and unreservedly to God's glory.* Pray, my darling, that I may so live."

In response to his baby-daughter's first letter, he closes by saying: "Thank sister H—— very kindly, and give the baby-daughter a shower of kisses from her father, and tell her that he loves her better than all the baby-boys in the world, and more than all the other babies in the world."

This was to reassure his wife, who feared he would be disappointed at not having a boy. He desired a son, believing that men had a larger sphere of usefulness than women; but his own will was so entirely in subjection to that of his Heavenly Father that he said he *preferred* having a daughter, since God had so ordained it.

December 3d he wrote to his sister-in-law, thanking her for her kindness, and saying: "I fear I am not grateful enough for unnumbered blessings. . . . I trust God will answer the prayers offered for peace on last Monday. Not much comfort is to be expected until this cruel war terminates. I haven't seen my wife since last March, and, never having seen my child, you can imagine with what interest I look to North Carolina."

December 10th, he writes to his wife: "This morning I received a charming letter from my darling little daughter, Julia." He had given her the name of his mother, whose memory was so dear to him. But immediately, as if his heart trembled at the very thought of so much happiness, he adds: "Do not set your affections upon her, except as a gift from God. If she absorbs too much of our hearts, God may remove her from us."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

From these thoughts of home, it is an abrupt change to the field of war. But the two armies, while enjoying a few weeks of rest, had been in preparation for a renewal of the great struggle. The battle of Sharpsburg (or Antietam), followed as it was by the withdrawal of Lee across the Potomac into Virginia, was regarded in Washington as a great victory, and there was a loud demand that McClellan, flushed with success and strengthened by large reinforcements, should push his advantage to the utmost. Day after day came the order from the War Department for an immediate attack, till at last, impatient of delay, he was relieved from command, and Burnside placed in his stead, who promptly advanced to Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, behind which Lee, following the movement, proceeded at once to concentrate his whole force. To support him Jackson was ordered from Winchester, and he conveyed his troops to Fredericksburg within eight days, having given them a rest of two days to relieve those who were without shoes, for, with all his efforts to provide for their necessities, many still remained barefooted, to whom it was so painful to march that numbers fell out of the ranks and had to be left behind. But by the greatest exertions his command was brought to the scene of ac-

tion, and his last message to me before the battle was, "My headquarters are several miles from Fredericksburg, and the cannonading near there has been very heavy this morning." By the 12th of December the Federals crossed the Rappahannock, took possession of Fredericksburg, and prepared to sweep everything before them.

The next morning (the memorable 13th), as General Jackson rode forth to battle his appearance attracted unusual attention. He had just received a present from General Jeb Stuart of an elegant new uniform, which was in such striking contrast with his old suit (of which he had taken no thought, nor given any time to replace it during his arduous Valley Campaign) that his soldiers scarcely recognized him. Galloping down the lines with his staff, he soon attracted the attention of the Federal sharp-shooters; but he safely reached the summit of a hill, where General Lee was watching the progress of affairs. A Confederate artilleryman, Wm. Page Carter, gives the following graphic picture of Jackson as he came on the field:

"A general officer, mounted upon a superb bay horse and followed by a single courier, rode up through our guns. Looking neither to the right nor the left, he rode straight to the front, halted, and seemed gazing intently on the enemy's line of battle on the old telegraph road.

"The outfit before me, from top to toe, cap, coat, pants, top-boots, horse and furniture, were all of the new order of things. But there was something about the man that did not look so new, after all. He appeared to be an old-time friend of all this turmoil around him. As he had done us the honor to make

an afternoon call on the artillery, I thought it becoming in some one to say something on the occasion. No one did, however; so, although a somewhat bashful and weak-kneed youngster, I plucked up courage enough to venture the remark that those big guns over the river had been knocking us about pretty considerably during the day. He quickly turned his head, and I knew in an instant who it was before me. The clear-cut, chiselled features; the thin, compressed, and determined lips; the neatly trimmed chestnut beard; the calm, steadfast eye, that could fathom the tide of battle in a moment; the countenance to command respect, and, in time of war, to give the soldier that confidence he so much craves from a superior officer, were all there. And there was one I had heard so much of and had longed so much to see, whose battle front I was then to look upon for the first time, but not, however, the last. As I said before, he turned his head quickly, and looking me all over in about two seconds, he rode up the line and away quietly and as silently as he came, his little courier hard upon his heels; and this was my first sight of Stonewall Jackson."

Dr. Dabney describes the array of armies on the morning of the battle:

"It was now past nine o'clock, and the sun, mounting up the eastern sky with almost a summer power, was rapidly exhaling the mist. As the white folds dissolved and rolled away, disclosing the whole plain to view, such a spectacle met the eyes of the generals as the pomps of earth can seldom rival. Marshalled upon the vast arena between them stood the hundred

and twenty-five thousand foes, with countless batteries of field-guns blackening the ground. Long triple lines of infantry crossed the field from right to left, and hid their western extreme in the streets of the little city; while down the valleys, descending from the Stafford Heights to the bridges, were pouring in vast avalanches of men, the huge reserves. For once, war unmasked its terrible proportions to the view with a distinctness hitherto unknown in the forest-clad landscapes of America; and the plain of Fredericksburg presented a panorama that was dreadful in its grandeur. . . . Lee stood upon his chosen hill of observation, inspiring every spectator by his calm heroism, with his two great lieutenants beside him, and reviewed every quarter of the field with his glass. It was then that Longstreet, to whose sturdy breast the approach of battle seemed to bring gayety, said to Jackson: 'General, do not all these multitudes frighten you?' He replied: 'We shall see very soon whether I shall not frighten them.'"

The generals soon sought their respective positions, and the battle opened with a furious cannonade — two hundred guns thundering from the heights occupied by the enemy—and the opposite hills returning the fire with all the skill and power of which an inferior force was capable. A vivid description of the conflict itself is furnished by a young Confederate officer:

"The whole battle-field was the most dramatic and imposing tableau I ever witnessed. . . . The low grounds of the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg spread into a plain of some miles in width, bounded by a

range of low wooded hills, which terminate on the lower side in the Massaponax low grounds, and on the upper in a series of rather high and abrupt bluffs next to the river and above the town. At one point in this line of hills a wooded marsh projects far into the plain.

"Imagine now this long line of wooded hills peopled with men—every little promontory bristling with artillery, the whole line of railway at the foot of the hills and every hedge-row and ditch gleaming with bayonets, and you have what must have been the impression of the Yankees of our position. Again, stand with me upon one of the same little promontories and look out upon their lines, and see what we saw. Far upon the left the smoke from the smouldering ruins of the town, and Longstreet's campfires seem to blend together; while in front, and almost as far as the eye can reach to the right and left, you see the blue-coated Federal lines extended, well-armed, well-equipped, and seemingly assured of success. Behind them the hills seem crowded with artillery, which can hurl their missiles to the very foot of the hills upon which we stand. The word is given to advance. How gallantly they come on! Not a sound is heard from our side except the sharp crack of our skirmishers as they fall back slowly before the overwhelming advance. The air seems alive with the whistling of shot and shell which the enemy send as precursors to their infantry charge. Suddenly a battery of thirty guns, from just where we are standing, opens upon the column of attack. They falter, and reel, and stagger; they rally, and break, and rally again; but in vain: flesh and blood cannot stand it; they retire routed and confused. At that moment

an officer gallops wildly up to General Jackson, and exclaims, in almost breathless haste: 'General, the enemy have broken through Archer's left, and General Gregg says he must have help, or he and General Archer will both lose their position.' The general turned round as quietly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, and ordered up Early's division to support the centre. Yet every one said afterwards that this was the turning-point of the day. In about an hour the footing which the enemy had gained in the wood was recovered by Trimble and Thomas, and they were pursued far into the plain. This was all I saw of the fight."

Longstreet's troops were equally successful in repelling their opponents, and when the day closed the victory was complete.

During the battle, while there was a lull in the fiercest hostilities, General Jackson, desiring to inspect the positions of the enemy, rode to his extreme right, dismounted, and, accompanied only by his aide, Mr. Smith, walked far out into the plain. They were soon singled out by a sharp-shooter, who sent a bullet whizzing between their heads, which were not more than two paces apart. The general turned to his companion with a humorous smile, and said: "Mr. Smith, had you not better go to the rear? They may shoot you!"

At the close of this memorable day, General Jackson went to his tent, and there found Colonel Boteler, who was his right-hand man in carrying despatches to the government, and in co-operating with him in every way. The colonel was invited to share his pallet with him, but he sat up himself some time longer, writ-

ing and sending despatches. Weariness at last compelled him to throw himself down without undressing, and, after sleeping profoundly for two or three hours, he rose, lighted his candle, and continued his writing. In glancing around, he noticed that the light of his candle shone full in the face of his friend, whom he supposed to be still sleeping, and with the quick thoughtfulness of a woman he placed a book upon his table in front of the candle, so as to shield his face from the light and not interrupt his slumber.

General Jackson was much concerned at hearing of the mortal wounding of General Gregg, of South Carolina, on the previous day. About four o'clock on this morning he sent for Dr. McGuire to learn his condition, which he was told was beyond hope. The surgeon was requested to go again and see that the dying man had everything he could desire, but by the time he reached his bedside footsteps were heard behind him, and Jackson appeared in the doorway, having been impelled by his feelings to follow himself, and take a farewell of his brave and heroic subordinate. The brief interview was tender and touching, and sad and silent the commander rode back with Dr. McGuire to his tent.

When he ordered his servant, Jim, to bring his "Little Sorrel" for him to ride on this occasion, Jim protested against his using this horse, which he had ridden during the whole of the battle of the previous day, and an amusing war of words passed between them; but Jim had it in his power to gain the victory, and brought out another horse, which the general mounted, and rode off, attended by a single aide.

The Confederate generals expected a renewal of hostilities the next day, and their army was eager for another attack, but the Federals failed to advance. On Monday, the 15th, a flag of truce was sent by the enemy, requesting permission to care for their wounded, who had been left upon the frozen ground ever since the day of battle. Then under the cover of night, and while a storm of wind and rain was raging, they crossed their whole force over the river, conducting their retreat so silently that it was wholly concealed from the Confederates. They marched in such silence through the streets of Fredericksburg that the people generally (who had been shut up in their homes) did not know that the vast hordes were pouring out of their town. When a few, hearing the continuous tramp of men and horses, looked out with candles in hand, they were startled at finding the streets packed with multitudes with faces turned northward, and they were commanded in peremptory whispers: "Put out that light! put out that light!" —while some of the officers even rushed up to them, blew out their lights, and thrust them back into the houses. When the dreary morning dawned, the Confederates were surprised to find that the mighty host which had confronted them for three days had disappeared from before Fredericksburg, and were once more in their camp on the other side of the river. They admitted a loss of twelve thousand men killed and wounded, nine thousand small-arms, and about a thousand prisoners. In repelling the attacks of their vast army, General Lee had less than twenty-five thousand men actually engaged, and had lost but four thousand two hundred. Of these twenty-nine hun-

dred were killed and wounded in the corps of Jackson; and there were, in addition, five hundred and twenty-six officers and men captured. This great battle of Fredericksburg ended the campaign of 1862, which to the Confederates was the most brilliant and successful of the war.

December 16th General Jackson wrote to his wife:

"Yesterday, I regret to say, I did not send you a letter. I was on the front from before dawn until after sunset. The enemy, through God's blessing, was repulsed at all points on Saturday, and I trust that our Heavenly Father will continue to bless us. We have renewed reason for gratitude to Him for my preservation during the last engagement. We have to mourn the deaths of Generals Maxey Gregg and Thomas R. R. Cobb. The enemy has recrossed to the north side of the Rappahannock. . . . I was made very happy at hearing through my baby daughter's last letter that she had entirely recovered, and that she 'no longer saw the doctor's gray whiskers.' I was much gratified to learn that she was beginning to notice and smile when caressed. I tell you, I would love to caress her and see her smile. Kiss the little darling for her father and give my grateful love to sister H——."

"December 18th. Our headquarters are now about twelve miles below Fredericksburg, near the house of Mr. Richard Corbin, which is one of the most beautiful buildings I have seen in this country. It is said to have cost sixty thousand dollars. Night before last

I was about to spend the night in the woods, but sent to ask if we could procure our supper at the house. Mr. Corbin was absent, serving as a private in the Virginia cavalry, but Mrs. Corbin bountifully supplied us, and requested me to spend the night at her house, which invitation was thankfully accepted, and I had a delightful night's rest. The next morning she urged me to remain, and offered me a neat building in the yard for my office, but I declined, and am now about five hundred yards from the house, encamped in the woods. She told me that if at any time I needed house room, she could let me have it. [He afterwards moved into the office in the yard, and spent most of the time he was in winter-quarters there.]

"Baby's letters are read with great interest, and it does her father's heart great good to read them. . . . I have much work before me, and to-day I expect to commence in earnest. The reports of the battles of McDowell, Winchester, Port Republic, Richmond, Manassas, the Maryland campaign, Harper's Ferry, and Fredericksburg have all yet to be written. But something has been done towards several of them by my staff."

"Christmas, 1862. Yesterday I received the baby's letter with its beautiful lock of hair. How I do want to see that precious baby! and I do earnestly pray for peace. Oh that our country was such a Christian, God-fearing people as it should be! Then might we very speedily look for peace. Last evening I received a letter from Dr. Dabney, saying: 'One of the highest gratifications both Mrs. Dabney and I could enjoy would be another visit from Mrs. Jackson when her

health is re-established,' and he invites me to meet you there. He and Mrs. Dabney are very kind, but it appears to me that it is better for me to remain with my command so long as the war continues, if our gracious Heavenly Father permits. The army suffers immensely by absentees. If all our troops, officers and men, were at their posts, we might, through God's blessing, expect a more speedy termination of the war. The temporal affairs of some are so deranged as to make a strong plea for their returning home for a short time; but our God has greatly blessed me and mine during my absence; and whilst it would be a great comfort to see you and our darling little daughter, and others in whom I take special interest, yet duty appears to require me to remain with my command. It is important that those at headquarters set an example by remaining at the post of duty.

"Dr. Dabney writes: 'Our little prayer-meeting is still meeting daily to pray for our army and leaders.' This prayer-meeting may be the means of accomplishing more than an army. I wish that such existed everywhere. How it does cheer my heart to hear of God's people praying for our cause and for me! I greatly prize the prayers of the pious."

"December 29th. Yesterday I had the privilege of attending divine service in a church near General Hill's headquarters, and enjoyed the services very much. Dr. White says in a recent letter that our pew at home has been constantly occupied by Wheeling refugees. I am gratified to hear it. He also adds, 'How we would rejoice to see you and our dear friend, Mrs. Jackson, again in that pew, and in the

lecture-room at prayer-meetings! We still meet every Wednesday afternoon to pray for our army, and especially for our general.' May every needful blessing rest upon you and our darling child is the earnest prayer of your devoted husband."

The next two letters were written to a young relative, a nephew of his mother from West Virginia, who applied to him for a position in the army:

. . . "In reply to your intention of going into service, I am gratified at your determination, and would recommend you to enter the army under General John Echols, as it is operating in the western part of the State, to which climate you are accustomed. I would like to have you with me if I had a place to which I could properly assign you; but you had better join General Echols at once, and by your attention to duty I hope you will, through the blessing of God, render valuable service to our precious cause."

In a second letter of April 2d, 1863, he says:

"I am much gratified to hear that you followed my suggestion, and trust you will have no reason to regret it. We should always be usefully employed, and if we are faithful in doing our duty in one position, it frequently follows that we are advanced to a higher one. In regard to your question whether our section of the State will get relief this summer, I am unable to say. My command is not a separate one. I am under General Lee, and my corps forms a part of his army. I hope the Northwest will soon be reclaimed,

but I do not know what the government designs respecting it this summer.

"I have a little daughter, and have named her Julia after my mother. I don't suppose you have any recollection of mother, as she has been dead nearly thirty years. In the summer of 1855 I visited her grave in Fayette County. My wife and child are with her father in North Carolina.

"I hope you are a Christian. There is no happiness like that experienced by a child of God. You have an interest in my prayers."

The following incidents are from the pen of the Rev. James P. Smith, D.D., of Fredericksburg, who was a member of General Jackson's staff:

"When I was a private soldier, a member of the Rockbridge Artillery, I went to headquarters with a written application for leave of absence for one night to visit a sick relative in a distant camp. The general kindly recognized me, shook hands, and when I presented the application he read and returned it, saying, 'I can't approve your leave of absence, Mr. Smith.' I was greatly disappointed, and felt somewhat hurt at what seemed to me to be a harsh and arbitrary decision; but Mrs. Jackson afterwards told me that he wrote to her that he regretted that the regulation would not permit him to grant the leave. [Mr. Smith was a friend of his wife.] While I was still in the artillery, in the early spring of 1862, and encamped at Rude's Hill, the general came to our camp one day in my absence, and created a great stir by asking for Corporal Smith. Great expectations were aroused that Corporal Smith was to

be appointed to some office or special duty, but on my return it was found he had called to leave me *a package of religious tracts for distribution in the camp!*

"At Frederick City, Maryland, I received a message to call at General Jackson's headquarters, when he asked me to accept the position of aide-de-camp on his staff. It was a great surprise to me, and at first embarrassed me. He spoke kindly of his desire to have me with him, and of the time it would take me to prepare for his service [in getting a uniform], saying, '*I have but one suit myself, sir.*' He gave me leave of absence from the army for six days to go back to Virginia to secure clothing, etc., saying, 'I need your services as soon as possible.' He was exceedingly gracious and pleasant in manner and word to me.

"One evening, when our headquarters were at Milnwood, Clarke County, Virginia, the young men became convinced that the general and his army would pass over the mountain gap near by to Eastern Virginia. I was exceedingly anxious to visit Winchester before we went east, and went to his tent, saying, 'General, as we are going across the mountains to-morrow, I wish to go to Winchester early in the morning.' He smiled in a peculiar way and said, 'Are you going over the mountains to-morrow? Then, certainly, Mr. Smith you can go to Winchester; but *don't tell* any one that we are going over the mountains,' and he laughed at my expense. I went to Winchester early in the morning, and, after an hour or so, was returning on the Milnwood road, when, at a turn of the road, I suddenly met General Jackson and staff. He laughed as I rode up, saying, 'Are you going over the mountains, Mr. Smith?' And I found that, instead of going over

the mountains, he was moving his headquarters to Winchester, apparently for the winter.

"The general and myself rode with orderlies from Orange Court-House down the plank-road in December, 1862, dining at the Rev. Melzi Chancellor's, near the Wilderness church, turning to the right at Salem church, where we saw many refugees from Fredericksburg in the falling snow. We passed Mrs. French's place, and found General Lee's headquarters after dark, on the main road, the tent pitched in the pine woods. General Lee's reception was exceedingly kind and hospitable. After a little while General Jackson took me out, and told me to ride to a house near by and ask for lodging during the night. The host was a vehement old gentleman, who at first refused sharply to hear me, but when I succeeded in making him understand that General Jackson wanted entertainment, he was greatly aroused, threw open his door, and told me to tell General Jackson to come at once to his house—that all he had was the general's. He entertained us with great hospitality and quite comfortably. The next night our tents were near the residence of Mrs. French, by whose invitation the general and two or three of our young men took tea with her. It was a charming and memorable Sunday evening. The house was warm and bright, and the society most agreeable, after a long campaign and hard marching. The tea-table was more than attractive. I remember the general as seated on a sofa, between Mrs. French and old Miss Hetty Lily, and that, at Mrs. French's request, he took the family Bible and conducted family worship, after which we took leave, and went through the snow to our cheerless tents.

"The general suggested to me to prepare for a dinner on Christmas Day. He wished to invite General Lee and others to dine with him. I had the good fortune to secure a fine turkey; a bucket of oysters came from down the river; a box was received by the general from some Staunton ladies, containing a variety of good things; and our dinner was quite well set forth. Generals Lee, Stuart, Pendleton, and others were guests. General Lee rallied us very much on our affectation—a dining-room servant with a white apron on specially amused him. He often laughed at us for 'playing soldiers,' and said we lived too well.

"General Jackson always enjoyed the visits of General Stuart, whose gayety and humor charmed him, and no one thought of being so familiar with our general as Stuart. On this occasion he made himself very merry at finding Jackson in the office of old Mr. Corbin, whose walls were decorated with pictures of race-horses, fine stock, game-cocks, and a *famous rat-terrier!* To the great amusement of Jackson and his guests, Stuart pretended to regard these as General Jackson's *own selections*, and as indications of his *private tastes—indicating a great decline in his moral character*, which would be a grief and disappointment to the pious old ladies of the South. To add to the merriment, General Jackson had received among his presents a cake of butter, with a gallant chanticleer stamped upon it, and this adorned the table. General Stuart held it up in his hands, and called the company to witness that their host actually carried his sporting tastes so far that he had his favorite game-cock stamped on his butter, as though it were a coat-of-arms!

"During the winter spent at Moss Neck, General Jackson took me with him to General Lee's headquarters on one occasion when a deep snow was falling. General Lee said he regretted that General Jackson should come out such a day, whereupon the latter, smiling pleasantly, said: 'I received your note, sir, saying you wished to see me.'

"I remember a pleasant visit to Hayfield, the residence of a Mr. Taylor. Generals Lee, Stuart, Pendleton, and Jackson were present, with Pelham and other staff-officers. General Lee was very facetious, and described these general officers to old Mrs. Taylor with much good humor. He told her that 'General Jackson, who was smiling so pleasantly near her, was the most cruel and inhuman man she had ever seen.' She demurred, saying she had always heard that General Jackson was '*a good, Christian man.*' General Lee said, 'Why, when we had the battle up at Fredericksburg, do you know, Mrs. Taylor, it was as much as we could do to prevent him from taking his men, with bayonets on their guns, and driving the enemy into the river?' Mrs. Taylor began to see his humor, and said: 'Well, General Lee, if the Yankees ever cross here, at our place, I hope you won't prevent him from driving them into the river.'"

In these pleasant winter-quarters at Moss Neck, the residence of Mr. Corbin, General Jackson remained until spring.

CHAPTER XX.

WINTER-QUARTERS, CHAPLAINS, AND CORRESPONDENCE—1863.

After the battle of Fredericksburg there was no other advance of the enemy during the winter; and General Jackson spent a peaceful, but very industrious, winter at Moss Neck. The winter-quarters of his troops extended from near Guiney's Station towards Port Royal; and after providing them with shelter, which consisted of huts built by themselves, he devoted himself to writing his reports, and to the general welfare of his troops, both temporal and spiritual. Particularly did he bend his energies towards disciplining and strengthening his command. The almost superhuman exertions in marching and fighting had caused many soldiers to absent themselves from the army without leave, and this was an evil for which he had no toleration, and which he made the most strenuous efforts to correct. He was also greatly interested this winter in providing his army with chaplains, and in trying to infuse more zeal into those who were already in this service. He encouraged all denominations to labor in his command, co-operating with each in every way in his power. All he wished to know of a man was that he was a true Christian and an earnest worker in the cause of his Master. Roman Catholics were granted the same facilities as Protestants for holding their services. On one occasion a priest ap-

plied to him for a tent in which to conduct worship with soldiers of his own faith, and Jackson, after satisfying himself by inquiry that he was a man of exemplary character, granted his request, and, with a decision that restrained all adverse expressions against it, he added: "He shall have it, I care not what may be said on the subject." A Presbyterian minister, in describing a service held in the general's camp, said: "So we had a Presbyterian sermon, introduced by Baptist services, under the direction of a Methodist chaplain, in an Episcopal church! Was not that a beautiful solution of the vexed problem of Christian union?"

Of the religious character of General Jackson this preacher said: "The sentiment which fills his soul is his sense of the necessity and power of prayer—prayer in the army; prayer for the army; prayer by the whole country. I am sure it makes him glad and strong to know how many of the best people in the world pray for him without ceasing." He pictures the general's "firm and hopeful face," "the placid diligence of his daily toils," and his attendance on the service in the little log church built by his own soldiers, "which was already so full upon his arrival that the men were said to be packed like herrings in a barrel, and he and General Paxton modestly retired, lest they should displace some already within. One could not sit in that pulpit and meet the concentrated gaze of those men without deep emotion. I remembered that they were the veterans of many a bloody field. The eyes which looked into mine, waiting for the gospel of peace, had looked as steadfastly upon whatever is terrible in war. The voices which now poured

forth their strength in singing the songs of Zion had shouted in the charge and the victory. . . . Their *earnestness* of aspect constantly impressed me. . . . They looked as if they had come on business, and very important business, and the preacher could scarcely do otherwise than feel that he, too, had business of moment there!"

A chaplain relates that on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg he saw an officer, wrapped in his overcoat so that his marks of rank could not be seen, lying just in the rear of a battery, quietly reading his Bible. He approached and entered into conversation on the prospects of the impending battle, but the officer soon changed the conversation to religious topics, and the chaplain was led to ask, "Of what regiment are you chaplain?" What was his astonishment to find that the quiet Bible-reader and fluent talker upon religious subjects was none other than the famous Stonewall Jackson.

During one of his battles, while he was waiting in the rear of a part of his command which he had put in position to engage the attention of the enemy while another division had been sent to flank them, a young officer on his staff gave him a copy of the sketch of "Captain Dabney Carr Harrison," a young Presbyterian minister, widely known and loved in Virginia, who had been killed at Fort Donelson. He expressed himself as highly gratified at getting the sketch, and entered into an earnest conversation on the power of Christian example. He was interrupted by an officer, who reported "the enemy advancing," but paused only long enough to give the laconic order, "Open on them," and then resumed the conversation, which he contin-

ued for some time, only pausing now and then to receive despatches and give necessary orders.

General Jackson's views on the work of the spiritual improvement of his army, which so absorbed his heart and labors the last winter of his life, are expressed in a letter to his pastor, in which he says:

"You suggest that I give my views and wishes in such form and extent as I am willing should be made public. This I shrink from doing, because it looks like presumption in me to come before the public and even intimate what course I think should be pursued by the people of God. I have had so little experience in church matters as to make it proper, it seems to me, to keep quiet beyond the expression of my views to friends. Whilst I feel that this is the proper course for me to pursue, and the one which is congenial to my feelings, yet if you and Colonel Preston, who have both had large experience in the church, after prayerful consideration, are of opinion that my name, in connection with my wishes, will be the means of doing good, I do not desire any sensibility that I may have to be a drawback in the way. I desire myself and all that I have to be dedicated to the service of God. . . . After maturely considering what I write, and after prayerful consultation between yourself and Colonel Preston, *you* can with propriety publish, should you think best, anything I may have said, *without saying that such was my view.*

"My views are summed up in these few words: Each Christian branch of the Church should send into the army some of its most prominent ministers, who are distinguished for their piety, talents, and

zeal; and such ministers should labor to produce concert of action among chaplains and Christians in the army. These ministers should give special attention to preaching to regiments which are without chaplains, and induce them to take steps to get chaplains; to let the regiments name the denomination from which they desire chaplains selected; and then to see that suitable chaplains are secured. A bad selection of a chaplain may prove a curse instead of a blessing. If a few prominent ministers thus connected with each army would cordially co-operate, I believe that glorious fruits would be the result. Denominational distinctions should be kept out of view, and not touched upon; and, as a general rule, I do not think that a chaplain who would preach denominational sermons should be in the army. His congregation is his regiment, and it is composed of persons of various denominations. I would like to see no questions asked in the army as to what denomination a chaplain belongs; but let the question be, 'Does he preach the Gospel?' The neglect of spiritual interests in the army may be partially seen in the fact that not half of my regiments have chaplains."

General Jackson selected the Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy (who was commissioned by the government as a general chaplain) to begin this plan of labor, and it proved very successful. His mission was to preach at headquarters every Sabbath while the troops were in camp. A temporary pulpit and rough seats were constructed in an open field, and here all were invited to come and worship. Dr. Lacy was an able speaker, attractive and interesting; and the constant at-

tendance of General Jackson and frequent appearance of General Lee and other distinguished officers soon drew vast crowds of soldiers to the scene, and many became changed men. General Jackson often seated himself in the ranks, in the midst of his humblest soldiers, setting them an example by his devout attention and delight in the services, and, by his personal interest, leading them to follow the great Captain of their salvation. He requested all the chaplains and evangelists in his corps to meet together weekly for conference over their duties, and to report the progress of their labors. His sense of delicacy forbade his own attendance on these meetings, but he manifested the liveliest interest in them — always greeting Dr. Lacy upon his return from the meetings in his accustomed military style, saying to him: "Now come and report." "The stated meetings of the chaplains," says Dr. Dabney, "were the means of awakening them to a greatly increased zeal and fidelity, as well as of adding system and concert to their labors, so that this service was now thoroughly renovated. Thus the energy of General Jackson's will, though so modestly exerted, made itself felt among his chaplains, just as among his staff and field officers, in communicating efficiency and vigor to all their performance of duty."

The Stonewall Brigade was the first to build a log chapel, which was formally dedicated to the service of God. Others soon followed the example, and, thus protected against the rigors of winter, the soldiers frequently met during the week for prayer, praise, and Bible instruction—the sacred pages being illuminated by pine torches from the forest. General Jack-

son often attended these meetings, and led in humble, earnest prayer.

General J. B. Gordon, the late Governor of Georgia, and now for the second time representing his State in the United States Senate, testifies to the good wrought by these services in the army. In a letter appealing for chaplains to be sent by the churches, he says: "Daily in the great temple of nature, and at night by heaven's chandeliers, are audiences of from one to two thousand men anxious to hear the way of life. Many of them, neglected, as I must say they have been by Christians at home, are daily professing religion — men grown old in sin, and who never blanched in the presence of the foe, are made to tremble under a sense of guilt, and here in the forests and fields are being converted to God; young men, over whose departure from the paternal roof and from pious influences have been shed so many bitter tears, have been enabled, under the preaching of a few faithful ministers, to give parents and friends at home such assurances as to change those *bitter* tears into tears of rejoicing."

General Jackson had one other project for the spiritual welfare of his country, which was the establishment of a Christian daily newspaper. His views on this subject will be seen in the following letter to his father-in-law:

"Near FREDERICKSBURG, March 28th, 1863.

"Rev. Dr. R. H. MORRISON:

"DEAR SIR,—Knowing that you take a deep interest in the progress of the church, I write to say that on yesterday the proclamation of our President for a

day of humiliation and prayer received in the army a more general response than I have seen on any similar occasion since the beginning of the war. . . . It was arranged among the chaplains that each one of them should preach twice yesterday—once to their own troops, and once to other troops, thus giving an opportunity of having the Gospel preached as extensively as practicable. I trust that yesterday was a solemn day throughout the Confederacy, and hope its good fruits will be abundant, and that God in His mercy will give us a speedy peace, so marked by His interposing hand that all shall recognize and acknowledge it as His gift.

"I feel a deep interest in seeing a Christian daily paper established. I believe there is not a single daily paper in the country but which violates the Sabbath by printing on that holy day for its Monday's issue. I have thought upon this subject for several years, and it appears to me that now is a good time to start such a paper whilst our country is in trouble, and is looking to God for assistance. How can we consistently ask God to bless us when we continue to encourage, for the gratification of curiosity, a disregard for His holy law? Such a paper as it appears to me is demanded would give us as early news as is at present received at the printing-office on Sunday, as the paper, which would be mailed on Monday, would be printed on Saturday instead of Sunday. If such a paper could be established, it might be the means of influencing the future course of our country. What do you think of such an undertaking?

"Very truly yours,

"T. J. Jackson."

His increasing solicitude for the spiritual good of his country is shown in the following letter to Colonel Boteler on the subject of Sabbath mails. These views have before been given; but as this letter was perhaps his last appeal on the subject, this fact may add more weight to them:

"I have read the Congressional report of the committee recommending the repeal of the law requiring the mails to be carried on the Sabbath; and I hope that you will feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to urge its repeal. I do not see how a nation that thus arrays itself, by such a law, against God's holy day can expect to escape His wrath. The punishment of national sins must be confined to this world, as there are no nationalities beyond the grave. For fifteen years I have refused to mail letters on Sunday, or to take them out of the office on that day, except since I came into the field; and, so far from having to regret my course, it has been a source of true enjoyment. I have never sustained loss in observing what God enjoins; and I am well satisfied that the law should be repealed at the earliest practicable moment. My rule is, to let the Sabbath mails remain unopened, unless they contain a despatch; but despatches are generally sent by couriers or telegraph, or some special messenger. I do not recollect a single instance of any special despatch having reached me, since the commencement of the war, by the mails.

"If you desire the repeal of the law, I trust you will bring all your influence to bear in its accomplishment. Now is the time, it appears to me, to effect so desirable an object. I understand that not only our

President, but also most of his Cabinet and a majority of our Congressmen are professing Christians. God has greatly blessed us, and I trust He will make us that people whose God is the Lord. Let us look to God for an illustration in our history that 'righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

"Very truly your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON."

To his friend Colonel Preston, of Lexington, he wrote with the same zeal, saying:

"I greatly desire to see peace—*blessed peace.* And I am persuaded that if God's people throughout the Confederacy will earnestly and perseveringly unite in imploring His interposition for peace, we may expect it. Let our government acknowledge the God of the Bible as its God, and we may expect soon to be a happy and independent people. It appears to me that extremes are to be avoided; and it also appears to me that the old United States occupied an extreme position in the means it took to prevent the union of Church and State. We call ourselves a Christian people; and, in my opinion, our government may be of the same character, without connecting itself with an established Church. It does appear to me that as our President, our Congress, and our people have thanked God for victories, and prayed to Him for additional ones, and He has answered such prayers and gives us a government, it is gross ingratitude not to acknowledge Him in this gift. Let the framework of our government show that we are not ungrateful to Him."

In the beginning of the new year, Winchester was again occupied by the Federals. An extract from a letter to his helpful friend, Colonel Boteler, will show General Jackson's great concern and affection for his valley friends:

"Though I have been relieved from command there, and may never again be assigned to that important trust, yet I feel deeply when I see the patriotic people of that region again under the heel of a hateful military despotism. There are all the homes of those who have been with me from the commencement of the war in Virginia; who have repeatedly left their families and homes in the hands of the enemy, and braved the dangers of battle and disease; and there are those who have so devotedly labored for the relief of our suffering sick and wounded."

In another letter to the same friend, he says: "It is but natural that I should feel a deep and abiding interest in the people of the valley, where are the homes of so many of my brave soldiers who have been with me so long, and whose self-sacrificing patriotism has been so long tested."

During this winter General Jackson received a visit from a captain in the English army, who wrote an account of it for an English paper or magazine, from which the following is a brief extract:

"I brought from Nassau a box of goods for General Stonewall Jackson, and he asked me when I was at Richmond to come to his camp and see him. I left the city one morning about seven o'clock, and about

ten landed at a station, distant some eight or nine miles from Jackson's (or, as his men call him, 'Old Jack's') camp. A heavy fall of snow had covered the country for some time before to the depth of a foot, and formed a crust over the Virginia mud, which is quite as villainous as that of Balaklava. The day before had been mild and wet, and my journey was made in a drenching shower, which soon cleared away the white mantle of snow. You cannot imagine the slough of despond I had to pass through. Wet to the skin, I stumbled through mud, I waded through creeks, I passed through pine woods, and at last got into camp about two o'clock. I then made my way to a small house occupied by the general as his headquarters. I wrote down my name and gave it to the orderly, and I was immediately told to walk in.

"The general rose and greeted me warmly. I expected to see an old, untidy man, and was most agreeably surprised and pleased with his appearance. He is tall, handsome, and powerfully built, but thin. He has brown hair and a brown beard. His mouth expresses great determination. The lips are thin and compressed firmly together; his eyes are blue and dark, with keen and searching expression. I was told that his age was thirty-eight; and he looks forty. The general, who is indescribably simple and unaffected in all his ways, took off my wet overcoat with his own hands, made up the fire, brought wood for me to put my feet on to keep them warm while my boots were drying, and then began to ask me questions on various subjects. At the dinner-hour we went out and joined the members of his staff. At this meal the general said grace in a fervent, quiet

manner, which struck me very much. After dinner I returned to his room, and he again talked for a long time. The servant came in and took his mattress out of a cupboard and laid it on the floor.

"As I rose to retire, the general said: 'Captain, there is plenty of room on my bed; I hope you will share it with me.' I thanked him very much for his courtesy, but said, 'Good-night,' and slept in a tent, sharing the blankets of one of his aides-de-camp. In the morning, at breakfast-time, I noticed that the general said grace before the meal with the same fervor I had remarked before. An hour or two afterwards it was time for me to return to the station; on this occasion, however, I had a horse, and I returned up to the general's headquarters to bid him adieu. His little room was vacant, so I stepped in and stood before the fire. I then noticed my great-coat stretched before it on a chair. Shortly afterwards the general entered the room. He said: 'Captain, I have been trying to dry your great-coat, but I am afraid I have not succeeded very well.' That little act illustrates the man's character. With the care and responsibilities of a vast army on his shoulders, he finds time to do little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness, which make him the darling of his men, who never seem to tire talking of him.

"General Jackson is a man of great endurance; he drinks nothing stronger than water, and never uses tobacco or any stimulant. He has been known to ride for three days and nights at a time, and if there is any labor to be undergone he never fails to take his share of it."

During this winter, at Moss Neck, General Jack-

son's Christian activity and spirituality became more marked than ever before, showing a rich ripening for the rewards and glories of the heavenly inheritance. To a friend he expressed his perfect assurance of faith, and said he had been for a long time a stranger to fear, "because *he knew and was assured* of the love of Christ to his soul; he felt not the faintest dread that he should ever fall under the wrath of God, although a great sinner; he was forever reconciled by the righteousness of Christ, and that love for God and Christ was now the practical spring of all his penitence." He then arose from his seat, and with an impressive union of humility and solemn elevation continued, in substance, thus: "Nothing earthly can mar my happiness. I know that heaven is in store for me; and I should rejoice in the prospect of going there to-morrow. Understand me: I am not sick, I am not sad; God has greatly blessed me; I have as much to love here as any man, and life is very bright to me. But still I am ready to leave it any day, without trepidation or regret, for that heaven which I know awaits me, through the mercy of my Heavenly Father. And I would not agree to the slightest diminution of one shade of my glory there—[here he paused, as though to consider what terrestrial measure he might best select to express the largeness of his joys]—no, not for all the fame I have acquired or shall ever win in this world." With these words he sank into his chair, and his friend retired, impressed as he had never been before by the exalted faith and perfect assurance that God had vouchsafed to this Christian soldier.

All his Christian friends observed this winter how much his mind dwelt upon spiritual matters, his con-

versation almost invariably drifting into that channel; and his favorite subjects were steadfastness of faith, diligent performance of duty, after invoking God's blessing and committing our cause to Him, and yielding a perfect obedience to His will. He loved to consider the modes by which God reveals His will to man, and often quoted the maxim, "Duty is ours; consequences are God's." It was a continued delight to him to dwell upon the blessedness of perfect acquiescence in the Divine will. He frequently said that his first desire was to command a "converted army."

But while thus desiring and striving for the spiritual good of his men, his diligence was also unremitting in training and strengthening his corps for active service in the coming campaign, and it increased in efficiency and numbers more than at any former period. It was brought up to number over thirty thousand active soldiers, who drew their inspiration from his own spirit of confidence and determination.

In the family of Mr. Corbin, of Moss Neck, was a lovely little girl, about six years of age, named Jane, who became a special pet with General Jackson. Her pretty face and winsome ways were so charming to him that he requested her mother as a favor that he might have a visit from her every afternoon when his day's labors were over, and her innocent companionship and sweet prattle were a great pleasure and recreation to him. He loved to hold her upon his knee, and sometimes he played and romped with her, his hearty laughter mingling merrily with that of the child. He always had some little treat in store for her as she came each day—an orange, an apple, candy or cake; but the supply of such things becoming exhaust-

ed in his scanty quarters, one afternoon he found he had nothing tempting to offer her, and in glancing around the room his eye fell upon a new gray cap which he had just received from his wife, and which was ornamented with a simple band of gilt braid—the most modest mark of his rank that a field officer could wear. Taking up this cap, with his knife he ripped off the band, and encircling it around little Janie's fair head, he stood off admiringly, and said: "This shall be your coronet!"

This little one of tender years was destined to precede her friend to the "land of pure delight." The very day of his removal from Moss Neck she died. His aide, Mr. Smith, said: "We learned of Janie's death after we reached our new camp, near Yerby's, and when I went in to tell the general, he was much moved, and wept freely. Afterwards he requested me to ride back to Moss Neck that night to express his sympathy, and to remain to be of any service that I could to the family."

General Jackson himself thus alludes to the death of his little favorite in one of his letters: "I never wrote you about the bereavement of my kind friend Mrs. Corbin. She had an only daughter, probably about five or six years old, and one of the most attractive, if not the most so, that I ever saw at that age. A short time before I left there, the little girl was taken sick with scarlet fever, but appeared to be doing well. I called to see Mrs. Corbin the evening before leaving, and talked to her of her little daughter, whom I supposed to be out of danger, and she too appeared to think so; but the next morning she was taken very ill, and in a few hours died of malignant

scarlet fever. There were two other little children, cousins of little Janie, who were staying at the same house, and both of them died of the same disease in a few days." He was led to speak of these deaths by hearing of the loss of my sister Mrs. Avery's first-born, of which he says: "*We* can sympathize with her, and I wish I could comfort her, but no human comfort can fully meet her case; only the Redeemer can, and I trust that she finds Jesus precious, most precious, in this her sad hour of trial. Give my tenderest love and sympathy to her."

About this time his own little daughter had a severe case of chicken-pox, and his parental anxieties were greatly awakened. In his desire to render all the aid he could, even at so great a distance, he consulted his medical director, Dr. McGuire, that he might write his wife the advice prescribed. His tender devotion to the little daughter whom he had never seen was surprising to the young doctor, and his voice quivered with agitation as he said on leaving him, "I do wish that dear child, if it is God's will, to be spared to us."

The following extracts from his letters testify to this same paternal interest and affection, and also reveal his ever-increasing spiritual joy and gratitude:

"January 5th, 1868.

. . . "How much I do want to see you and our darling baby! But I don't know when I shall have this happiness, as I am afraid, since hearing so much about the little one's health, that it would be imprudent to bring it upon a journey, so I must just content myself. Mrs. General Longstreet, Mrs. General A. P. Hill, and Mrs. General Rodes have all been to

see their husbands. Yesterday I saw Mrs. Rodes at church, and she looked so happy that it made me wish I had Mrs. Jackson here too; but whilst I cannot see my wife and baby, it is a great comfort to know that you have a darling little pet to keep you company in my absence. . . . I heard a good sermon at Grace Church (where General Hill has his headquarters) by an Episcopal minister, Mr. Friend. Colonel Faulkner is with us again, and I expect him to take the position of my senior adjutant-general."

"January 6th. I am very thankful to our kind Heavenly Father for good tidings from you and baby —specially that she is restored again to health, and I trust that we all three may so live as most to glorify His holy name. . . . I have a visor, but I hope I shall not have to sleep in a tent any more this winter. My ears are still troubling me, but I am very thankful that my hearing is as good as usual, and from my appearance one would suppose that I was perfectly well. Indeed, my health is essentially good, but I do not think I shall be able in future to stand what I have already stood, although, with the exception of the increased sensitiveness of my ears, my health has improved. I am sorry to hear that dear mother's health does not improve. . . . We have several cases of smallpox at Guiney's, and I expect you will have to give up all idea of coming to see me until spring, as I fear it would be too much of a risk for you and baby to travel up here.

"The other day I received from the citizens of Augusta County a magnificent horse, with an excellent saddle and bridle. It is the most complete riding

equipment that I have seen. My kind friends went so far as to get patent stirrups, constructed so as to open and throw the foot from the stirrup in the event of the rider being thrown and the foot hung in the stirrups. How kind is God to us! Oh that I were more grateful!"

"January 17th. Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from my *esposita* four days after it was written. Doesn't it look as if Confederate mails are better than United States mails? Don't you remember how long it took for letters to come from Charlotte to Lexington under the old *régime?* I derive an additional pleasure in reading a letter from the conviction that it has not travelled on the Sabbath. How delightful will be our heavenly home, where everything is sanctified! . . . I am gratified at hearing that you have commenced disciplining the baby. Now be careful, and don't let her conquer *you.* She must not be permitted to have that will of her own, of which you speak. How I would love to see the little darling, whom I love so tenderly, though I have never seen her; and if the war were only over, I tell you, I would hurry down to North Carolina to see my wife and baby. I have much work to do. Lieutenant-Colonel Faulkner is of great service to me in making out my reports. Since he is my senior adjutant-general, Pendleton is promoted to a majority, and is the junior adjutant-general. Major Bier, my chief of ordnance, has been ordered to Charleston, and Captain William Allan, of Winchester, is his successor. Colonel Smeade is my inspector-general, so you must not complain of my not writing to you about my staff. I re-

gret to see our Winchester friends again in the hands of the enemy. I trust that, in answer to prayer, our country will soon be blessed with peace. If we were only that obedient people that we should be, I would, with increased confidence, look for a speedy termination of hostilities. Let us pray more and live more to the glory of God. . . . I am still thinking and thinking about that baby, and do want to see her. Can't you send her to me by express? There is an express line all the way to Guiney's. I am glad to hear that she sleeps well at night, and doesn't disturb her mother. But it would be better not to call her a *cherub;* no earthly being is such. I am also gratified that Hetty is doing well. Remember me to her, and tell her that, as I didn't give her a present last Christmas, I intend giving her two next. . . . Don't you accuse my baby of not being *brave.* I do hope she will get over her fear of strangers. If, before strangers take her, you would give them something to please her, and thus make her have pleasant associations with them, and seeing them frequently, I trust she would lose her timidity. It is gratifying that she is growing so well, and I am thankful she is so bright and knowing. I do wish I could see her funny little ways, and hear her 'squeal out with delight' at seeing the little chickens. I am sometimes afraid that you will make such an idol of that baby that God will take her from us. Are *you* not afraid of it? Kiss her for her father.

"I have this morning received two presents—a pair of gauntlets from near the Potomac, and another beautiful pair from Mrs. Preston Trotter, of Brownsburg. A kind gentleman, Mr. Stephens, of Nelson County, sent me a barrel of select pippins."

"January 31st. Captain Bushby, of the British Army, called to see me to-day, and presented me with a water-proof oil-cloth case in which to sleep on a wet night in summer campaigning. I can encase myself in it, keep dry, and get a good night's sleep."

"February 3d. In answer to the prayers of God's people, I trust He will soon give us peace. I haven't seen my wife for nearly a year—my home in nearly two years, and have never seen our darling little daughter; but it is important that I, and those at headquarters, should set an example of remaining at the post of duty. Joseph would like very much to go home, but unless mother gets worse, he had better not. . . . My old Stonewall Brigade has built a log church. As yet I have not been in it. I am much interested in reading Hunter's 'Life of Moses.' It is a delightful book, and I feel more improved in reading it than by an ordinary sermon. I am thankful to say that my Sabbaths are passed more in meditation than formerly. Time thus spent is genuine enjoyment."

"February 7th. This has been a beautiful spring day. I have been thinking lately about gardening. If I were at home, it would be time for me to begin to prepare the hot-bed. Don't you remember what interest we used to take in our hot-bed? If we should be privileged to return to our old home, I expect we would find many changes. An ever-kind Providence is showering blessings down upon me. Yesterday Colonel M. G. Harman and Mr. William J. Bell, jun., of Staunton, presented me with an excellent horse.

As yet I have not mounted him, but I saw another person ride him, and I hope soon to have that pleasure myself. . . . Just to think our baby is nearly three months old. Does she notice and laugh much? You have never told me how much she looks like her mother. I tell you, I want to know how she looks. If you could hear me talking to my *esposa* in the mornings and evenings, it would make you laugh, I'm sure. It is funny the way I talk to her when she is hundreds of miles away. . . . Jim has returned from Lexington, and brought a letter from 'Cy' [a negro servant], asking permission to take unto himself a wife, to which I intend to give my consent, provided you or his mother do not object. . . . I am so much concerned about mother's health as to induce me to recommend a leave of absence for Joseph. I send this note by him, and also send the baby a silk handkerchief. I have thought that as it is brightly colored, it might attract her attention. Remember, it is her first present from her father, and let me know if she notices it." [This handkerchief has ever since been sacredly preserved as a precious relic.]

"February 14th. Your delightful letter of six pages received a welcome reception this evening. I am thankful to see that our kind Heavenly Father is again restoring mother to health. I felt uneasy about her, and thought that Joseph had better make a visit home. I have made the restoration of mother's health a subject of prayer; but then we know that our dear ones are mortal, and that God does not always answer prayer according to our erring feelings. I think that if, when we see ourselves in a

glass, we should consider that all of us that is visible must turn to corruption and dust, we would learn more justly to appreciate the relative importance of the body that perishes and the soul that is immortal. . . . Your accounts of baby are very gratifying, and intensify my desire to see her. If peace is not concluded before next winter, I do hope you can bring her and spend the winter with me. This would be very delightful. If we are spared, I trust an ever-kind Providence will enable us to be together all winter. I am glad little Julia was pleased with her present, and wish I could have seen her laugh. . . . You say you don't see any use of my not taking a furlough. I think that the army would be much more efficient if all belonging to it were present. . . . I do trust and pray that our people will religiously observe the 27th of next month as a day of humiliation, prayer, and fasting, as our President has designated in his proclamation. To-morrow is the Sabbath. My Sabbaths are looked forward to with pleasure. I don't know that I ever enjoyed Sabbaths as I do this winter. . . . I don't think I have written you about recent presents. About a week since, I received from Mr. W. F. De la Rue, of London, a superb English saddle, bridle, holsters, saddle-cover, blankets, whip, spurs, etc.—the most complete riding equipage that I have seen for many a day. Its completeness is remarkable. This evening I received from Mr. John Johnson, of London, a box containing two flannel shirts, two pairs of long woollen stockings extending above the knees, a buckskin shirt, a pair of boots, a pair of leather leggings extending about eight inches above the knees, two pairs of excellent fitting leather

gloves, and a very superior variegated colored blanket. Our ever-kind Heavenly Father gives me friends among strangers. He is the source of every blessing, and I desire to be more grateful to Him."

"March 7th. I have just finished my report of the battle of McDowell. . . . There is a good deal of religious interest in the army. Rev. Mr. Lacy is with me now, and I expect will continue with the army during the war. Rev. William J. Hoge is here, and has preached several sermons. Rev. Mr. Hopkins is chaplain of the Second Regiment of Virginia Volunteers. If you were here you would find a number of friends."

"March 14th. The time has about come for campaigning, and I hope early next week to leave my room, and go into a tent near Hamilton's Crossing, which is on the railroad, about five miles from Fredericksburg. It is rather a relief to get where there will be less comfort than in a room, as I hope thereby persons will be prevented from encroaching so much upon my time. I am greatly behind in my reports, and am very desirous to get through with them before another campaign commences. Do you remember when my little wife used to come up to my headquarters in Winchester and talk with her *esposo?* I would love to see her sunny face peering into my room again. . . . On next Monday there is to be a meeting of the chaplains of my corps, and I pray that good may result. . . . I am now in camp, but I do not know of any house near by where you could be accommodated, should you come; and, moreover, I

might not be here when you would arrive, as the season for campaigning has come. Before this time last year, the campaign had begun, and, so far as we can see, it may begin again at any time. The movements of the enemy must influence ours, and we can't say where we shall be a week hence."

"April 10th. I trust that God is going to bless us with great success, and in such a manner as to show that it is all His gift; and I trust and pray that it will lead our country to acknowledge Him, and to live in accordance with His will as revealed in the Bible. There appears to be an increased religious interest among our troops here. Our chaplains have weekly meetings on Tuesdays; and the one of this week was more charming than the preceding one."

After removing his headquarters to Hamilton Crossing, General Jackson established an altar of daily morning prayer in his military family. He was too liberal and unobtrusive in his own religion to exact compulsory attendance on the part of his staff; but their regard for him prompted them to gratify his wishes, and he always greeted their presence with a face of beaming commendation. He appointed his chaplain to officiate at these services; but if he was absent, the general took his place himself, and with the greatest fervor and humility offered up his tribute of praise and supplication. Meetings for prayer were held at his quarters twice a week, on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and on Sunday afternoons he loved to engage the musical members of his staff in singing sacred songs, to which he listened with genu-

ine delight. He rarely let them stop without calling for the hymn beginning

"How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey!"

Other favorite hymns with him were:

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve."

"'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross."

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few."

And,

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God."
[Sung to the tune of Harweli.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST HAPPY DAYS.—CHANCELLORSVILLE—1863.

As the spring advanced, and the season for campaigning drew nearer, General Jackson grew more and more anxious to have a visit from his wife and child. His solicitous consideration for the health and safety of the little one had led him to advise their not travelling until the winter was over; and now he showed great eagerness to have a visit before the campaign should open. On the 18th of April he wrote:

. . . "I am beginning to look for my darling and my baby. I shouldn't be surprised to hear at any time that they were coming, and I tell you there would be one delighted man. Last night I dreamed that my little wife and I were on opposite sides of a room, in the centre of which was a table, and the little baby started from her mother, making her way along under the table, and finally reached her father. And what do you think she did when she arrived at her destination? She just climbed up on her father and kissed him! And don't you think he was a happy man? But when he awoke he found it all a delusion. I am glad to hear that she enjoys out-doors, and grows, and coos, and laughs. How I would love to see her sweet ways! That her little chubby hands have lost their resemblance to mine is not regretted by me. . . . Should I

write to you to have any more pantaloons made for me, please do not have much gold braid about them. I became so ashamed of the broad gilt band that was on the cap you sent as to induce me to take it off. I like simplicity."

"Saturday. Yesterday I received your letter, but you did not say a word about coming to see your *esposo*. I do hope that ere this you have received mine, saying you could come, and that you at once got an escort and started. There is no time for hesitation if you have not started. There is increasing probability that I may be elsewhere as the season advances. But don't come unless you get a good escort. I am not certain that I can get accommodations for you; but I don't think there will be any difficulty about it, as I hope some kind neighbor would try to make us comfortable for the short time that you may remain. I think that we might get in at Mr. Yerby's, which is less than a mile from my headquarters."

Little Julia was nearly five months old now, and was plump, rosy, and good, and with her nurse, Hetty, we set out upon this visit, so full of interest and anticipated joys. We made the journey safely, stopping in Richmond to spend Sunday, and arrived at Guiney's Station at noon on Monday, the 20th of April. Hetty and I were all anxiety to have our baby present her best appearance for her father's first sight of her, and she could not have better realized our wishes. She awoke from a long, refreshing sleep just before the train stopped, and never looked more bright and charming. When he entered the coach to receive us, his

rubber overcoat was dripping from the rain which was falling, but his face was all sunshine and gladness; and, after greeting his wife, it was a picture, indeed, to see his look of perfect delight and admiration as his eyes fell upon that baby! She was at the lovely, smiling age; and catching his eager look of supreme interest in her, she beamed her brightest and sweetest smiles upon him in return, so it seemed to be a mutual fascination. He was afraid to take her in his arms, with his wet overcoat; but as we drove in a carriage to Mr. Yerby's, his face reflected all the happiness and delight that were in his heart, and he expressed much surprise and gratification at her size and beauty. Upon our arrival at the house he speedily divested himself of his overcoat, and, taking his baby in his arms, he caressed her with the tenderest affection, and held her long and lovingly. During the whole of this short visit, when he was with us, he rarely had her out of his arms, walking her, and amusing her in every way that he could think of—sometimes holding her up before a mirror and saying, admiringly, "Now, Miss Jackson, look at yourself!" Then he would turn to an old lady of the family and say: "Isn't she a *little gem?*" He was frequently told that she resembled him, but he would say: "No, she is too pretty to look like me." When she slept in the day, he would often kneel over her cradle, and gaze upon her little face with the most rapt admiration, and he said he felt almost as if she were an angel, in her innocence and purity. I have often wished that the picture which was presented to me of that father kneeling over the cradle of that lovely infant could have been put upon canvas. And yet with all

his fondness and devotion to the little lady, he had no idea of spoiling her, as will be seen by his undertaking to teach her a lesson in self-control before she was five months old! One day she began to cry to be taken from the bed on which she was lying, and as soon as her wish was gratified, she ceased to cry. He laid her back upon the bed, and the crying was renewed with increased violence. Of course, the mother-heart wished to stop this by taking her up again, but he exclaimed: "This will never do!" and commanded "all hands off" until that little will of her own should be conquered. So there she lay, kicking and screaming, while he stood over her with as much coolness and determination as if he were directing a battle; and he was true to the name of *Stonewall*, even in disciplining a baby! When she stopped crying he would take her up, and if she began to cry again he would lay her down again, and this he kept up until finally she was completely conquered, and became perfectly quiet in his hands.

On the 23d of April (the day she was five months old) General Jackson had little Julia baptized. He brought his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Lacy, to Mr. Yerby's, in whose parlor the sacred rite was performed, in the presence of the family, and a number of the staff-officers. The child behaved beautifully, and was the object of great interest to her father's friends and soldiers. His aide, Mr. Smith, tells how he came to be present. He says: "I recall the visit to Mr. Yerby's to see the baptism of little Julia. For some reason, Mr. Lacy did not wish me to go, and said I shouldn't go. Provoked at this, I went to the general, who said, 'Certainly, Mr. Smith, you can go;

ask the others to go with you,' and I turned out the whole party, making quite a cavalcade to ride to Mr. Yerby's. I remember the general's impatience at some little delay, and the decided way with which he went out and brought in the child in his arms."

The next Sabbath was a most memorable one to me, being the last upon which I was privileged to attend divine service with my husband on earth, and to worship in camp with such a company of soldiers as I had never seen together in a religious congregation. My husband took me in an ambulance to his headquarters, where the services were held, and on the way were seen streams of officers and soldiers, some riding, some walking, all wending their way to the place of worship. Arrived there, we found Mr. Lacy in a tent, in which we were seated, together with General Lee and other distinguished officers. I remember how reverent and impressive was General Lee's bearing, and how handsome he looked, with his splendid figure and faultless military attire. In front of the tent, under the canopy of heaven, were spread out in dense masses the soldiers, sitting upon benches or standing. The preaching was earnest and edifying, the singing one grand volume of song, and the attention and good behavior of the assembly remarkable. That Sabbath afternoon my husband spent entirely with me, and his conversation was more spiritual than I had ever observed before. He seemed to be giving utterance to those religious meditations in which he so much delighted. He never appeared to be in better health than at this time, and I never saw him look so handsome and noble. We had a large, comfortable room at Mr. Yerby's, which was hospitably furnished

with *three* beds. It seems that General Lee had been an occupant of this room before us, for when he called on me he facetiously alluded to our capacious accommodations, and said he had written to his wife and daughters that if they would come to see him, he could entertain them *all in this room!* This was the first time I met him, and when the announcement was made that "*General Lee and his staff* had called to see Mrs. Jackson," I was somewhat awe-struck at the idea of meeting the commander-in-chief, with a retinue of officers, and descended to the parlor with considerable trepidation; but I was met by a face so kind and *fatherly*, and a greeting so cordial, that I was at once reassured and put at ease. The formidable "staff" consisted of only two or three nice-looking, courteous gentlemen, and the call was greatly enjoyed.

General Lee was always charming in the society of ladies, and often indulged in a playful way of teasing them that was quite amusing. He claimed the privilege of kissing all the pretty young girls, which was regarded by them as a special honor. A young staff-officer relates that on the occasion of a general review many ladies turned out in carriages to witness the imposing spectacle. He heard one young lady call out to another from her carriage: "General Lee kissed me *twice!*" The exultant reply came back from another carriage: "General Lee kissed me *four times!*"

General Jackson did not permit the presence of his family to interfere in any way with his military duties. The greater part of each day he spent at his headquarters, but returned as early as he could get off from his labors, and devoted all of his leisure time to his visitors—little Julia sharing his chief attention and

care. His devotion to his child was remarked upon by all who beheld the happy pair together, for she soon learned to delight in his caresses as much as he loved to play with her. An officer's wife who saw him often during this time wrote to a friend in Richmond that "the general spent all his leisure time in playing with the baby."

One morning he rode over from headquarters upon his handsome bay horse, "Superior," wishing to show me his fine present; and after bringing him up to the steps of the house and showing him off, he remounted him, and galloped away at such a John Gilpin speed that his cap was soon borne off by the velocity; but he did not stop to pick it up, leaving this to his orderly behind him, who found great difficulty in keeping even in sight of him. As far as he could be seen, he was flying like the wind—the impersonation of fearlessness and manly vigor.

It was during these last happy days that he sat for the last picture that was taken of him—the three-quarters view of his face and head—the favorite picture with his old soldiers, as it is the most soldierly-looking; but, to my mind, not so pleasing as the full-face view which was taken in the spring of 1862, at Winchester, and which has more of the beaming sunlight of his *home-look*. The last picture was taken by an artist who came to Mr. Yerby's and asked permission to photograph him, which he at first declined; but as he never presented a finer appearance in health and dress (wearing the handsome suit given him by General Stuart), I persuaded him to sit for his picture. After arranging his hair myself, which was unusually long for him, and curled in large ringlets, he sat in

the hall of the house, where a strong wind blew in his face, causing him to frown, and giving a sternness to his countenance that was not natural; but in spite of this, some fine copies have been produced from the original. The very best is Elder's grand portrait—painted for the late Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington. During a visit of my daughter and myself to Mr. Corcoran, a few years since, he asked us to walk with him into his salon, saying he had there something to show us. Without another word, he led us up in front of this portrait, and as the child stood transfixed before the splendid representation of the father, whose memory she so revered, the dear old man stepped forward, and, lifting up the pathetic young face, tenderly kissed her. This portrait, together with a companion picture of General Lee, was given by Mr. Corcoran to the Art Gallery in Washington, which was founded by him and bears his honored name.

Our military leaders had diligently employed the winter months in preparing their troops for the greatest efficiency in the approaching campaign. When the spring opened, General Lee found himself at the head of an army unsurpassed in discipline and all the hardy virtues of the soldier, strengthened by the additions of the winter, reinvigorated by the compactness and order which had been given to its organization, with an enthusiasm acquired by a long series of victories, and ready to add to that series a triumph more remarkable and illustrious than any of its predecessors. . . . General Jackson's corps grew in three months from twenty-five to thirty-three thousand muskets. . . . The splendid *morale* of this army did not need improvement, but it enabled it to bear, without in-

jury, the privations and hardships of the winter. Insufficient clothing and scanty rations produced no effect upon it."

Their leader manifested less reserve than formerly in expressing his opinion of the general principles which should govern the Confederate side in the continuance of the war. With great decision and emphasis he said: "We must make this campaign an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared, but struck him the first blow."

But as the campaign drew on apace, my delightful visit was destined to come to an end. My husband had loved to dwell with devout thankfulness upon the happy winter we had spent together in Winchester; but this last visit exceeded that in happiness, for it had the additional charm and the attraction of the lovely child that God had given us, and this greatly intensified his delight and enjoyment.

My visit had lasted only nine days, when early on the morning of the 29th of April we were aroused by a messenger at our door saying, "General Early's adjutant wishes to see General Jackson." As he arose, he said, "That looks as if Hooker were crossing." He hurried down-stairs, and, soon returning, told me that his surmise was correct—Hooker was crossing the river, and that he must go immediately to the scene of action. From the indications he thought a battle was imminent, and under the cir-

cumstances he was unwilling for us to remain in so exposed a situation as Mr. Yerby's. He therefore directed me to prepare to start for Richmond at a moment's notice, promising to return himself to see us off if possible, and if not, he would send my brother Joseph. After a tender and hasty good-by, he hurried off without breakfast. Scarcely had he gone, when the roar of cannons began—volley after volley following in quick succession—the house shaking and windows rattling from the reverberations, throwing the family into great panic, and causing the wildest excitement among all the occupants of the place. My hasty preparations for leaving were hardly completed when Mr. Lacy, the chaplain, came with an ambulance, saying he had been sent by General Jackson to convey his family to the railroad station as speedily as possible, in order to catch the morning train to Richmond. My brother Joseph, seeing General Jackson's need of his services, had requested that Mr. Lacy should be sent in his stead as my escort. He brought a cheerful note from my husband, explaining why he could not leave his post, and invoking God's care and blessing upon us in our sudden departure, and especially was he tender and loving in his mention of the baby.

A rapid and continuous rattle of musketry showed that the battle was now under way, and before we left Mr. Yerby's yard we saw several wounded soldiers brought in and placed in the out-houses, which the surgeons were arranging as temporary hospitals. This was my nearest and only glimpse of the actual horrors of the battle-field, and the reader can imagine how sad and harrowing was my drive to the station

on that terrible morning! The distance was several miles, and as we journeyed along over a newly cut road, filled with stumps and roots, we could hear the sounds of battle, and my heart was heavy with foreboding and dread. We were in good time for the train, and but few passengers were aboard—only two that made any impression upon me, and these were a pretty, young Creole mother and a little boy from New Orleans, who, like myself, had been paying a visit to a soldier husband and father, and were now fleeing for safety. In a few hours we were in Richmond, among kind friends, for all Southern hearts were bound by a strong tie in the common cause for which so many brave hearts were battling.

But we must now return to General Jackson. Hastening to his command, his first order was to despatch one of his aides to inform General Lee of the movements of the enemy. The commander-in-chief was found sitting in his tent, and replied with his accustomed pleasantry to the message, saying: "Well, I heard firing, and I was beginning to think it was time some of you lazy young fellows were coming to tell me what it was all about. Say to General Jackson that he knows just as well what to do with the enemy as I do."

Thus left to his own responsibility, Jackson had his corps under arms as speedily as possible, but soon ascertained from the cavalry pickets of General Stuart that the crossing of the enemy below Fredericksburg, which was now engaging his attention, was only a feint to cover the movements of still larger forces, which were effecting passages higher up the Rappahannock, and some miles west of Fredericksburg.

These forces marched down towards Chancellorsville, fifteen miles west of Fredericksburg, where General Hooker was himself in command, and was massing his vast army.

On the opening of this campaign, when General Jackson broke up his quarters, it was observed that a wondrous change came over him. From the quiet, patient, but arduous laborer over his daily tasks, he seemed transformed into a thunder-bolt of war. So instinct with animation, energy, and indomitable will did he appear that even his figure assumed more erectness, his step a quicker firmness, and his whole bearing realized the ideal of a soldier, as one inspired by the consciousness of power. His mind was clear and his action prompt: nothing did he overlook or neglect which could add to the efficiency of his corps.

Before ordering his tents to be struck, his last act was to dismount from his horse and seek the privacy of his own tent. His servant Jim, to whom he had thrown the reins, raised his hand to the bustling crowd around, as a warning gesture, and in a loud whisper said: "Hush! . . . The general is praying!" Silence immediately fell upon the camp, and was maintained until the curtain was withdrawn and the Christian warrior came forth from his closet, where he had drunk of the inspiration that comes only from above, which makes a man "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

Proceeding to the field, General Jackson managed, with his usual skill, to escape the notice of the enemy, and put his column in motion at three o'clock on the morning of the 30th, in obedience to General Lee's order to go to the support of two divisions which had

already been sent to arrest the advance of the ene ay, which he accomplished by threatening their flan on which they fell back to Chancellorsville, wher rd- ing to the report of General Lee, they "had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest, filled with a tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breastworks of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front, so as to form an almost impenetrable abatis. Their artillery swept the few narrow roads by which the position could be approached from the front, and commanded the adjacent woods."

To attack this stronghold would cost a fruitless waste of life, and the Confederates attempted nothing that day beyond some skirmishing along the lines. That night, the 1st of May, Generals Lee and Jackson bivouacked upon a knoll covered with pine-trees, the fallen leaves affording them the only means of repose; but little did they think of sleep, and long and earnest were their consultations, for the situation of affairs was of the gravest and most serious aspect.

Longstreet, with a part of his corps, was absent; Early had been left at Fredericksburg to conceal Jackson's departure, and to dispute the heights of that place with Sedgwick; and Lee's army, thus diminished, was left with only forty-three thousand men to battle against Hooker with sixty thousand. The Federal cavalry, in large force, had also broken through the Confederate lines, and was making a raid southward, with the object of cutting off General Lee's communications with Richmond. General Stuart now joined them, and reported that, while Hooker's situation was seemingly impregnable, with his whole force massed

around Chancellorsville, yet his encampments were open upon the west and northwest, and the greater part of his cavalry were absent on the southern raid. Long and anxiously did the two Confederate leaders consult on that memorable night, and they both agreed that Hooker must be attacked at once, or all would be lost. Finally they laid themselves down upon the pine leaves to take a few hours of much-needed repose. Jackson's mind seemed to have been upon everything more than himself, and he had neglected to provide a covering or wrap of any kind. He was urged by young Pendleton of his staff to accept his overcoat, but was unwilling to deprive him of it, and declined. The thoughtful young man then detached the large cape of the garment and spread it over his general; but as soon as Pendleton fell asleep, Jackson rose and carefully placed the cape over him, preferring to endure the cold himself to depriving a friend of his comfort. The next morning he awoke with a cold, but he did not speak of it. In the gray light of dawn his chaplain found him sitting on a cracker-box, and shivering over a little fire. He invited Mr. Lacy to take a seat by him, and asked him to give him all the information he could about the by-roads of that region —the minister being acquainted with the country, as he once had a charge in that vicinity. He took a pencil and an outline map out of his pocket, and requested Mr. Lacy to mark down all the roads for him. He also sent his topographical engineer, Major Jed. Hotchkiss, now of Staunton, Virginia, to inspect the country, and procured the services of a guide from the neighborhood to find out some avenue by which he might pass swiftly and unobserved around the flank of Hooker's army.

The needed information was soon obtained. Seated upon two cracker-boxes, the débris of an issue of Federal rations the day before, the Confederate leaders held their consultation. With a map before him, Jackson suggested making a long circuit, sweeping clear round Hooker's right, and so making the attack on his rear. Lee inquired with what force he would do this? Jackson replied, "With my whole corps present." Lee then asked what would be left to him with which to resist an advance of the enemy towards Fredericksburg? "The divisions of Anderson and McLaws," said Jackson. For a moment Lee reflected on the audacity of this plan in the face of Hooker's superior numbers. To divide his army into two parts and place the whole Federal force between them was extremely hazardous. But it was impossible to attack their position in front without terrible loss. The very boldness of the proposed movement, if executed with secrecy and despatch, was an earnest of success. Jackson was directed to carry out the plan.

Soon after the dawn of day he began the march with his corps, who, comprehending intuitively that their leader was engaged in one of his masterly flank movements, and catching their inspiration from his own eagerness and enthusiasm, pressed rapidly forward, over the narrow country roads. This movement was not altogether unperceived by the Federals, but they interpreted so early a march southward as *a retreat* towards Richmond. Some slight skirmishing of artillery and riflemen was attempted, but did not last long, and Hooker seemed to be awaiting further developments. By three o'clock in the afternoon

Jackson had marched fifteen miles, and was six miles west of Chancellorsville, occupying precisely the opposite side of the enemy to that held by General Lee. It was here that he addressed his last official note to his commander, which was as follows:

"Near 8 P.M., May 2d, 1863.

"GENERAL,—The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope, so soon as practicable, to attack.

"I trust that an ever-kind Providence will bless us with success.

"Respectfully,

"T. J. JACKSON, Lieutenant-General.

"General ROBERT E. LEE.

"P. S.—The leading division is up, and the next two appear to be well closed. T. J. J."

Stuart was covering this flank movement with his vigilant cavalry, and from his outposts Jackson was able to gain a glimpse of the enemy's position, which satisfied him that he had obtained the desired vantage-ground from which to attack.

The country around Chancellorsville is densely wooded with scrub oak and pine, which, with tangled undergrowth, form almost impenetrable depths from which it is appropriately called "The Wilderness." But in the open fields near the old Wilderness Tavern, General Jackson found space in which to draw up his troops. He formed them in three parallel lines, and selected two picked batteries to move down the turnpike, which marked the centre of his lines—the thick forests into which he was about to

plunge affording no possible position for the rest of his artillery. By six o'clock all was in readiness for the advance, and at the word of command the three lines charged forward, rushing with all the speed it was possible to make through the forests and dense brushwood, which almost tore the clothing of the soldiers from their bodies, and compelled them to creep through many places; but still they pressed on, as best they could. The following description of what followed is taken from "The Battle-Fields of Virginia:"

"The forest was full of game, which, startled from their hiding-places by the unusual presence of man, ran in numbers to and over the Federal lines. Deer leaped over the works at Talley's, and dashed into the wood behind. The Federal troops had in most cases their arms stacked, and were eating supper. All danger was thought to be over for the night. The startled game gave the first intimation of Jackson's approach. But so little was it suspected or believed that the suggestion was treated as a jest. Presently the bugles were heard through which orders were passed along the Confederate lines. This excited still more remark. Ere it had been long discussed, however, there came the sound of a few straggling shots from the skirmishers, then a mighty cheer, and in a moment more Jackson was upon them. A terrible volley from his line of battle poured among the Union troops ere they could recover from their surprise. Those in line returned a scattered fire; others seized their arms and attempted to form. Officers tried to steady their men and lead them to

meet the attack. All was in vain. . . . Like a tornado the Confederate lines pass over the ground, breaking, crushing, crumbling Howard's corps. Artillery, wagons, ambulances, are driven in frantic panic to the rear, and double the confusion. The rout is utter and hopeless. The mass of pursuers and pursued roll on until the position of Melzi Chancellor's is reached. Here a strong line of works had been constructed across the road, which, having a shallow ditch, could be made to face in either direction. . . . Some of Schurz's men rally on Buschbeck, and for a short time the Confederate advance is arrested. But Jackson cannot long be held back. Colston's division has eagerly pressed on, and is already commingled with Rodes's. Together they charge with a yell; and in a few moments the works are taken. Pell-mell now rush the Eleventh Corps, the last semblance of organization gone, through the forest, towards Chancellorsville. Onward sweep the Confederates in hot pursuit. The arms, knapsacks, and accoutrements of the fugitives fill the woods. Artillery carriages are to be seen overturned in the narrow roads, or hopelessly jammed in the impenetrable jungle. The wounded and dying, with their groans, fill the forest on every side. The day is rapidly drawing to a close; night comes to add confusion to the scene. It had been impossible in the broad daylight, owing to the intricacy of the forest, to prevent a commingling of regiments and brigades along the Confederate lines. The confusion thus produced is greatly increased by the darkness. In a brushwood so dense that it is impossible, under favorable circumstances, to see thirty yards in any direction,

companies, regiments, brigades, become inextricably intermixed. Colston's division, forming the second line, has already become merged with Rodes's. Both move on in one confused mass. The right of the Confederate line soon reaches an abatis which has been felled to protect the approach to some woods on the opposite heights. The troops, already disordered, become still more so among the felled timber. Behind this abatis some troops and artillery have been gathered to make a stand. Rodes finds it impossible to push farther until the lines can be reformed. The right is first halted, and then the whole Confederate line. Rodes sends word at once to Jackson, requesting that the third line (A. P. Hill's division) be sent forward to take the advance until the first and second can be reformed.

"While this was being done, there was a lull in the storm of battle. Jackson had paused for a time in his pursuit; Hooker was attempting to stop and reform his flying legions."

During this splendid charge Jackson was the impersonation of military enthusiasm, dashing on at the head of his men, with the words of command, "Forward!" "Press on!" continually ringing from his lips. He leaned forward upon his horse, and waved his hand, as though by its single strength he were trying to impel his men onward. As cheer after cheer rose from the Confederate line, announcing new successes, his flashing eyes and glowing cheeks showed how deeply he was moved, and he was observed frequently to look upwards and lift his right hand to heaven in prayer and thanksgiving.

Thus far his most sanguine hopes had been realized. His flank movement was a brilliant success—the enemy had been surprised, and their right flank been driven back in confusion. But he knew that much had yet to be done before the victory could be complete. The first blow must be followed by others. He therefore deeply regretted the disorder in which his own lines had fallen. After marching twenty miles, and fighting over three miles of difficult ground, it was no wonder that the men, feeling assured of victory, halted from weariness and broke ranks, as though the day's work were done. But though the enemy had been driven from an important defence, which might be reoccupied at any moment if the Confederates failed to seize it, Jackson saw that everything depended on immediately reforming his lines. He despatched his staff in every direction to order the officers to get the men back into ranks and press forward. Dashing along the lines himself, almost unattended, he kept saying: "Men, get into line! get into line! Whose regiment is this? Colonel, get your men instantly into line." Turning to an officer who came up to report, he said: "Find General Rodes, and tell him to occupy that barricade at once with his troops." He then added: "I need your help for a time; this disorder must be corrected. As you go along the right, tell the troops, from me, to get into line, and preserve their order."

After this strenuous effort to restore order to his lines, he rode forward to make a reconnoissance himself, and found that Hooker was indeed advancing a powerful body of fresh troops in his direction. Being pressed in front by General Lee, the Federal com-

mander turned upon the foe in the rear, and endeavored to recapture the all-important barricade. General Jackson, accompanied by a part of his staff and several couriers, advanced on the turnpike in the direction of the enemy about a hundred yards, when he was fired upon by a volley of musketry from his right front. The bullets whistled among the party, and struck several horses. This fire was evidently from the enemy, and one of his men caught his bridle-rein and said to him: "General Jackson, you should not expose yourself so much." "There is no danger," he replied, "the enemy is routed. Go back and tell General Hill to press on." But in order to screen himself from the flying bullets, he rode from the road to the left and rear. The small trees and brushwood being very dense, it was difficult to effect a passage on horseback. While riding as rapidly as possible to the rear, he came in front of his own line of battle, who, having no idea that he, or any one but the enemy, was in their front, and mistaking the party for a body of Federal cavalry, opened a sharp fire upon them. From this volley General Jackson received his mortal wounds. His right hand was pierced by a bullet, his left arm was shattered by two balls, one above and one below the elbow, breaking the bones and severing the main artery. His horse, "Little Sorrel," terrified by the nearness and suddenness of the fire, dashed off in the direction of the enemy, and it was with great difficulty that he could control him—his bridle hand being helpless, and the tangled brushwood, through which he was borne, almost dragging him from his seat. But he seized the reins with his right hand, and, arresting the flight of his horse,

brought him back into his own lines, where, almost fainting, he was assisted to the ground by Captain Wilbourne, his signal officer. By this fire several of his escort were killed and wounded, among the former was the gallant Captain Boswell, and every horse which was not shot down wheeled back in terror, bearing his rider towards the advancing enemy. The firing was arrested by Lieutenant Morrison, who, after his horse was killed under him, ran to the front of the firing line, and with much difficulty in making himself heard, told them they were firing into their own men. As soon as this was effected, he returned to find his general lying prostrate upon the ground, with Captain Wilbourne and Mr. Winn by his side. He was wearing at the time an india-rubber overcoat over his uniform, as a protection from the dampness of the night. This Wilbourne was ripping up with a penknife to get at the wounded arm and stanch its bleeding. General A. P. Hill, who was near by, was speedily informed of the disaster and came at once. Dismounting from his horse, he bent down and asked, "General, are you much hurt?" He replied, "Yes, general, I think I am; and all my wounds were from my own men. I believe my arm is broken; it gives me severe pain." "Are you hurt elsewhere, general?" he was asked. "Yes, in my right hand." But when asked afterwards if it should be bound up, he said: "No, never mind; it is a trifle." And yet two of the bones were broken, and the palm was almost pierced through! Amidst all his sufferings he uttered no complaint, and answered all questions in a perfectly calm and self-possessed tone. He asked for Dr. McGuire, but when told that he was

engaged in his duties far in the rear, he said to Captain Wilbourne: "Then I wish you to get me a skilful surgeon." General Hill stated that a Dr. Barr was near at hand, and he was immediately summoned. Upon his arrival, General Jackson whispered to General Hill: "Is he a skilful surgeon?" The answer was that he stood high in his brigade, and all that would be required of him would be to take precautionary measures until Dr. McGuire could arrive. To this General Jackson answered, "Very good." His field-glass and haversack were removed from his person, and the latter was found to contain only a few official papers and two religious tracts. While the sufferer was still lying prostrate, with a circle of his ministering attendants around him, two Federal soldiers, with muskets cocked, walked out from the brushwood, and approached within a few feet of the group. General Hill, in a perfectly quiet tone and manner, turned and said: "Take charge of those men." In an instant two orderlies sprang forward and seized their guns, which the astonished soldiers yielded without any resistance. Lieutenant Morrison, hearing voices in the direction of the enemy, stepped to the edge of the wood to reconnoitre, and in the moonlight saw a section of artillery being unlimbered not over a hundred yards distant. Returning with all haste, he reported the fact, when General Hill gave orders that General Jackson should immediately be carried to the rear, and that no one should tell the troops that he was wounded. Remounting his horse, he returned to his own command, and was soon afterwards himself disabled by a wound. Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, Captain Leigh, of Gen-

eral Hill's staff, with a courier, now took General Jackson up in their arms, but after bearing him a short distance, he told them that he suffered so much pain from being carried that he would try to walk, and after they assisted him to his feet, he did walk as far as the turnpike.

Just as they reached the road, the battery which had been seen to unlimber swept over them a volley of canister-shot—the balls hissing through the air, and crashing through the trees, but fortunately passing over their heads. The whole party then lay down on the side of the road, shielding the general, as far as possible, by placing him on the lowest ground. While lying here, the earth around them was torn up by shot, covering them with dust, and a hurricane of lead and canister dashed against the flinty gravel and stones of the road, making it literally glow with flashes and streaks of fire. So furious and deadly was the tempest, that the escape of any of the party seemed miraculous. Once General Jackson attempted to rise, but was restrained by his attendants, who sought to protect him with their own bodies. Lieutenant Smith threw his arm over him, holding him down and saying: "General, you *must* be still; it will cost you your life if you rise." With such fidelity did these young soldiers stand over the prostrate form of their beloved chief, trying to save his life, though it should be by the sacrifice of their own.

The enemy soon changed from canister to shell and elevated their range, when the young men renewed their efforts to get General Jackson to the rear, supporting him with their strong arms, as he slowly and painfully dragged himself along. As the Confederate

troops were hurrying to the front, they met the party, and the question came from the lips of almost every passer-by, "Whom have you there?" The general, not wishing his troops to recognize him, gave orders to leave the road and diverge into the woods. He said to his attendants: "Don't tell them who it is, but simply say it is a Confederate officer." Despite these precautions, he did not escape recognition by some of his men, who exclaimed with grief and dismay: "Great God! it is General Jackson!" General Pender, of North Carolina, was one of those who recognized him, and after approaching and expressing his deep regret at his wounding, said to him: "The troops have suffered severely from the enemy's artillery, and are somewhat disorganized; I fear we cannot maintain our position." Faint and exhausted as he was, a gleam of the old battle-fire flashed from his eyes, and instantly he replied: "You *must* hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir." This was the last order given by the hero of so many battle-fields.

Growing more faint after this, he asked to be permitted to sit down and rest, but the dangers from the enemy's fire and from capture were too imminent, and a litter having now been procured from an ambulance corps, he was placed upon it, and the bearers hurried forward, still keeping out of the road to avoid the fire of the enemy. As they struggled through the dense thickets, his face was scratched and his clothing torn; but this was nothing in comparison with the agony caused by a fall from the litter. One of the bearers was shot in the arm, and, letting go his hold, the general fell violently

to the ground, upon his wounded side, causing such pain that for the first time he was heard to utter a groan. His attendants quickly raised him up, and, finding the blood again flowing, and a look of deathly pallor upon his face, feared he might be expiring. Lieutenant Smith cried out, "Oh, general, are you seriously hurt?" "No, Mr. Smith, don't trouble yourself about me," he replied, and presently added something about winning the battle first, and attending to the wounded afterwards. He was again placed upon the litter, and carried a few hundred yards, under a continuous fire, when the party was met by Dr. McGuire with an ambulance. We will let him tell the rest of the harrowing story, until my arrival at his bedside.

MONUMENT WHERE JACKSON FELL, AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.—AT REST—1863.

On meeting the wounded general, says Dr. McGuire: "I knelt down by him and said, 'I hope you are not badly hurt, general?' He replied very calmly, but feebly, 'I am badly injured, doctor; I fear I am dying.' After a pause he continued, 'I am glad you have come. I think the wound in my shoulder is still bleeding.' His clothes were saturated with blood, and hemorrhage was still going on from the wound. Compression of the artery with the finger arrested it, until, lights being procured from the ambulance, the handkerchief, which had slipped a little, was readjusted. His calmness amid the dangers that surrounded him, and at the supposed presence of death, and his uniform politeness did not forsake him even under these most trying circumstances. His complete control, too, over his mind, enfeebled as it was by loss of blood and pain, was wonderful. His suffering at this time was intense; his hands were cold, his skin clammy, his face pale, and his lips compressed and bloodless; not a groan escaped him—not a sign of suffering, except the slight corrugation of his brow, the fixed, rigid face, and the thin lips, so tightly compressed that the impression of the teeth could be seen through them. Except these, he controlled by his iron will all evidences of emotion, and, more difficult

than this even, he controlled that disposition to restlessness, which many of us have observed upon the field of battle, attending great loss of blood. Some whiskey and morphia were administered to him, and, placing him in the ambulance, it was started for the Corps Field Infirmary, at the Wilderness Tavern. Colonel Crutchfield, his chief of artillery, was also in the ambulance. He had been wounded very seriously in the leg, and was suffering intensely. The general expressed very feelingly his sympathy for Crutchfield, and once, when the latter groaned aloud, he directed the ambulance to stop, and requested me to see if something could not be done for his relief. Torches had been provided, and every means taken to carry them to the hospital as safely and easily as possible. I sat in the front part of the ambulance, with my finger resting upon the artery above the wound to arrest bleeding if it should occur. When I was recognized by acquaintances and asked who was wounded, the general would tell me to say, 'A Confederate officer.' At one time he put his hand upon my head, and, pulling me down to him, asked if Crutchfield was seriously wounded. When answered, 'No, only painfully hurt,' he replied, 'I am glad it is no worse.' In a few minutes afterwards Crutchfield did the same thing, and when told that the general was very seriously wounded, he groaned out, 'Oh, my God!' It was for this that the general directed the ambulance to be halted, and requested that something should be done for Crutchfield's relief.

"After reaching the hospital he was placed in bed, covered with blankets, and another drink of whiskey and water given him. Two hours and a half elapsed

before sufficient reaction took place to warrant an examination.

"At two o'clock Sunday morning, Surgeons Black, Walls, and Coleman being present, I informed him that chloroform would be given him, and his wounds examined. I told him that amputation would probably be required, and asked, if it was found necessary, whether it should be done at once. He replied promptly, 'Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think best.' Chloroform was then administered, and as he began to feel its effects and its relief to the pain he was suffering, he exclaimed, 'What an infinite blessing!' and continued to repeat the word 'blessing' until he became insensible. The round ball (such as is used in a smooth-bore Springfield musket), which had lodged under the skin, upon the back of the right hand, was first extracted. It had entered the palm about the middle of the hand, and fractured two bones. The left arm was then amputated about two inches below the shoulder, very rapidly, and with slight loss of blood, the ordinary circular operation having been made. There were two wounds in this arm, the first and most serious was about three inches below the shoulder-joint, the ball dividing the main artery, and fracturing the bone. The second was several inches in length—a ball having entered the outside of the forearm, an inch below the elbow, came out upon the opposite side, just above the wrist. Throughout the whole of the operation, and until all the dressings were applied, he continued insensible. Two or three slight wounds of the skin of his face, received from the branches of trees, when his horse dashed through the woods, were dressed simply with

isinglass plaster. About half-past three o'clock Colonel (then Major) Pendleton, the assistant adjutant-general, arrived at the hospital and asked to see General Jackson. He stated that General Hill had been wounded, and that the troops were in great disorder. General Stuart was in command, and had sent him to see the general. At first I declined to permit the interview, but the colonel urged that the safety of the army and the success of the cause depended upon his seeing him. When he entered the tent the general said: 'Well, major, I am glad to see you. I thought you were killed.' Pendleton briefly explained the condition of affairs, gave Stuart's message, and asked what should be done? General Jackson was at once interested, and asked, in his quick, rapid way, several questions. When they were answered, he remained silent for a moment, evidently trying to think; he contracted his brow, set his mouth, and for some moments was evidently trying to concentrate his thoughts. For a moment it was believed he had succeeded, for his nostrils dilated, and his eye flashed its old fire, but it was only for a moment; his face relaxed again, and presently he answered, very feebly and sadly, 'I don't know, I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best.' Soon after this he slept for several hours and seemed to be doing well. The next morning he was free from pain, and expressed himself sanguine of recovery. He sent his aide-de-camp, Morrison, to inform his wife of his injuries, and to bring her at once to him. The following note from General Lee was read to him that morning by Lieutenant Smith: 'I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret

at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.' He replied, 'General Lee should give the praise to God.' About ten o'clock his right side began to pain him so much that he asked me to examine it. He said he had injured it in falling from the litter the night before, and believed he had struck it against a stump or a stone or a sapling. No evidence of injury could be discovered by examination; the skin was not broken or bruised, and the lung performed, so far as I could tell, its proper function. Some simple application was recommended in the belief that the pain would soon disappear.

"At this time the battle was raging fearfully, and the sound of the cannon and musketry could be distinctly heard at the hospital. The general's attention was attracted to it from the first, and when the noise was at its height, and indicated how fiercely the conflict was being carried on, he directed all of his attendants, except Lieutenant Smith to return to the battlefield, and attend to their different duties. By eight o'clock, Sunday night, the pain in his side had disappeared, and in all respects he seemed to be doing well. He inquired minutely about the battle and the different troops engaged, and his face would light up with enthusiasm and interest when told how this brigade acted, or that officer displayed conspicuous courage, and his head gave the peculiar shake from side to side, and he uttered his usual 'Good, good!' with unwonted energy when the gallant behavior of the Stonewall Brigade was alluded to. He said: 'The men of the

brigade will be, some day, proud to say to their children, "I was one of the Stonewall Brigade."' He disclaimed any right of his own to the name Stonewall. 'It belongs to the brigade, and not to me, for it was their steadfast heroism which earned it at First Manassas. They are a noble body of men.' This night he slept well, and was free from pain. A message was received from General Lee the next morning, directing me to remove the general to Guiney's Station as soon as his condition should justify it, as there was danger of capture by the Federals, who were threatening to cross Ely's Ford. In the meantime, to protect the hospital, some troops were sent to this point. The general objected to being moved, if, in my opinion, it would do him any injury. He said he had no objection to staying in the tent, and would prefer it, if his wife, when she came, could find lodging in a neighboring house. 'And if the enemy does come,' he added, 'I am not afraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded, and I am sure they will be kind to me.' General Lee sent word again, late that evening, that he must be moved, if possible, and preparations were made to leave the next morning. I was directed to accompany and remain with him, and my duties with the corps, as medical director, were turned over to the surgeon next in rank. General Jackson had previously declined to permit me to go with him to Guiney's, because complaints had been so frequently made of general officers, when wounded, carrying off with them the surgeons belonging to their commands. When informed of this order of the commanding general, he said, 'General Lee has always been very kind to me, and I thank him.' Very early

Tuesday morning he was placed in the ambulance, and started for Guiney's Station, and about eight o'clock that evening we arrived at the Chandler House, where we remained till he died. Captain Hotchkiss, with a party of engineers, was sent in front to clear the road of weed and stone, etc., and to order the wagons out of the track to let the ambulance pass. The rough teamsters sometimes refused to move their loaded wagons out of the way for an ambulance, until told that it contained Jackson, and then, with all possible speed, they gave the way, and stood with their hats off, and weeping, as he went by. At Spottsylvania Court-House, and along the whole route, men and women rushed to the ambulance, bringing all the poor delicacies they had, and with tearful eyes they blessed him, and prayed for his recovery. He bore the journey well, and was cheerful throughout the day. He talked freely about the late battle, and among other things said that he had intended to endeavor to cut the Federals off from the United States Ford, and, taking a position between them and the river, oblige them to attack him; and he added, with a smile, 'My men sometimes fail to drive the enemy from their position, but they always fail to drive us away.' He spoke of Rodes, and alluded in high terms to his magnificent behavior on the field Saturday evening. He hoped he would be promoted. He thought promotions for gallantry should be made at once, upon the field, and they would be great incentives to gallantry in others. He spoke of Colonel Willis, who commanded the skirmishers of Rodes's Division, and praised him very highly, and referred to the deaths of Paxton and Boswell very feelingly. He alluded to them as officers of great

merit and promise. The day was quite warm, and at one time he suffered with slight nausea. At his suggestion I placed over his stomach a wet towel, and he expressed great relief from it. After he arrived at the Chandler House, he ate some bread and tea with evident relish, and slept well throughout the entire night. Wednesday he was thought to be doing remarkably well. He ate heartily for one in his condition, and was uniformly cheerful.

"I found his wounds to be doing very well to-day. Union by the first intention had taken place, to some extent in the stump, and the rest of the surface of the wound was covered with healthy granulations. The wound in his hand gave him little pain, and the discharge was healthy. . . . He expressed great satisfaction when told that his wounds were healing, and asked if I could tell from their appearance how long he would probably be kept from the field. Conversing with Lieutenant Smith a few moments afterwards, he alluded to his injuries, and said, 'Many would regard them as a great misfortune, but I regard them as one of the blessings of my life.' Smith replied, 'All things work together for the good of them that love God.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'that's it, that's it.'

"About one o'clock Thursday morning, while I was asleep upon a lounge in his room, he directed his servant, Jim, to apply a wet towel to his stomach, to relieve an attack of nausea, with which he was again troubled. The servant asked permission to first consult me, but the general, knowing that I had slept none for nearly three nights, refused to allow me to be disturbed, and demanded the towel. About daylight I was aroused, and found him suffering great

pain. An examination disclosed pleuro-pneumonia of the right side. I believed, and the consulting physicians concurred in the opinion, that it was attributable to the fall from the litter the night he was wounded. The general himself referred to this accident. I think the disease came on too soon after the application of the wet cloths to admit of the supposition, once believed, that it was induced by them. The nausea, for which the cloths were applied that night, may have been the result of inflammation already begun. Contusion of the lung with extravasation of blood in his chest was probably produced by the fall referred to, and shock and loss of blood prevented any ill effects until reaction had been well established, and then inflammation ensued. . . . Towards the evening he became better, and hopes were again entertained of his recovery.

"Mrs. Jackson arrived to-day, and nursed him faithfully to the end. . . . The general's joy at the presence of his wife and child was very great, and for him unusually demonstrative."

After recovering from the effects of chloroform, General Jackson asked Lieutenant Smith whether he said anything when under its power, and he continued: "I have always thought it wrong to administer chloroform where there is a probability of immediate death. But it was, I think, the most delightful physical sensation I ever enjoyed. I had enough consciousness to know what was doing; and at one time thought I heard the most delightful music that ever greeted my ears. I believe it was the sawing of the bone. But I should dislike, above all things, to enter eternity in such a con-

dition." He afterwards said to other friends, "What an inestimable blessing is chloroform to the sufferer!"

After the operation, when Mr. Lacy was admitted to the tent, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "Oh, general, what a calamity!" General Jackson, with his accustomed politeness, first thanked him for his sympathy, and then said: "You see me severely wounded, but not depressed; not unhappy. I believe it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange; but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day; for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied that, either in this life, or in that which is to come, I shall discover that what is now regarded as a calamity is a blessing. And if it appears a great calamity, as it surely will be a great inconvenience, to be deprived of my arm, it will result in a great blessing. I can wait until God, in His own time, shall make known to me the object He has in thus afflicting me. But why should I not rather rejoice in it as a blessing, and not look on it as a calamity at all? If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare to do it, unless I could know it was the will of my Heavenly Father."

In the course of this conversation he stated that, when he fell from the litter, he thought he should die upon the field, and gave himself up into the hands of God, without a fear, and in the possession of perfect peace. "It has been," he said, "a precious experience to me, that I was brought face to face with death, and found all was well. I then learned an important lesson, that one who has been the subject of convert-

ing grace, and is the child of God, can, in the midst of the severest sufferings, fix the thoughts upon God and heavenly things, and derive great comfort and peace; but that one who had never made his peace with God would be unable to control his mind, under such sufferings, so as to understand properly the way of salvation, and repent and believe on Christ. I felt that if I had neglected the salvation of my soul before, it would have been too late then."

When General Lee was first informed of the victory gained by General Jackson's flank movement, and almost in the same breath the great catastrophe of the fall of his lieutenant was announced to him, he exclaimed with deep emotion, "Ah, any victory is dearly bought which deprives us of the services of Jackson, even for a short time." He was then told that Jackson had said, "The enemy should be pressed in the morning." "Those people shall be immediately pressed," he replied, and forthwith addressed himself to the work.

General Stuart was placed in command of Jackson's corps, and as he led them to battle he gave the order, "Charge! and remember Jackson!" an appeal which was answered by their courage on the second day of the battle of Chancellorsville.

Jackson was asked what he thought of Hooker's plan of campaign, and his reply was: "It was, in the main, a good conception, sir; an excellent plan. But he should not have sent away his cavalry; that was his great blunder. It was that which enabled me to turn him without his being aware of it, and to take him by his rear. Had he kept his cavalry with him, his plan would have been a very good one." In speak-

ing of this flank movement, he said: "Our movement yesterday was a great success; I think the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive far more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think that I had planned it all from the first; but it was not so. I simply took advantage of circumstances as they were presented to me in the providence of God. I feel that His hand led me—let us give Him all the glory."

On Tuesday he was told that Hooker was intrenched north of Chancellorsville, when he said, "That is bad; very bad." Afterwards, upon awakening from a disturbed sleep from the influence of opiates, he exclaimed, "Major Pendleton, send in and see if there is higher ground back of Chancellorsville."

During the few days succeeding his fall, when he and his friends were buoyed up by the hope of his recovery, he conversed freely and cheerfully, and expressed a desire to be taken, as soon as he was able, to his beloved home at Lexington, where, he said, the pure, bracing mountain air would soon heal his wounds and renew his strength and health.

He requested Mr. Lacy to come every morning at ten o'clock and read the Bible, and have prayers at his bedside. During these morning hours he greatly enjoyed religious conversation, and expressed his unvarying and steadfast love and hope in his Redeemer. Although he had avowed his perfect willingness to die whenever God called him, he believed that his time was not yet come, and that God still had a work for him to do in defence of his country.

"He delighted to enlarge on his favorite topics of

practical religion, which were such as these: The Christian should carry his religion into everything. Christianity makes a man better in any lawful calling; it makes the general a better commander, and the shoemaker a better workman. In the case of a cobbler, or the tailor, for instance, religion will produce more care in promising work, more punctuality, and more fidelity in executing it, from conscientious motives; and these homely examples were fair illustrations of its value in more exalted functions. So, prayer aids any man, in any lawful business, not only by bringing down the divine blessing, which is its direct and primary object, but by harmonizing his own mind and heart. In the commander of an army at the critical hour, it calms his perplexities, moderates his anxieties, steadies the scales of judgment, and thus preserves him from exaggerated and rash conclusions. Again he urged that every act of man's life should be a religious act. He recited with much pleasure the ideas of Doddridge, where he pictured himself as spiritualizing every act of his daily life; as thinking, when he washed himself, of the cleansing blood of Calvary; as praying, while he put on his garments, that he might be clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness; as endeavoring, while he was eating, to feed upon the Bread of Heaven. So Jackson was wont to say that the Bible furnished men with rules for everything. If they would search, he said, they would find a precept, an example, or a general principle, applicable to every possible emergency of duty, no matter what was a man's calling. There the military man might find guidance for every exigency. Then, turning to Lieutenant Smith, he

asked him, smiling: 'Can you tell me where the Bible gives generals a model for their official reports of battles?' The lieutenant answered, laughing, that it never entered his mind to think of looking for such a thing in the Scriptures. 'Nevertheless,' said the general, 'there are such; and excellent models, too. Look, for instance, at the narrative of Joshua's battle with the Amalekites; there you have one. It has clearness, brevity, fairness, modesty; and it traces the victory to its right source—the blessing of God."

One day he asked Dr. McGuire whether he supposed the diseased persons healed by the miraculous touch of the Saviour ever suffered again from the same malady. He did not believe they did; that the healing virtue of Christ was too potent, and that the poor paralytic to whom He had once said, "I will: be thou healed," never shook again with palsy. And then, as though invoking the same aid, he exclaimed: "Oh for infinite power!" After quietly reflecting awhile, he inquired of Mr. Smith: "What were the headquarters of Christianity after the crucifixion?" He replied that Jerusalem was at first the chief seat; but after the dispersion of the disciples thence by persecution, there was none for a time, until Antioch, Iconium, Rome, and Alexandria, were finally established as centres of influence. The general interrupted him: "Why do you say 'centres of influence;' is not *headquarters* a better term?" After some further explanations by Mr. Smith (who was a theological student), in which General Jackson was much interested, he said: "Mr. Smith, I wish you would get the map, and show me precisely where Iconium

was." He replied that he did not think he could find a map, when the general said, "Yes, sir; you will find an atlas in my old trunk." After a fruitless search, Mr. Smith suggested that it was probably left in his portable desk. He said, "Yes, you are right, I left it in my desk" (naming the shelf). Then after considering a moment, he added: "Mr. Smith, I wish you would examine into that matter, *and report to me.*"

After the bright promise of his recovery began to diminish, and his physicians were trying every known remedy, one of them aroused him from a troubled sleep to administer some draught, saying, "Will you take this, general?" He looked up steadily into his face, and resolutely said, "Do your duty." He repeated the command, "Do your duty"—his mind evidently wandering back to the camps and battle-fields, on which he had so often and so faithfully urged this injunction.

In resuming my sad story it will be explained why I was not able to reach my husband for five days after he was wounded, but no tongue or pen can express the torturing suspense and distress of mind which I endured during this period of enforced absence from him. As I have before stated, kind friends took me to their hospitable homes in Richmond. After spending a few days with Mrs. Letcher in the governor's mansion, I was invited by Mrs. Hoge and Mrs. William Brown (who lived together) to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who was at that time in Europe, on a mission from the Confederate States government, to procure Bibles for the soldiers. These two ladies were lovely and pleasant in their lives, which were redolent with Christian graces

and usefulness, and much of their time was devoted to ministering to the soldiers. For five days I heard not one word directly from my husband, but despatches from the battle-field were constantly received by the government, representing all as going well, and victory was confidently expected.

On Sunday morning, May 3d, as we arose from family worship in Dr. Hoge's parlor, Dr. Brown very sadly and feelingly informed me that the news had come that General Jackson had been wounded—severely, but it was hoped not dangerously. This painful shock can be better imagined than described. Although I had never for one moment since the war began lost my solicitude for his safety, still God had so often covered his head in the day of battle, had brought him through so many dangers, that I felt that his precious life would still be spared. With all my agonizing distress now, I could not entertain any other thought or belief than this. Despatches were sent at once inquiring into his condition, and asking if I could go to him. He was reported as doing well, but the way was not open for me to come yet. The raiding-parties of the enemy were operating all through the intervening country—all passenger trains were stopped, and to go through the country in private conveyance exposed travellers to capture. So great was my impatience to go that I was willing to risk this danger, but the railroad authorities were so confident of opening the way from day to day that friends urged me to wait until this could be done. On Tuesday my brother Joseph arrived, to my great relief, to take me to my husband, but my disappointment was only increased by his report that it had

taken him nearly three days to ride through the country and elude the raiding enemy, and this confirmed the conviction of my friends that I should await the opening of the railroad. From Joseph were learned the particulars of the wounds of General Jackson and the amputation of his arm, but he was thought to be doing as well as possible under the circumstances, and was brave and cheerful in spirit. Everything was said and done to cheer and encourage me, but oh the harrowing agony of that long waiting, day after day! for it was not until Thursday morning that the blockade was broken, and we went up on an armed train prepared to fight its way through. During all this long period of anxiety and suspense, my unconscious little nestling was all sweetness and sunshine, shedding the only brightness and comfort over my darkened pathway.

A few hours of unmolested travel brought us to Guiney's Station, and we were taken at once to the residence of Mr. Chandler, which was a large country-house, and very near it, in the yard, was a small, humble abode, in which lay my precious, suffering husband. The Chandlers were extremely kind—the good hostess expressing great regret that General Jackson was not in her own dwelling, and receiving the very best of everything she had to give; but the house was occupied by sick and wounded soldiers, some of whom were suffering with erysipelas, and it was the surgeons who had selected the out-house for the general's own safety. Upon my arrival I was met by a member of his staff, who, in answer to my anxious inquiry, said the general was doing "pretty well;" but from his tone and manner I knew some-

thing was wrong, and my heart sank like lead. He said the doctor was then engaged in dressing his wounds, and I could not be admitted to his room until this was over. The time could not have been long, but it seemed to me *hours*, so sorely had I already been tried by "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick." While I was walking off my impatience on the piazza, my attention was attracted by a party of soldiers within a stone's-throw of the house, digging a grave, but soon I was horrified to see them exhuming a coffin, and placing it above the ground. Upon inquiry it proved to be that of General E. F. Paxton, of Lexington, who had fallen in the late battle, whose body was to be taken to his former home for its final interment. My husband's own neighbor and friend! and I knew the young wife, and remembered how I had seen her weeping bitterly as she watched his departure from her in those first days of the war, when all our hearts were well-nigh bursting with foreboding and dread. Now the cruel war had done its worst for *her*, and she was left widowed, and her children fatherless!

My own heart almost stood still under the weight of horror and apprehension which then oppressed me. This ghastly spectacle was a most unfitting preparation for my entrance into the presence of my stricken husband; but when I was soon afterwards summoned to his chamber, the sight which there met my eyes was far more appalling, and sent such a thrill of agony and heart-sinking through me as I had never known before! Oh, the fearful change since last I had seen him! It required the strongest effort of which I was capable to maintain my self-con-

trol. When he left me on the morning of the 29th, going forth so cheerfully and bravely to the call of duty, he was in the full flush of vigorous manhood, and during that last, blessed visit, I never saw him look so handsome, so happy, and so noble. *Now*, his fearful wounds, his mutilated arm, the scratches upon his face, and, above all, the desperate pneumonia, which was flushing his cheeks, oppressing his breathing, and benumbing his senses, wrung my soul with such grief and anguish as it had never before experienced. He had to be aroused to speak to me, and expressed much joy and thankfulness at seeing me; but he was too much affected by morphia to resist stupor, and soon seemed to lose the consciousness of my presence, except when I spoke or ministered to him. From the time I reached him he was too ill to notice or talk much, and he lay most of the time in a semi-conscious state; but when aroused, he recognized those about him and consciousness would return. Soon after I entered his room he was impressed by the woful anxiety and sadness betrayed in my face, and said: "My darling, you must cheer up, and not wear a long face. I love cheerfulness and brightness in a sick-room." And he requested me to speak distinctly, as he wished to hear every word I said. Whenever he awakened from his stupor, he always had some endearing words to say to me, such as, "My darling, you are very much loved;" "You are one of the most precious little wives in the world." He told me he knew I would be glad to take his place, but God knew what was best for us. Thinking it would cheer him more than anything else to see the baby in whom he had so delighted, I proposed several times

to bring her to his bedside, but he always said, "Not yet; wait till I feel better." He was invariably patient, never uttering a murmur or complaint. Sometimes, in slight delirium, he talked, and his mind was then generally upon his military duties—caring for his soldiers, and giving such directions as these: "Tell Major Hawkes to send forward provisions to the men;" "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action;" "Pass the infantry to the front," etc. Our friends around us, seeing how critical was his condition, and how my whole time was given up to him, determined to send to Richmond for Mrs. Hoge to come to my relief, and assist in taking care of my baby. Hetty had been faithful to her little charge, but the presence of Mrs. Hoge, who was of a singularly bright, affectionate, and sympathetic nature, and her loving ministrations in this time of sorest trial, were of inestimable value and comfort.

Friday and Saturday passed in much the same way—bringing no favorable change to the dear sufferer; indeed, his fever and restlessness increased, and, although everything was done for his relief and benefit, he was growing perceptibly weaker. On Saturday evening, in the hope of soothing him, I proposed reading some selections from the Psalms. At first he replied that he was suffering too much to listen, but very soon he added: "Yes, we must never refuse that. Get the Bible and read them."

As night approached, and he grew more wearied, he requested me to sing to him—asking that the songs should be the most spiritual that could be selected. My brother Joseph assisted me in singing a few hymns, and at my husband's request we concluded with the 51st Psalm in verse:

"Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive."

The singing had a quieting effect, and he seemed to rest in perfect peace.

Dr. S. B. Morrison, a relative of mine, and Dr. David Tucker, of Richmond, had both been called in consultation by Dr. McGuire. As Dr. Morrison was examining the patient, he looked up pleasantly at him, and said, "That's an old familiar face."

On Saturday afternoon he asked to see his chaplain, Mr. Lacy, but his respiration being now very difficult, it was not thought prudent for him to converse, and an attempt was made to dissuade him. But he was so persistent that it was deemed best to gratify him. When Mr. Lacy entered he inquired of him if he was trying to further those views of Sabbath observance of which he had spoken to him. Upon being assured that this was being done, he expressed much gratification, and talked for some time upon that subject—his last care and effort for the church of Christ being to secure the sanctification of the Lord's day.

Apprehending the nearness of his end, Mr. Lacy wished to remain with him on Sunday, but he insisted that he should go, as usual, and preach to the soldiers. When Major Pendleton came to his bedside about noon, he inquired of him, "Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?" When told that Mr. Lacy was, and that the whole army was praying for him, he said, "Thank God; they are very kind." As soon as the chaplain appeared at headquarters that morning, General Lee anxiously inquired after General Jackson's condition, and upon hearing how hopeless it was, he exclaimed, with deep feeling: "Surely General Jackson must recover. God will not take him

from us, now that we need him so much. Surely he will be spared to us, in answer to the many prayers which are offered for him." And upon Mr. Lacy's leaving, he said: "When you return, I trust you will find him better. When a suitable occasion offers, give him my love, and tell him that I wrestled in prayer for him last night as I never prayed, I believe, for myself." Here his voice became choked with emotion, and he turned away to hide his intense feeling.

Shortly after the general's fall, and before his situation had grown so critical, General Lee sent him, by a friend, the following message: "Give him my affectionate regards, and tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right arm."

Mr. Lacy was truly a spiritual comforter and help to me in those dark and agonizing days. Often when I was called out of the sick-chamber to my little nursling, before returning we would meet together, and, bowing down before the throne of grace, pour out our hearts to God to spare that precious, useful life, *if consistent with His will;* for without this condition, which the Saviour himself enjoins, we dared not plead for that life, infinitely dearer, as it was, than my own.

In order to stimulate his fast-failing powers, he was offered some brandy and water, but he showed great repugnance to it, saying excitedly, "It tastes like *fire*, and cannot do me any good." Early on Sunday morning, the 10th of May, I was called out of the sick-room by Dr. Morrison, who told me that the doctors, having done everything that human skill could devise to stay the hand of death, had lost all

hope, and that my precious, brave, noble husband could not live! Indeed, life was fast ebbing away, and they felt that they must prepare me for the inevitable event, which was now a question of only a few short hours. As soon as I could arise from this stunning blow, I told Dr. Morrison that my husband must be informed of his condition. I well knew that death to him was but the opening of the gates of pearl into the inneffable glories of heaven; but I had heard him say that, although he was willing and ready to die at any moment that God might call him, still he would prefer to have a few hours' preparation before entering into the presence of his Maker and Redeemer.

I therefore felt it to be my duty to gratify his desire. He now appeared to be fast sinking into unconsciousness, but he heard my voice and understood me better than others, and God gave me the strength and composure to hold a last sacred interview with him, in which I tried to impress upon him his situation, and learn his dying wishes. This was all the harder, because he had never, from the time that he first rallied from his wounds, thought he would die, and had expressed the belief that God still had work for him to do, and would raise him up to do it. When I told him the doctors thought he would soon be in heaven, he did not seem to comprehend it, and showed no surprise or concern. But upon repeating it, and asking him if he was willing for God to do with him according to His own will, he looked at me calmly and intelligently, and said, "Yes, *I prefer it, I prefer it.*" I then told him that before that day was over he would be with the blessed Saviour in His glory. With perfect distinct-

ness and intelligence, he said, "I will be an infinite gainer to be translated." I then asked him if it was his wish that I should return, with our infant, to my father's home in North Carolina. He answered, "Yes, you have a kind, good father; but no one is so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." He said he had many things to say to me, but he was then too weak. Preferring to know his own desire as to the place of his burial, I asked him the question, but his mind was now growing clouded again, and at first he replied, "Charlotte," and afterwards "Charlottesville." I then asked him if he did not wish to be buried in Lexington, and he answered at once, "Yes, Lexington, and in *my own plot.*" He had bought this plot himself, when our first child died, as a burial place for his family.

Mrs. Hoge now came in, bearing little Julia in her arms, with Hetty following, and although he had almost ceased to notice anything, as soon as they entered the door he looked up, his countenance brightened with delight, and he never smiled more sweetly as he exclaimed, "Little darling! sweet one!" She was seated on the bed by his side, and after watching her intently, with radiant smiles, for a few moments, he closed his eyes, as if in prayer. Though she was suffering the pangs of extreme hunger, from long absence from her mother, she seemed to forget her discomfort in the joy of seeing that loving face beam on her once more, and she looked at him and smiled as long as he continued to notice her. Tears were shed over that dying bed by strong men who were unused to weep, and it was touching to see the genuine grief of his servant, Jim, who nursed him faithfully to the end.

He now sank rapidly into unconsciousness, murmuring disconnected words occasionally, but all at once he spoke out very cheerfully and distinctly the beautiful sentence which has become immortal as his last: "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

"Was his soul wandering back in dreams to the river of his beloved Valley, the Shenandoah (the 'river of sparkling waters'), whose verdant meads and groves he had redeemed from the invader, and across whose floods he had so often won his passage through the toils of battle? Or was he reaching forward across the River of Death, to the golden streets of the Celestial City, and the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? It was to these that God was bringing him, through his last battle and victory; and under their shade he walks, with the blessed company of the redeemed."

General Jackson had expressed the desire, when in health, that he might enter into the rest that remains for God's people on the Lord's day. His wish was now gratified, and his Heavenly Father translated him from the toils and trials of earth, soon after the noon of as beautiful and perfect a May day as ever shed its splendor upon this world, to those realms of everlasting rest and bliss where

> "Sabbaths have no end,
> And the noontide of glory eternally reigns."

Never shall I forget Mr. Lacy's ministrations of consolation to my bleeding heart on that holiest of Sabbath afternoons. Seated by my bedside, he talked so of Heaven, giving such glowing descriptions of its

blessedness, and following in imagination the ransomed, glorified spirit, through the gates into the city, that at last peace, the "peace of God," came into my soul, and I felt that it was selfish to wish to bring back to this sorrowful earth, for *my* happiness, one who had made such a blissful exchange. But this frame of mind did not last, and many were the subsequent conflicts to attain and keep this spirit.

The remains were carefully prepared by the loving hands of the staff-officers, the body being embalmed and clothed in an ordinary dress, and then wrapped in a dark-blue military overcoat. His Confederate uniform had been cut almost to pieces by his attendants, in their endeavor to reach and bind up his wounds, on the night of his fall. Late in the evening I went into Mr. Chandler's parlor to see all that was left of the one who had been to me the truest, tenderest, and dearest of all the relations of earth—the husband of whom I had been so proud, and for whom I thought no honors or distinctions too great; but above all this I prized and revered his exalted Christian character, and knew that God had now given him "a crown of righteousness."

Yet how unspeakable and incalculable was his loss to me and that fatherless baby! Dead! in the meridian of his grand life, before he had attained the age of forty years! But "*alive in Christ*," for evermore!

All traces of suffering had disappeared from the noble face, and, although somewhat emaciated, the expression was serene and elevated, and he looked far more natural than I had dared to hope.

That night, after a few hours' sleep from sheer exhaustion, I awoke, when all in my chamber was per-

fect stillness, and the full moon poured a flood of light through the windows, glorious enough to lift my soul heavenwards; but oh! the agony and anguish of those silent midnight hours, when the terrible reality of my loss and the desolation of widowhood forced itself upon me, and took possession of my whole being! My unconscious little one lay sweetly sleeping by my side, and my kind friend, Mrs. Hoge, was near; but I strove not to awaken them, and all alone I stemmed the torrent of grief which seemed insupportable, until prayer to Him, who alone can comfort, again brought peace and quietness to my heart.

The next morning I went once more to see the remains, which were now in the casket, and were covered with spring flowers. His dear face was wreathed with the lovely lily of the valley—the emblem of *humility*—his own predominating grace, and it seemed to me no flowers could have been so appropriate for him. Since then, I never see a lily of the valley without its recalling the tenderest and most sacred associations.

On Monday morning began the sad journey to Richmond. A special car had been set apart for us, in which were Mr. Lacy and the staff-officers, while Mrs. Hoge and Mrs. Chandler were my attendants, and proved themselves the kindest of friends and comforters. Upon reaching the suburbs of the city, the train stopped, and we were met by Mrs. Governor Letcher and other ladies, with several carriages, and driven through the most retired streets to the governor's mansion. Kind friends had also in readiness for me a mourning outfit. These were indeed most thoughtful considerations on their part, and could not have been more gratefully appreciated.

The funeral cortége then proceeded on its way into the city, and was followed for two miles by throngs of people.

"Business had been suspended, and the whole city came forth to meet the dead chieftain. Amidst a solemn silence, only broken by the boom of the minute-guns and the wails of a military dirge, the coffin was borne into the governor's gates, and hidden for a time from the eyes of the multitude, that were wet with tears."

The casket, enveloped in the Confederate flag, and laden with spring flowers, was placed in the centre of the reception-room in the Executive Mansion. It was here that I looked upon the face of my husband for the last time. No change had taken place, but, the coffin having been sealed, the beloved face could only be seen through the glass plate, which was disappointing and unsatisfactory. In honor of the dead, the next day a great civic and military procession took place. The body was carried through the main streets of the city, the pall-bearers being six major and brigadier generals, dressed in full uniform. The hearse, draped in mourning, and drawn by four white horses, was followed by his horse, led by a groom; next by his staff-officers; regiments of infantry and artillery; then a vast array of officials—the President, Cabinet, and all the general officers in Richmond—after whom came a multitude of dignitaries and citizens; and then all returned to the Capitol.

"Every place of business was closed, and every avenue thronged with solemn and tearful spectators, while a silence more impressive than that of the Sabbath brooded over the whole town. When the hearse

reached the steps of the Capitol, the pall-bearers, headed by General Longstreet, the great comrade of the departed, bore the corpse into the lower house of the Congress, where it was placed on a kind of altar, draped with snowy white, before the speaker's chair. The coffin was still enfolded with the white, blue, and red of the Confederate flag.

"The Congress of the Confederate States had a short time before adopted a design for their flag, and a large and elegant model had just been completed, the first ever made, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capitol. This flag the President had sent, as the gift of the country, to be the winding-sheet of General Jackson."

During the remainder of the day the body lay in state, and was visited by fully twenty thousand persons—the women bringing flowers, until not only the bier was covered, but the table on which it rested overflowed with piles of these numerous tributes of affection.

At the hour appointed for closing the doors the multitude was still streaming in, and an old wounded soldier was seen pressing forward to take his last look at the face of his loved commander. He was told that he was too late—the casket was then being closed for the last time, and the order had been given to clear the hall. He still endeavored to advance, when one of the marshals threatened to arrest him if he did not obey orders. The old soldier hereupon lifted up the stump of his mutilated arm, and with tears streaming from his eyes, exclaimed: "By this arm which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my general once more." The kind heart of Governor

Letcher was so touched by this appeal that at his intercession the old soldier's petition was granted.

The tears which were dropped over his bier by strong men and gentle women were the most true and honorable tributes that could be paid him; and even little children were held up by their parents that they might reverently behold his face and stamp his name upon their memories.

While all these public demonstrations were taking place in the Capitol, how different was the scene in my darkened chamber, near by! A few loving friends came to mingle their tears with mine, among whom was my motherly friend, Mrs. William N. Page, and my eldest brother, Major W. W. Morrison, arrived that day from North Carolina. Both of these dear ones accompanied me on the remainder of the sad pilgrimage to Lexington. I also received a precious visit from the Rev. Dr. T. V. Moore, whom I had never met before, but his winning gentleness of face, his selections of the most comforting passages of Scripture—such as the 14th chapter of John, beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me"—and his fervent, touching prayer could not have been more grateful and soothing—proving balm, indeed, to my wounded, crushed heart. I never saw him again, but he, too, has long since joined that "army of the living God,"

> "Part of whose host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now."

Little Julia was an object of great interest to her father's friends and admirers, and so numerous were the requests to see her that Hetty, finding the child

growing worried at so much notice and handling, sought a refuge beyond the reach of the crowd. She ensconced herself, with her little charge, close to the wall of the house, underneath my window in the back yard, and there I heard her crooning, and bewailing that "people would give her baby no rest."

On Wednesday morning we again set out on our protracted funeral journey, going by the way of Gordonsville to Lynchburg, and all along the route, at every station at which a stop was made, were assembled crowds of people, and many were the floral offerings handed in for the bier. His child was often called for, and, on several occasions, was handed in and out of the car windows to be kissed.

No stop was made at Lynchburg, but a vast throng was there to attest their interest and affection, and to present flowers. Here we took the canal-boat which was to convey us to Lexington, and on Thursday evening, with our precious burden, we reached the little village which had been so dear to him, and where his body was now to repose until "the last trump shall sound" and "this mortal shall have put on immortality."

At Lexington our pastor, Dr. White, and our friends and neighbors met us in tears and sorrow. The remains were taken in charge by the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, and carried to the lecture-room where General Jackson, while professor, had taught for ten years, and were guarded during the night by his former pupils.

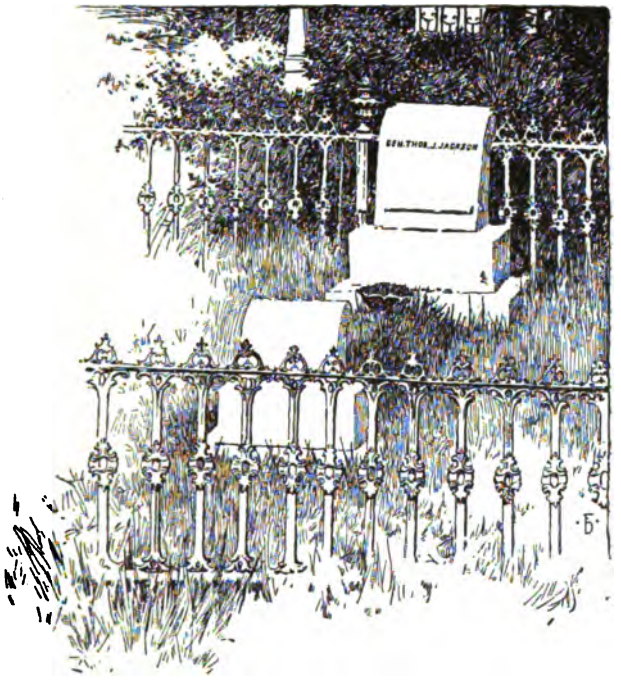
On Friday, May 15th, the body was again escorted by the officers and cadets of the Institute, together with the citizens, to the Presbyterian Church, in

which he had so loved to worship, where the services were conducted in the simplest manner by the pastor and other visiting ministers. Conspicuous among these was General Jackson's valued friend, Dr. Ramsey, of Lynchburg, who offered a prayer of wonderful pathos. The hymn "How blest the righteous when he dies!" was sung, after which Dr. White read the 15th chapter of I. Corinthians — that sublime description of the resurrection of Christ and of the believer; and then delivered an address, which was as just and appropriate as it was heartfelt and affecting. The casket, followed by a long procession of people, from far and near, was borne to the cemetery, and, with military honors, was at last committed to the grave.

The spot where he rests is "beautiful for situation"—the gentle eminence commanding the loveliest views of peaceful, picturesque valleys, beyond which, like faithful sentinels, rise the everlasting hills.

My pastor took me to his own home, and never could the loving-kindness and sympathy of true hearts be exceeded by that of himself, his family, and the good people of Lexington to me, in this hour of deepest affliction and bereavement. When the time came for my sad departure from my once happy, married home, the noble people of Virginia extended to me every kindness. I was provided with two escorts to convey me to my father's home in North Carolina; one of General Jackson's staff being detailed by the military authorities to attend me; and the Virginia Military Institute, wishing to do honor to the name of its late professor, also sent one of his colleagues upon the same mission. I mention these

facts simply in token of gratitude, and realizing that these and all the tributes paid to my hero-husband are but evidences of the love and veneration in which his name and memory are enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and of the good and noble of all lands.



JACKSON'S TOMB, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

A CHAPLAIN'S RECOLLECTIONS

OF

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

By Chaplain J. Wm. Jones.

(Formerly Chaplain of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps, A. N. V.; now Assistant Chaplain-General United Confederate Veterans.)

I remember that soldiers at Harper's Ferry when he was sent to command us asked, "*Who is this Colonel Jackson?*" but that before he had been in command forty-eight hours we felt his strong hand, recognized the difference between him and certain militia officers who had previously had charge of the post, and realized that we were now under the command of a real soldier and a rigid disciplinarian.

I saw him frequently at Harper's Ferry; and as "high private in the rear rank" of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment it was sometimes my duty to pace the sentinel's beat in front of his headquarters.

But the first time I ever had an opportunity of seeing him closely and talking with him was at Darksville, near Martinsburg, in the lower Shenandoah Valley, on the 4th day of July, 1861, when the army under General J. E. Johnston was drawn up in line of battle to meet an expected attack from General Patterson.

The skill and tact with which he had reduced the high-spirited rabble, which rushed to Harper's Ferry

at the first tap of the drum, into the respectable "Army of the Shenandoah," which he turned over to General J. E. Johnston the last of May, and his successful skirmish at Falling Waters (which we then exaggerated into an important victory) had won for him some reputation, and I was anxious to see him again. I have a vivid recollection of his appearance that day, and how he impressed me.

Dressed in a simple Virginia uniform, apparently about thirty-five years old, six feet high, medium size, gray eyes that seemed to look through you, dark brown hair and a countenance in which deep benevolence seemed to mingle with uncompromising sternness, he had about him nothing of "the pomp and circumstance" of war, but every element which enters into the skilful leader and the indomitable, energetic soldier, who was always ready for the fight.

But his appearance a year later is still more vividly impressed upon me.

Just before the battle of Fredericksburg his intimate personal friend, the chivalric knight, "Jeb" Stuart, presented him with a beautiful "regulation" Confederate uniform, and when he appeared in it for the first time on that historic 13th day of December, 1862, his men did not recognize him at first; but soon the word ran down the line "It is 'old Jack' with new clothes on," and they cheered him as usual.

Jackson was *a born soldier*, and it would be for me a pleasant task to sketch fully his military career, which has been the marvel of the world, and shall be the study of military critics in the years to come.

THE RAPIDITY OF HIS MARCHES.

Jackson was noted for *the rapidity* of his movements and the long marches he made. An able Northern writer has said of him: "He moved infantry with the celerity of cavalry," and some of his marches have scarcely a parallel in history.

After his march to Cumberland and Romney in the winter of '61–'62, when by a sudden change in the weather many of his men were frost-bitten and some of them perished from the intense cold, he had scarcely rested his weary legions when he began his famous "Valley campaign" which won for his men the sobriquet of "Jackson's foot cavalry," and for himself world-wide fame.

When General Banks, supposing that Jackson was in full retreat up the Valley, started a column across the mountains to strike Johnston's army which was then falling back from Manassas, Jackson suddenly turned, marched thirty miles that afternoon and eighteen early the next morning, and struck a blow at Kernstown which, while he suffered the only defeat he ever sustained, recalled the column that was moving on Johnston's flank and disconcerted McClellan's whole plan of campaign. Pursuit was utterly futile until Jackson took a strong position in Swift Run Gap, whence he emerged to make some of the most rapid marches on record, as he defeated Milroy at McDowell, flanked Banks at Front Royal, cut his retreating column at Middletown, routed him at Winchester, and pushed him pell-mell across the Potomac.

"John Paul" wrote from Saratoga to the *New*

York Tribune some years ago: "I met General Banks here, and it grieved me that the general does not remember how we traveled in company once, but the circumstances were not very favorable for photography, perhaps. We were traveling out of the Shenandoah Valley, and manœuvring very successfully to draw Stonewall Jackson along in our rear. Not a man of us but swore that the rebel general should not get to Massachusetts before we did—that the foul invader should not set foot on the frontier of our native State without finding us sternly confronting him in the interior. And it was only necessary to gaze once into each soldier's face to see that the hated enemy could not capture us without stepping over the boundary lines, and violating the territory of Maine. I wished several times during the recent races that I had the gray mare I rode through that campaign here to enter for some of the purses. The bursts of speed which that faithful steed showed on several occasions would pass belief if you did not know just how near the detested foe got to us at times. It may not be that I won any spurs in the Shenandoah Valley, but I had a pair to start in with, and I used them well coming out. I am confident that none of our people won any spurs down there, though we played straight poker for most everything else, and I lost my blankets once to a cavalry captain, who subsequently had no use for them."

Whether Jackson intended to "violate the territory of Maine" or not he was about to cross the Potomac in pursuit of the fleeing enemy when he learned that Shields and Fremont (in response to

that famous dispatch of Mr. Lincoln to General McDowell) were hastening to form a junction in his rear at Strasburg. He immediately wheeled, marched sixty miles in a day and a half (one of his brigades marched fifty-two miles in one day), held Shields back with one hand and Fremont with the other until all of his troops, prisoners and trains had passed the point of danger, and then moved quietly up the valley pursued by three armies, until at Cross Keys and Port Republic he suffered himself to be "caught," and proved beyond all controversy that he who "caught" Stonewall Jackson, had indeed "*caught a Tartar.*"

One of his biographers well puts it: "In thirty-two days he had marched nearly four hundred miles, skirmishing almost daily; fought five battles; defeated three armies, two of which were completely routed; captured about twenty pieces of artillery, some four thousand prisoners, and immense quantities of stores of all kinds; and had done all this with a loss of less than one thousand men in killed, wounded and missing."

The march from the Valley to "seven days around Richmond;" that to Pope's rear at Second Manassas; the march to the capture of Harpers Ferry, and thence to Sharpsburg (Antietam); the march from the Valley to first Fredericksburg, and that to Hooker's rear at Chancellorsville were all famous for their rapidity. Though always having superior forces opposed to him, his quick movements and able strategy gave him great advantage at the point of attack.

His men used to say: "Old Jack always moves

'at early dawn' except when he starts the day before," and it was a glorious sight to witness the cheerful alacrity with which the "foot cavalry," often with bare and blistered feet, responded to every call of their iron chief, and marched with him to an immortality of fame. The simple command, "Press forward," or the assurance of staff officers, "General Jackson has important reasons for an extra long march to-day," would silence every murmur and give seemingly fresh strength to his weary men.

HIS SECRECY.

The secrecy with which Jackson formed and executed his plans was a most important element of his success.

After the defeat of Fremont at Cross Keys, and Shields at Port Republic, he was largely reinforced by General Lee, who took pains to have the fact made known to the enemy, and Jackson was not slow to confirm the impression that with these reinforcements he would sweep down the Valley again.

He took into his confidence Colonel T. T. Munford, who commanded the advance of his cavalry, and he detailed for special duty Mr. William Gilmer, of Albemarle County, who was widely known in Virginia as a political speaker and in the army as a gallant soldier. A number of Federal surgeons, who had come, under flag of truce, to look after Banks' wounded, were quartered in a room adjoining Colonel Munford's when Mr. Gilmer ["Billy Gilmer" was his popular sobriquet] stalked in, with rattling sabre and jingling spurs, and in loud tones

announced, "Despatches for General Jackson." "What is the news?" he was asked, loud enough to be heard by the surgeons in the next room, who pressed their ears to the keyholes and cracks, eager to catch every word. "Great news!" was the loud response. "Great news! The whole road from here to Staunton is full of gray people coming to reinforce us. There are General Whiting and General Lawton and General Hill, and I don't know who else, at the head of at least thirty thousand men. They will all be up by to-morrow afternoon, and then won't we clean out this Valley and make the Yankees skedaddle again across the Potomac! Hurrah for old Stonewall and his 'foot cavalry,' as well as his 'crittur companies,' say I!!"

It is needless to add that when the surgeons were sent back to their own lines, early the next morning, they hastened to carry "the news" to headquarters. A hasty retreat of the Federal army followed, and Jackson so skilfully manœuvred his forces, using his cavalry as a curtain across the Valley, and so secretly conducted his march to Richmond, that at the very time he was thundering on McClellan's flank at Cold Harbor, Banks was fortifying at Strasburg against an expected attack from him.

I well remember how profoundly ignorant the men and even the higher officers on that march were as to our destination. At Charlottesville we expected to march into Madison County to meet a reported move of Banks across the mountains. At Gordonsville the Presbyterian pastor, Rev. Dr. Ewing, told me (as a profound secret, "which he had

gotten from headquarters") that we would "move at daylight the next morning toward Orange Court-House and Culpeper to threaten Washington."

We did "move at daylight" (we generally did), but in an altogether different direction, toward Louisa Court-House. There and at Frederick's Hall and at Hanover Junction we expected to move on Fredericksburg to meet McDowell, and it was only when we heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville on the evening of June 26th that we took in the full situation, and there rang along our moving column for miles shouts of anticipated victory, as the "foot cavalry" hurried forward "to take their place in the picture near the flashing of the guns."

The evening that Jackson spent at Frederick's Hall Mrs. Nat Harris sent him an invitation to take breakfast with her the next morning, and he courteously thanked her and said: "If I can I will be happy to do so."

But when the good lady sent to summon him to breakfast, his famous body servant, Jim, met the messenger with a look of astonishment and said: "Lor', you surely didn't spec' to find the Ginerul here at dis hour, did you? You don't know him den. Why he left here at one o'clock dis mornin', and I spec' he is whippin' de Yankees in de Valley agin by now." The truth was that he had ridden into Richmond—a distance of fifty miles—to have an interview with General Lee, and receive his final instructions as to the part he was to take in the great battle that was impending, and he did it so secretly that the army knew nothing of his absence,

and Richmond nothing of his presence within her walls.

It was on this ride that a characteristic incident occurred. Before day Mr. Matthew Hope, a respected citizen living in the lower part of Louisa County, was awakened by the clatter of horses' hoofs and a call in front of his house. Asking, "Who is there?" he received for answer: "Two Confederate officers who are on important business and want two fresh horses to ride. Have you two good horses?" "Yes! I always keep good horses," was Mr. Hope's reply, "but I can not lend them to every straggler who claims to be a Confederate officer on important business. You can not have my horses." "But our business is very urgent. We must, and will, have them, and you had as well saddle them at once. We will leave our horses in their places." "I do not saddle my own horses," was the indignant reply. "I keep negroes for that purpose, and I shall certainly not saddle them for you, especially as I have no assurance that you will ever bring them back."

The officers soon got the horses and galloped off with them, and Mr. Hope was very much astonished when several days afterward they were returned in good condition, "with the thanks and compliments of General Jackson," and exclaimed, "Why did he not tell me that he was Stonewall Jackson? If I had known who he was I would have cheerfully given him all of the horses on the place, and have saddled them for him, too!"

It is related that on this march Jackson met one of Hood's Texans straggling from his command, when the following conversation occurred:

"Where are you going, sir?"

"I don't know."

"What command do you belong to?"

"Don't know, sir."

"What State are you from?"

"I can not tell."

"What do you know, then, sir?"

"Nothing at all at this time, sir," replied the Texan; "old Stonewall says that we are to be know-nothings until after the next fight, and you shall not make me violate his orders."

Jackson smiled and passed on.

Jackson's staff and his higher officers were frequently in as profound ignorance of his plans as the private soldiers. General Ewell, his second in command, remarked to his chief of staff in my hearing several days before we started from Port Republic on the march to Richmond: "We are being largely reinforced, and after resting here for a few days we will proceed to beat up Banks' quarters again down about Strasburg and Winchester."

I was present one day in the summer of '62, when General Ewell rode up to the house of Dr. Jas. L. Jones near Gordonsville, Va., and asked: "Doctor, will you please tell me where we are going?" "No, general," was the reply, "but I should like to ask you that question if it were proper." "It is a perfectly proper question to ask," replied the grim old soldier, "but I should like to see you get an answer. I pledge you my word that I do not know whether we are to march north, south, east or west, or whether we are to march at all. General Jackson ordered me to have my division ready to march at

early dawn; they have been lying in the turnpike there ever since, and I have had no further orders. And that is about as much as I ever know of General Jackson's movements."

If I had space I might illustrate this point at great length but it must suffice now to say that Jackson kept his plans so secret from his own people that the enemy could not detect them, and that in some of his most brilliantly successful movements, such as his march against Fremont and then against Banks, his march to "seven days around Richmond," to Pope's rear at Second Manassas and to Hooker's flank and rear at Chancellorsville, the element of *secrecy* entered largely into his success.

PERSONAL ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

He was unceasingly active in giving his personal attention to the minutest details. He had an interview with his quartermaster, his commissary, his ordnance and his medical officer every day, and he was at all times thoroughly familiar with the condition of these departments. It is a remarkable fact that, despite his rapid marches, he rarely ever destroyed any public property or left so much as a wagon wheel to the enemy.

Not content with simply learning what his maps could teach him of the country and its topography, he was accustomed to have frequent interviews with citizens and reconnoitre personally the country through which he expected to move, as well as the ground on which he expected to fight. Being called to his quarters one day to give him information concerning a region with which I had been familiar

from my boyhood, I soon found that he knew more about the topography of the section than I did, and I was constrained to say: "Excuse me, general, I have known this region all my life and thought that I knew all about it, but it is evident that you are more familiar with it than I am, and that I can give you no information about it." Often at night, when the army was wrapped in sleep, he would ride alone to inspect the roads by which, on the morrow, he expected to move to strike the enemy in flank or rear.

The world's history has probably no other instance of a soldier who won so much fame in so brief a period, and what might have been if God had spared him it is useless now to speculate.

I once heard General Lee say, with far more feeling than he was accustomed to exhibit: "If I had had Jackson at Gettysburg, I should have won that battle, and a complete victory there would have resulted in the establishment of the independence of the South." No close, impartial student of that great battle can fail to indorse this opinion of the Confederate chief or to recognize that the *absence* of Jackson was the most potent factor in the loss of that great battle and golden opportunity by the Confederates.

I have it from an authentic source that if Jackson had not been killed at Chancellorsville, he would have been sent to command the Army of Tennessee. How it would have resulted I may not now discuss, but it is safe to say that if "Stonewall" Jackson had been in command of those heroic veterans *there would have been less retreating and more fighting.* At

all events, as his old veterans in their intercourse with each other "shoulder their crutches and tell how battles were fought and won," they heartily indorse the sentiment of brave old "Father Hubert," of Hays's Louisiana brigade, who, in his prayer at the unvailing of the Jackson monument in New Orleans, said as his climax: "And Thou knowest, O Lord, that when Thou didst decide that the Confederacy should not succeed, *Thou hadst first to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson.*"

HIS CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

The Christian character of Stonewall Jackson is as historic as his great military achievements, and has been fully brought out in many publications, and especially in the simple and beautiful delineation of his private character which his devoted wife has given in this volume.

But I deem it eminently fitting that in closing "A Chaplain's Recollections," I should give at least a few salient points of that religious life which shone out so conspicuously in the daily walk of the stern soldier, exerted so potent an influence upon all who came in contact with him, and which still lives on to bless the world.

During the six years I resided in Lexington I found that the negroes held in highest esteem the memory of Jackson, and always spoke with grateful affection of his work among them. It is a very pleasing incident that the first contribution towards the erection of the beautiful bronze statue, which now decks the hero's grave, was from the negro Baptist Church of Lexington, whose pastor and

some of whose prominent members belonged once to Jackson's negro Sunday-school.

A MAN OF PRAYER.

Jackson was equally scrupulous in attending to all of his religious duties. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" seemed the motto of his life. Regular in meeting all of his religious obligations, he walked straight along the path of duty, doing with his might whatever his hands found to do. In the army his piety, despite all obstacles, seemed to brighten as the pure gold is refined by the furnace. He beautifully illustrated in his life the lesson of the great Apostle: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He was a man of prayer.

He had in the army his regular "family worship," and frequent prayer-meetings at his headquarters, and allowed no stress of circumstances to deprive him of the privilege of secret prayer.

HIS ACTIVITY FOR THE SALVATION OF OTHERS.

From the beginning of the war Jackson manifested the deepest interest in, and made active efforts to promote, the religious welfare of his men. The first interview I had with him, mentioned in the first part of this paper, was to secure a permit for a colporteur, good brother C. F. Fry, of Staunton, to enter his lines. He replied to my application: "Certainly, sir, it will give me great pleasure to grant all such permits, and when the colporteur comes I should be glad to see him. Perhaps I can help him in his important work."

Afterwards, introducing my friend, Jackson gave

him a most gracious reception, saying: "You are more than welcome to my camp, and I shall be delighted to do what I can to promote your work. I am more anxious than I can tell that my men shall be good soldiers of the cross as well as good soldiers of their country."

In further conversation he gave the colporteur some very valuable hints about his work, made him a very liberal contribution to buy Bibles, tracts and books, and gave him the names of a number of Christian officers who might be relied on to help him.

Our Chaplains' Association, which exerted so happy an influence in our army work, was organized largely through Jackson's influence, and he always took the deepest interest in its meetings. One day I had started from our camp near Hamilton's crossing to walk down to old Round Oak Church to attend a meeting, when, hearing the clatter of horse's hoofs behind me, I turned and recognized and saluted General Jackson riding alone as he frequently did. I expected, of course, that he would ride on, but, asking me if I was on my way to the Chaplains' Association, he dismounted, threw his reins over his arm and walked with me about three miles to the point where our paths diverged. I shall never forget that walk of the humble chaplain with the great soldier, and could give full details of our talk. The burden of it was the religious needs of the army and how best to supply them, how to fill the vacant regiments with chaplains, how to make the chaplains more efficient, how to secure missionaries and colporteurs, and how to induce some

Orderly Servant Jackson Ewell Dr. Hunter McGuire Maj. Hawks
Col. Pendleton Maj. H. K. Douglass
A. P. Hill Col. Wm. Allen Capt. J. Smith

PRAYER IN "STONEWALL" JACKSON'S CAMP.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

of the ablest preachers of the different denominations to come to the army for short periods if they could not come as permanent chaplains.

He mentioned by name a number of leading preachers and asked me to write to them, saying: "Tell them for me that they must come, and that they will never find a grander field of usefulness than right here among these noble men, these patriot heroes of our Southland."

And then he began to talk on his favorite theme, growth in grace, the obstacles to it in the army and how to overcome them, and I confess that I had, for the time, to lay aside my office of "teacher in Israel," and be content to sit at the feet of the stern warrior, and learn of him lessons in the divine life.

Upon another occasion when Rev. B. T. Lacy (chaplain at Jackson's headquarters and missionary chaplain to the corps), Rev. W. C. Power, of South Carolina, and myself were in Mr. Lacy's tent at work, as a committee of the Chaplains' Association, on an address to the churches of the South, General Jackson came to the tent door, and, declining our earnest invitation to come in, said that he would expect us to dine with him that day. The average Confederate soldier always accepted an invitation to dinner, and this invitation to dine with Stonewall Jackson was promptly and eagerly accepted.

I do not remember much about the dinner—could not give the bill of fare, though I remember that it was very simple and would have been sneered at by any Federal officer and many of our Confederate officers of lower rank—but the table talk, and the hour or two after dinner when we persuaded the

general to go into the tent and hear our statement of the religious condition of the army and appeal to the churches for more preachers in the camps, are so indelibly impressed upon my memory that I could quote verbatim much of the simple, earnest, evangelical talk of the great leader but devout Christian.

I went upon several occasions to preaching at Jackson's headquarters, and the scene is vividly engraved on my memory and heart.

That devout listener, dressed in simple gray, ornamented only with three stars, which any Confederate colonel was entitled to wear, is our great commander, Robert Edward Lee. That dashing-looking cavalryman, with "fighting jacket," plumed hat, jingling spurs and gay decorations, but solemn, devout aspect during the services, is "Jeb" Stuart, "the flower of cavaliers"—and all through the vast crowd the "wreaths" and "stars" of rank mingle with the "bars" of subordinate officers and the rough garb of the private soldier. But perhaps the most supremely happy man of the gathered thousands is General Jackson as he plays usher in seating the men, or drinks in with kindling eye the simple truths of the old Gospel he loved so well.

Several days before the battle of Chancellorsville I called at headquarters to see Mr. Lacy, and met General Jackson on his way to the prayer-meeting. He told me that Mr. Lacy was absent, and courteously invited me to lead the meeting. I promptly declined to act as leader, for I knew that he was accustomed to lead in Mr. Lacy's absence, and it was, I trust, something more than idle curiosity that

made me desire to attend a prayer-meeting led by Stonewall Jackson. I shall never forget that meeting—the reading of the Scriptures, the sweet songs of praise, the simple, earnest, practical talk, and the tender, appropriate, fervent prayer of the great soldier will linger in my memory through life, and will be recalled, I doubt not, when I meet him on the brighter shore.

HIS GLORIOUS DEATH.

Stonewall Jackson died as he lived—an humble, trusting Christian. Nay! he did not die. The weary, worn marcher simply "crossed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees." The battle-scarred warrior fought his last battle, won his last victory, and went to wear his bright "crown of rejoicing," his fadeless laurels of honor, and to receive from earth and from Heaven the plaudit:

> "Servant of God, well done!
> Rest from Thy loved employ;
> The battle fought, the victory won;
> Enter thy Master's joy."

Veterans of the old corps, Confederate soldiers generally, admirers of true greatness everywhere, owe Mrs. Jackson a lasting debt of gratitude for giving them in this volume so vivid a picture of the inner life of her noble husband, showing so truly that

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring."

God grant that, as our Confederate veterans and

their children read this touching record of our glorious and glorified leader, they may hear his voice calling in trumpet tones, above the din of this busy, noisy age in which we live, and saying in tender tones that shall reach every heart: "BE YE FOLLOWERS OF ME, EVEN AS I ALSO AM OF CHRIST!!"

MILLER'S SCHOOL, CROZET, VA., October 15, 1895.

REMINISCENCES

OF

GEN. T. J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

By Rev. James R. Graham, D. D., of Winchester, Va.

. . . No man has lived in this generation, if in any that has preceded it, whose personality has awakened such profound and widespread interest, or into the minutest incidents of whose history such careful and persistent search has been made, as Stonewall Jackson. Without derogating in the least from what is due to the other great actors in the recent conflict between the States, it is but simple truth to say that, in some important aspects, he was, *facile princeps*, the most conspicuous figure it produced. No other man approached him in the enthusiasm which his career excited, or in the admiration which his achievements called forth. In our own country, South and North alike, and in all countries which the fame of the great struggle reached, *he* was the hero around whom the romance of the war principally gathered and in whom the interest of the great masses centred. Nor did that interest die with the ending of the struggle. Twenty years after his death, as I can testify from personal knowledge, both in Great Britain and on the continent, when our war was the subject of conversation with the people whom I met, *his* name

was the first to be spoken and *his* career the one with which they were the most familiar. The noble character, and splendid genius, and matchless generalship of his great commander, who surrendered at Appomattox, without the suspicion of a stain upon his escutcheon, were duly recognized and praised, but somehow the unique character and brilliant achievements of Jackson had taken the most prominent hold upon the imagination and the memory of perhaps all with whom I conversed . . . In speaking of him I must explain that I am distinctly limited to the presentation of such facts as transpired during the short and not very eventful period when the general, with his wife, was an inmate of my house in Winchester, and virtually a member of my family. . . . The fact is, I never knew there was such a man in existence till about the time hostilities commenced. One evening, late in April, I dropped into Mr. Logan's store and found him unusually excited, which he explained by saying that he had just had a call from Rev. Dr. George Junkin, late president of Washington College, Lexington, Va. The old doctor had been the able and distinguished president of that college for about a dozen years, and was the father of General Jackson's first wife. In the stormy discussion which preceded the war, he, with most of the prominent men of Lexington, including General Jackson himself, warmly espoused the cause of the Union; and when the rupture came, while almost, if not all, of the others cast in their fortunes with the Confederacy, he adhered to his position as a loyal citizen, resigned his presidency, and returned

to the North, driving down the Valley in his carriage. While resting his horses here he called on Mr. Logan, and in answer to inquiries as to *why* and *where* he was traveling, he said with characteristic vehemence, "I am escaping from a set of lunatics. Lexington is one vast mad-house. There is not a sane man there, nor woman either. They are bedlamites, every one. I am compelled to leave the best friends a man ever had. I leave most of my children, too, and my son-in-law, Major Jackson, who is the best and bravest man I ever knew, but he is as crazy as the rest. Yet if there is to be a war, as I fear, I tell you now, that Major Jackson, if his life be spared, will be among its most distinguished heroes." This prediction from one who knew him so well, yet differed from him so widely, made a deep impression upon me, though I had not heard even the major's name before.

We soon heard of *Colonel* Jackson at Harper's Ferry; and afterwards as a prominent officer under General Johnston with the troops near Winchester; and a little later at *Manassas* where the old historic First Brigade received its "baptism of fire," and its distinctive name—a name that will go down in history inseparably linked with that of its great commander, and will be honored wherever homage is paid to intrepid courage, or chivalrous devotion to duty is admired. Early in November he returned to Winchester as "General Commanding the Valley District."

The next Sabbath I saw him in company with his adjutant, Colonel J. T. L. Preston, at my church; and from that time, when near enough, he was a regular

attendant upon our services. I soon made his acquaintance, though my personal knowledge of him was slight till he came to live with us. This came about as follows: Mrs. Jackson joined him in Winchester just before Christmas, 1861, and apartments were provided for her at headquarters. On the morning of January 1st, 1862, after the troops had started on the Bath campaign, he came to our house and asked, as a great favor, to receive Mrs. Jackson and take care of her for a few days while he would be absent from town—urging the facts that she was a stranger here, the daughter of a minister, and the special kindness it would be to her and to him. A request placed on such grounds and urged so persuasively was not to be denied. Within an hour he had brought her to us, taken his leave, and with his staff was following his army to Bath. On his return from this memorable expedition he declared that it would be cruel to turn Mrs. Jackson out of her *home*, and if Mrs. Graham would allow her to remain *he* would stay and help to take care of her. And so he was installed as a member of our household. . . . It is an old proverb that "you must *live* with a man to know him thoroughly." I lived with him. For about two months he slept every night under my roof and sat every day at my table, and bowed with us every morning and evening at our family altar. He called my house his *home*. He was with us in all the unreserved intimacy which characterizes the family relation, and under circumstances which could not fail to bring into clear light his real character as a man and a Christian. And it is due to him to declare that in my intercourse with

him during all that period I can not recall a single act or word that I could have wished were different, or which the most censorious could construe to his disadvantage. His conversation and his bearing were invariably those of a dignified and refined gentleman, thoroughly familiar with all the requirements of social life; and, while carefully observing amenities and courtesies which true politeness exacts, he largely contributed, by his uniform cheerfulness and thoughtful consideration, to the comfort and happiness of all about him. During the time he was with us nothing occurred to disturb, but everything to increase, even to the last, his cordial relations with every member of the household—parents, children and servants.

While there was never anything of levity or frivolity in his spirit or demeanor, neither was there of moroseness or austerity. As might be expected of one who realized, as he did, the nature and magnitude of that struggle in which all his energies were embarked, his prevailing disposition was grave and serious. And sometimes, it is fair to say, the natural gravity of his temperament was tinged with something of that sternness of expression which deep convictions will always impart. And this sternness may sometimes have been mistaken, by those who knew him only in his official character, for severity of personal disposition. But in the domestic circle no such mistake could be made. Those nearest to him could not fail to see underneath his grave earnestness the brighter and more attractive elements of his nature, which even his habitual gravity could not always restrain from

breaking forth — sometimes, which the world would hardly suspect, in a keen sense of humor; but oftener in expressions of warm affection and a strong sensibility to the value of friendship and the charms of home.

As an inmate of our family no man could have been more considerate or more congenial. Always solicitous to avoid giving trouble, his constant aim was to accommodate himself, so far as official duties would allow, to existing domestic arrangements. It was not without some misgivings that we acceded to his proposal to come to us. Such reports were rife of his *peculiarities* as to make it a step of questionable expediency. After he had been with us a few days, and remembering these reports, I wondered that I had failed to observe anything peculiar, and I began to watch more closely for the oddities that were alleged to him. But, somehow, my powers of discernment were never sufficient to detect what was so patent to others. I never did discover the remarkable peculiarities of which so much has been said and written. The fact is, they did not exist to any observable extent. Whatever peculiarities he had were just those individual characteristics which we all in a greater or less degree possess. . . . He was just a simple gentleman, such as we meet in large numbers every day upon our streets, and whom we salute without once thinking whether there is anything peculiar about them or not.

I have seen him often in social gatherings, and always without any appearance of embarrassment beyond what any modest and unobtrusive man might sometimes exhibit in the company of those to

whom he was more or less a stranger. Instead of that reticence or bluntness with which he is charged, he had a pleasant word for every acquaintance, spoken in a tone of voice that was very gentle and with an expression of countenance peculiarly winning. He met at my table and fireside a great many people of different conditions and rank and of both sexes, and to all of them he was uniformly cordial, even exerting himself for their entertainment, if circumstances seemed to require it. Sometimes a young friend from the army, who had called and was detained for a meal, would be visibly abashed at the presence of his general, which the general was quick to perceive, and by a kind inquiry or pleasant word addressed to him would soon set the young man at his ease. He was invariably courteous and affable to all, and to ladies especially he was scrupulously polite.

Among the personal traits that distinguished the general, it will surprise no one to learn that he was *strictly methodical* in his manner of life, that he was regular in all his habits and punctual in all his engagements. When in my house, he invariably rose at a certain hour, which was an early one, and went at once to headquarters where he received his mail and issued the general orders for the day. A few minutes before eight o'clock he returned, and always escorted his wife to breakfast and indeed to every meal. She knew just when to expect him, for the clock was not more regular in its movements than he was, and she would wait in her room till he arrived. And in not a single instance, I believe, was the meal delayed so much as one minute by his

failure to appear on time—save in a few cases when he had given notice that he might be detained.

It was to me a fact of no little interest that apparently he brought with him to the table none of the cares or concerns of his office, and, so far as I ever knew, he brought none of them to the house. The conversation, which he often started but never absorbed, took a wide range and was habitually cheerful. When in the mood for it, he was a good talker, sensible and to the point. Generally he preferred to hear the opinions of others rather than to express his own. He was a good listener. It soon came to be understood, however, that the affairs of his army and indeed all military matters, so far at least as they pertained to the movements of his troops and the plans and progress of campaigns, were prohibited topics.

Facts accomplished and news of the enemy he would freely tell and discuss, but nothing that bore even remotely upon the condition and movements of his own or other Confederate troops ever passed his lips. At first this was not fully understood; and as he received his mail very early, and of course was in possession of the news when he appeared at breakfast, he was often greeted with the question, "Well, general, what news this morning?" Knowing that it was army news mainly that was desired, his answers would be evasive and unsatisfactory. One morning a lady, who was present, undertook to secure more direct and positive information, when turning to her with a quizzical look and a smile in which humor and seriousness were strangely blended, and in tones which precluded the possibility

His book case and books, his armchair, with his Mexican blanket over it and military sash as drapery.

Pieces of his furniture, his clock, Bible, hymn book, field glass, gold spurs, notebook, camp pillow, epaulets, gloves, cap, sword and pistols.

The scarfs were presented by Confederate ladies during the war, the one on the chair embroidered by a lady over seventy, and representing the products of the Confederacy.

SOME RELICS OF GENERAL JACKSON IN MRS. JACKSON'S HOME.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

of offence being taken, he said: "Mrs. ———, I'll have to say to you as the school boys sometimes say, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies." From that hour a thorough understanding was established as to what topics were to be avoided.

It was a fixed rule with him that no official business should, under any circumstances, be transacted at my house. If a courier came with a despatch or an orderly with a message, as was sometimes done, he was directed to go with it at once to headquarters, where he would receive it. If an officer or any one came on military business, though it might have been transacted in one minute at the door, he invariably, if urgency was pleaded, went with him to his office. When I remonstrated once against this as unnecessary and told him my study was at his service, he promptly answered: "No, sir, this is a private house, and my men must learn that no official intrusion can be allowed."

When he had leisure to do so, which was not often, he would remain a little while for an after-dinner talk. On such occasions his views of men and things were freely expressed, and many of them were both entertaining and striking. Of the Federal leaders, many of whom he knew personally, he had much to say, and what he said was, for the most part, conceived in a friendly spirit. He placed a high estimate upon the capacity of McClellan as an organizer and strategist, and once he said of him: "If he can handle his troops in the field with the same ability with which he organizes them in the camp, he will be simply invincible." Major Doubleday, "the hero of Fort Sumter," as he was

called, was with Jackson at West Point. He was pleased when he heard of his promotion as brigadier, and said: "Doubleday always was a good fellow, though among the cadets he went by the name of 'forty-eight hours.'"

His views of the true method of conducting the war were characteristic. "War," he said, "means fighting. The business of a soldier is to fight. Armies are not called to dig trenches, to throw up breastworks and lie in camps, but to find the enemy and strike him, to invade his country and do him all possible damage in the shortest possible time. But this would involve great destruction both of life and property. Yes, while it lasted; but such a war would of necessity be of brief continuance, and so would be an economy of life and property in the end. To move swiftly, strike vigorously and secure all the fruits of victory, was the secret of successful war."

I sometimes tried to sound him as to the conduct of affairs after the First Manassas. He never would utter an adverse criticism of any one of our generals. But notwithstanding my failure to draw from him an opinion in the case, the conviction which even that failure left upon me was that if Jackson had been in command there the Stonewall brigade would have bivouacked in the grounds of the capitol before many suns had risen.

His firmness of principle is well known, but only those nearest to him knew how closely his firmness was allied to tenderness. A stern sense of duty obliged him sometimes to do things that others considered harsh and even cruel, but there were few who knew what intense pain such duty cost him.

Another characteristic for which the general was eminently distinguished was his marvelous *self-control.* Whether this was natural to him or the result of careful discipline, does not matter. He possessed it in a degree I have never seen equaled in any other man. Almost every man who knew him at all can give some instance of his perfect mastery of himself under circumstances of greatest trial. Let me relate an instance that came largely under my own observation. The incident that gave occasion for it has passed into history and is known to all the world. I refer to the tender of his resignation because of officious interference with his work.

At the close of his Bath campaign, January, 1862, he left General Loring with his troops at Romney. With this arrangement Loring and many of his officers were greatly dissatisfied, and, obtaining furloughs, went to Richmond and besieged the Department of War with their complaints. Soon an order from that department came to recall General Loring. In issuing this order General Johnston, the commander-in-chief, was not consulted, and for its execution no discretion was allowed to Jackson. On the morning of the 31st, going early to his office as usual, he found this order, which he immediately obeyed, and instantly wrote his request to be ordered for duty to Lexington, and if that were not granted, then his resignation from the army be accepted. This done, he returned to my house perhaps an hour earlier than usual, but appeared at breakfast at the appointed time, with his accustomed serenity of manner. In a little while he informed us, in a perfectly calm tone, that he and Mrs. Jackson

expected soon to return to their home in Lexington. Almost immediately he mentioned, as an ordinary thing, the fact that Loring's command had been recalled and would soon be in Winchester.

To my hesitating inquiry if this was made necessary by the advance of a superior Federal force he replied, "Oh, no; there are no Federal troops in my district." I was puzzled. But soon the whole case was fully stated and freely discussed. And while my indignation fairly boiled when the true nature and effect of the affront to him were apprehended, his own spirit did not appear to be ruffled in the least. His tones were just as even, his words as calm, his language as free from asperity, and his whole manner as thoroughly composed as I had ever known them. While perfectly sensible of the unprofessional and unmilitary character of that order, and keenly alive to the outrage and insult implied in it to himself personally, he would allow no censure to be visited upon those who had issued the order. My own hasty and not very complimentary utterances he checked, saying: "The department has indeed made a serious mistake, but, no doubt, they made it through inadvertence and with the best intentions. They have to consider the interests of the whole Confederacy, and no man should be allowed to stand in the way of its safety. If they have not confidence in my ability to administer wisely the affairs of this district, it is their privilege and duty to try and repair the damage they believe I am doing." And this meek, unselfish spirit prevailed with him to the last.

There is no day in all my acquaintance with him

the incidents of which, in all their details, are so distinctly impressed upon my memory as that last day in January, 1862. He seemed to have unburdened himself of the cares of office, and spent nearly the whole day at my house, and no small part of it in my company. Laying aside his accustomed reticence, he spoke freely of almost everything connected with the war, the country and the church. Events of interest in his own life were related, and scenes he had witnessed and places he had visited during his tour in Europe were described. While the household was in sore distress, and the troops in a state of exasperation, and the whole town in a ferment, he was himself perfectly self-collected and serene. Not only did he seem to be the calmest man in town and the freest from excitement, but, so far as I knew, he was the *only* calm and unexcited man among us. There was no severity of temper, no acrimony of language, no suspicion of anger. The tender of his resignation was not made in the heat of passionate resentment to satisfy a personal pique for an affront received, but in the loftiest spirit of self-sacrifice and as his most emphatic protest against a system of interference with the responsibilities of commanders in the field. And as I recall, after a third of a century almost, the spirit and bearing of Jackson on that memorable day, I am more and more inclined to say that the real grandeur of the man never appeared to greater advantage than it did in that most trying ordeal.

Not at Manassas, where he and his brigade, standing like a *stone wall*, withstood the onset of the triumphant foe, and wrested victory from defeat;

not in the famous "Valley campaign," than which there was nothing more brilliant in the Italian campaigns of the first Napoleon; not in the seven days before Richmond; not at Cedar Mountain; not at the Second Manassas; not at Harper's Ferry, nor Sharpsburg, nor Fredericksburg; not even at Chancellorsville, where all his previous achievements were eclipsed by the brilliancy of his strategy and the force of his blow; not on any of those hard-fought fields, where he delivered battle like a thunderbolt, and achieved such splendid victories over his enemies, does he appear to me so truly great as in that quiet home, where, under provocations the most bitter, he maintained this wonderful mastery over himself, for "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The general was not lacking in a *sense of humor*, as I have said, though with some this statement might excite surprise. His habitual gravity, it has been thought, excluded from his mental constitution everything like merriment. But the fact is, he enjoyed a jest as much as most of us, and would now and then indulge in one himself. I have seen him enter with surprising relish into the innocent pleasantries of the young.

It is a delicate theme even to touch, yet no account of the private life of this extraordinary man would be complete that did not at least hint that one of his most conspicuous traits *at home* was his fond and absorbing *devotion to his wife*. Those who knew him only as a soldier, and amid the stern realities of the camp and the march and the battle-field, will

hardly be prepared to believe that in the sacred precincts of home and in the privacy of domestic life this sturdy warrior and hard fighter exhibited all the softness and tenderness almost of a woman. His chivalrous deference to Mrs. Jackson, his unfailing gentleness towards her, his delicate attentions, in which there was nothing of connubial dotage, were something beautiful to see. It is true, she was a woman eminently worthy of all that wealth of affection which he lavished upon her — possessing all the qualities that could attract the love of this noble man and lead him to enshrine her in his heart of hearts.

Perhaps no man was ever fonder of the delights of home than he. When he resigned his commission, and while he was arranging to resume his tranquil life at Lexington, it was surprising to me, and yet beautiful to witness, the intense pleasure with which he anticipated his speedy return to his quiet home. . . .

On the day our troops evacuated Winchester, March 11th, '62, an incident occurred which deserves to be mentioned, as perhaps the only instance in which the general ever revealed to an outsider any of his military plans. The enemy, in overwhelming force, were approaching, and arrangements were evidently making for the falling back of our troops. The army stores were all removed, and the troops themselves were under arms on the Martinsburg Pike.

At dinner we thought it doubtful if we would see the general again; but he came to supper and, to our surprise, all aglow with pleasant excitement,

because of the splendid behavior of his troops and their eagerness to meet the enemy who had been seen, but, without offering battle, had gone into camp at the Washington Spring. Some ladies had come in and were in the depth of gloom, because, as they understood, the army was to leave us that night. To this view the general gave no assent, but, as if to dispel it, showed an unusual cheerfulness. After our evening worship, which he conducted in his usual impressive and delightful way, he still sat with us, manifesting no hurry to leave, and by the tone of his conversation trying to direct the minds of all from the gloom they were in. When he did go, in answer to some tears which he probably saw, he said to us, who thought we were bidding him "good-bye," "Oh, I'll see you again," and then, suddenly, as if not meaning to say so much, he added: "I don't expect to leave." Returning, however, within an hour, and finding us out, he despatched a servant after us with a message that he wanted to see me at once at his office. Hurrying there, I found him walking the floor under more excitement than I had ever seen him exhibit before. He had undergone in the brief space of time a surprising change. His countenance betrayed deep dejection, and his spirit was burdened with an inexpressible weight of sadness. At first he did not seem to know what to say, but collecting himself at length, he said he did not mean to deceive us by giving the impression that he would not abandon the town. He had intended to lead out his troops that night, and hurl them on the camp of the enemy, and drive such as were not captured and might

survive back across the Potomac. He had just laid this plan before his officers, who exhibited so much opposition to it, or at least so much reluctance to concur in it, as to forbid him to hope for its successful execution. Yet he was bitterly distressed and mortified at the necessity of leaving the people whom he loved so dearly. Again he paced the room for a minute or two, in painful indecision; then, suddenly, pausing before me, with his hand grasping the hilt of his sword, as if he would crush it, and his face fairly blazing with the fire that was burning in his soul, he said: "I may execute my purpose still; I have ordered my officers to return at half past nine." His appearance, as he stood there and uttered those words, I can never forget. I was completely awed before him. But the hopelessness of securing the concurrence of his officers again possessed him, and, with an air of grief, he proposed to return with me and take leave of my family. Before reaching my home he had recovered his composure, though not his cheerfulness; and expressing the hope that a good Providence would permit him soon to return and bring deliverance to the town, he bade us a touching farewell.

One other point remains to be noticed, and that is the strong *religious element* in Jackson's character. To the glory of a soldier, always invincible in battle, he added the higher moral glory of a servant of the Lord, who never swerved from the line of duty. While eminent for many things he was pre-eminent for his trust in God. It was no ordinary faith that produced such a man. It penetrated his entire being and had him in thorough possession. And

yet it is probable that in respect to nothing else has he been so utterly misunderstood and misrepresented. The impression given of him by many is that he was a religious fanatic. He has been likened to an "ancient crusader, who had an absolute assurance that he was simply an agent of Divine Will, commissioned to execute the divine decrees, and that a human being could no more stand in his way than in the path of one of his own cannon balls." Others have found in him a likeness to the fanatical enthusiasm of one of Cromwell's Roundheads, bursting out in a kind of holy frenzy, and exclaiming: "Oh, how good it is to pray and fight!" But the fact is that many of those who have written or spoken about this man not only have had scant opportunity to judge of his religious character, but were wholly incapable of judging it correctly, had their opportunities been ever so good. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." As well might a blind man presume to judge of colors, or a deaf man discourse of the harmony of sound, as for a mere worldly man to pronounce upon the things of God. Accordingly, many of the descriptions that are given of Jackson's religion are simply unconscious confessions on the part of the writers of their utter ignorance of that about which they presume to write. And I here solemnly protest that every attempt to associate fanaticism in any degree with the religious life of Stonewall Jackson is a foul caricature of that earnest, simple Scripture faith in God which dominated his whole

being and made him the great man he was. If I know anything at all, I know the character of Jackson's religion through and through, and I know it to have been free from any and every element that could have made it that offensive and absurd thing which some have represented it to be. He was simply an humble, earnest, devout, consecrated Christian man. Whatever was remarkable about his religion was due to its absolute possession of him—its thorough power over him. He was a man of God first, last and always. He feared God and tried to serve Him. He loved his Saviour and tried to glorify Him. He believed the Scriptures to be the Word of God, inspired, and therefore infallible. And yet, earnest Christian that he was, no man ever knew him to thrust his religion offensively upon another. He was incapable of doing it. Much as he desired the salvation of all men, he was never guilty of the folly of "giving that which is holy unto dogs," or of "casting his pearls before swine."

It is true that when the occasion required it the *soldier* was almost, if not altogether, as conspicuous in him as the *saint*. Indeed, there was a strange union in him of soldier and saint. It may have been meant for a *jest*, but it was no *slander*, when it was said of him, in the current language of the camp, that "he was always praying when he was not fighting." He was praying when he was fighting. Those who rode or walked beside him on the march have told me that they often saw his lips moving as if in silent prayer. Before he went into battle he might be found upon his knees, in an agony of supplication. And when the battle was

won, he always recognized it as not by his own skill or valor, but by the favor of that Almighty Ruler of whom he had asked the victory, and to whom he bowed again in humble thanksgiving for the victory that had been granted.

Of the character of his secret intercourse with God, of course, I know nothing; but whether at the family altar, or in the social or public assembly, no man ever evinced more of the *spirit* of prayer, and not many have had such *gifts* in prayer.

And here again I must protest against that misrepresentation of Jackson's praying which has gained currency, I apprehend, through that famous ballad, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," which claims to show how he acquired the power over his troops which made his little brigade greater and stronger than a host. It represents that on the march, perhaps, or at some unexpected moment, the order would suddenly ring out to the whole army:

> "Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
> Old Blue Light's going to pray;
> Strangle the fool that dares to scoff:
> Attention! It's his way —
> Appealing from his native sod,
> *In forma pauperis*, to God:
> 'Lay bare Thine arm! stretch forth Thy rod!
> Amen!' That's Stonewall's way."

Well, that *wasn't* "Stonewall Jackson's way" at all. There never was anything that savored in the slightest degree of irreverence, or flourish, or parade, or impropriety, in any act of devotion performed or ordered by him. On the contrary, there was always

a decent regard for the proprieties of worship and a solemnity in keeping with the veneration due to God.

Here is an incident that more correctly illustrates his "way." The 15th of November, 1861, was appointed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer throughout the Confederacy. Recognizing the eminent propriety of the appointment, I held service in my church. . . . During the singing of the first hymn I had observed an officer quietly enter and take a seat which a soldier gave him near the door. It was the general commanding this district. When the hymn following the first prayer was concluded, I rose and, with some misgivings as to its expediency, asked, "Will General Jackson lead us in prayer?" The request was an evident surprise both to him and to the congregation. But after a somewhat embarrassing pause of a moment or two he arose, and, with the manner of one who was on familiar ground and engaged in a familiar exercise, he led us at once into the presence of God and to the throne of grace. Beginning with words of adoring reverence, which immediately impressed and subdued every heart, he asked to be heard for the sake of our divine Redeemer; and then, as if pouring out his soul before God, in the most simple manner, yet with deep fervor, he made confession of our utter unworthiness as sinners and of our absolute dependence on divine mercy. In words borrowed from Scripture, and uttered in most earnest tones, he besought God to bless our afflicted country and give success to our arms. In the whole course of his prayer he did not forget for one

moment that he was one of a company of sinners deserving nothing of God, yet pleading with Him, for Christ's sake, to be merciful to us and bless us. Not a single word did he utter inconsistent with the command to love our enemies. Not once did he venture to tell God what He ought to do in that great crisis of our country. But while he did importunately ask that our arms might be crowned with victory and our country obtain its independence, he was careful to ask it in humble deference to divine wisdom, and only if it would be for God's glory and our good.

I have reason to remember that prayer. Not only was its impression left upon the remainder of the meeting—which from that time to its close was one of the most solemn and spiritual I ever attended—but its influence was marked in the community. It seemed to teach men how to pray in those troublous times. If General Jackson, who had "jeopardized his life in the high places of the field," and whose loyalty was beyond suspicion, could pray for the success of the army and the independence of the Confederacy, without airing his patriotism or abusing the foe, others might be calm in their utterances, too. Men learned that even in time of war it was not necessary to berate the enemy while pleading with God for his defeat. And it was this manner of praying, including, of course, all that was involved in it, that was the real secret of Jackson's greatness. His heroism and success were derived from God. The deepest conviction of his heart, as well as the invariable confession of his lips, was that he owed all that he had ever done or attained to God alone.

He was distinguished from other renowned warriors in many things, but most in this, that he attributed all the glory of his victories to the God of battles, who is also the God of grace. Unlike other great generals, who trusted in the strength of their sword and, in the pride of conscious genius, boasted that destiny was their own, he trusted in "the living God" alone. *He* "taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight." And this strong confidence was at last the secret of his extraordinary skill in counsel and his invincible powers in war.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

LT.-GEN. THOS. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.

By Major-General Wm. B. Taliaferro.

(Commanded Brigade under General Jackson.)

My acquaintance with General Jackson commenced shortly after the Mexican War, when, as one of the members of the Visitorial Board of the Virginia Military Institute, I found him the newly appointed professor of natural philosophy and instructor of artillery in that institution. The impression he produced upon me at that time was that he was a man of peculiarities, quite distinctly marked from other people—reserved, yet polite; reticent of opinions, but fixed in the ideas he had formed; essentially averse to obtruding them upon others, but determined and unflinching in their advocacy, when pressed to any expression of them.

The striking characteristic then, as it remained (only intensified) in after life, was his strict sense of duty.

He had been a lieutenant of artillery in Mexico, in the famous battery of "El Capitan Colorado," John Bankhead Magruder, who gained that sobriquet from the flashy uniform which he wore, which rivaled that of Murat in the gold lace and red stripes with which it was decorated.

Jackson was by no means, however, the counterpart of his commander, for more antithetical characters I never knew.

The artillery arm of his profession was always Jackson's favorite.

I never knew him to ignore or decline the use of artillery but twice, in my service with him. The battle of McDowell (Sitlington's Hill in the Federal reports) was fought without artillery on the Confederate side. It was rough ground, almost as rough as Cerro Gordo; but still guns might have been dragged up the heights. He was urged to send them, but declined—why, nobody knows. He rarely gave reasons; he gave orders, that was all—short, sharp, quick, decisive. The tone and manner stopped inquiry.

When we laid along the Rappahannock, from Fredericksburg to Port Royal, after the battle with Burnside's army, the pickets in front of our lines, which were well drawn back from the river, were necessarily heavy. Riding with my chief of artillery to his headquarters, I suggested the propriety of reinforcing the regiments on picket in my front with a few guns. He curtly replied, "No, I had rather rely upon the infantry," to the surprise of the officers of artillery, who, although saved a disagreeable duty, were mortified at the implied affront to their arm of the service. Nothing of the sort, however, was intended; he believed in their efficacy and efficiency, but he was satisfied that Burnside had no intention to renew the attack.

I reported to Jackson as colonel, with a brigade of troops from Georgia, Arkansas and Virginia, in

December, 1861, at Winchester. We had crossed the Alleghanies with Garnett, participated in his Northwest Virginia campaign, and had suffered the terrible hardships of his retreat before McClellan, and afterwards of the rugged service of the Alleghany and Cheat Mountain country, with Generals Loring and Henry R. Jackson.

Jackson, at Winchester, disclosed to me a trait which had not struck me before. There is a great difference, however, in looking at a brevet major and a full major-general. I had not noticed the saliency of his character—I will not say restlessness, but the desire to do, to be moving, to make and to embrace opportunity. At the Institute he was more than ordinarily passive. The fire was there, but he was a soldier ingrain, and he believed it to be his duty, in his subordinate place, to execute, not to suggest.

His command was greatly augmented by the troops of General Loring, and the combined forces were known as the Army of the Valley. I will not describe our march, in January, 1862, to Hancock and Romney, nor notice the campaign more than to say that it illustrated the go-aheaditiveness of Jackson's character. It was in the depth of winter, in a harsh climate and over mountain roads which would have appalled and deterred most men, yet Jackson was apparently unconscious of either cold or suffering. He had his object in view and saw nothing else. His orders were to go, and we had to go. The hills were glaciers—neither horses nor mules could gain a foothold. What then? A corps of pioneers was organized, with pickaxes, and the

steep declivities were literally trenched from top to bottom, to enable the animals to stick their feet upon an unyielding surface. In this way we made, one day, only two miles; but that much had been accomplished. Jackson had a lively horror of the impedimenta of an army. We were ordered to leave the wagons behind. The guns, of course, had to go—prolongs and pickaxes did it. When we reached the river opposite Hancock there was neither tent nor camp equipage. No houses were there, hardly a tree. The weather was intense, and a hard, crisp snow sheeted the landscape. It is a fact that the enemy literally snowballed us, for the missiles from their guns scattered the hard snow and hurled the fragments upon us, almost as uncomfortable to us as the splinters from their shells. Days and nights we were there without shelter of any kind. One officer sent his servant back for his camp bed, and the next morning, covered with snow, it was an antique tomb, with the effigy of an ancient knight carved upon it. Fortunately for us, the fences of that country were not all of stone, and knew how to burn.

That Jackson was not popular with his officers and men, even of his old brigade, *at that time*, is undeniable; for the true secret of the power of the American soldier is his individuality—the natural result of American citizenship; and Jackson's men thought, and, thinking, did not think that the ends accomplished by the Romney campaign justified the sacrifices which were made.

It was their later common baptism of fire in the battles which were not long after fought, and his

absolute fearlessness, if not unconsciousness, of danger, which endeared him to his men, and gave rise to the saying, when a shout was heard on the march or in camp, "Pshaw! It is only Jackson or a rabbit."

When Jackson followed Milroy, after the battle of McDowell, down the valley of the South Branch of the Potomac, he had with him several regiments of Garnett's old command, who had been chased up the same valley by those they were now pursuing. He fully entered into the feelings of these men, and grimly enjoyed the joke of their turning the tables upon their former pursuers.

At Staunton, on this march, he had picked up the Institute cadets. The boys seemed to enjoy the idea of serving with their old professor and taking part in real warfare. One night, returning from the front in the darkness, I hailed the sentinel and asked whose command I was passing. He replied, with a chuckle which I did not understand, "Smith's division, sir." "Ah," I rejoined, "General G. W. Smith's division has reinforced us—is that possible?" He burst out with a loud laugh, as he cried, "No, sir; Brevet Major-General Francis H. Smith's division, corps of cadets." I pardoned his impudence for his wit, and left him convulsed with laughter at the idea of "selling" a general officer.

With Milroy out of his way, owing to his masterly concentration of troops west of Staunton, who but the day before had crossed the mountain into East Virginia, "en route," as they supposed, for Richmond, and his junction with General Edward Johnson, and by the unrivaled celerity of his movements, Jackson returned to the Valley proper to

operate against General Banks. He had driven that officer to the Potomac after the brilliant affairs in the Luray Valley and at Winchester, and was returning up the Valley, when, after a short illness, I reported to him again for duty. His headquarters were at a comfortable mansion, not far below Strasburg. He insisted that I should rest myself upon his bed; and as he assured me that he had no immediate expectation of collision with the enemy, I consented, and he carefully, with his own hands, threw his blanket over me. I mention this little incident to show the genuine kind-heartedness of his nature. I had not long indulged in this unusual luxury for an officer of the "foot cavalry" when the not very distant boom of artillery aroused me, and Jackson, hurrying in, directed me to hasten to the menaced front, on the Capon Spring Road, and with my own and Scott's brigade hold the enemy in check. It was the advance (a comparatively small force) of Fremont's army.

At no time in his career was Jackson in a more hazardous situation. Behind him he had Banks, largely reinforced; on his right flank Fremont, and on his left flank Shields, the whole three armies converging upon Strasburg, which Jackson, encumbered with prisoners and captured stores of all kinds, had not yet passed when he was struck by the enemy. But his invincible push and pluck saved him, with all his spoil. We marched and skirmished all that day and the whole of the succeeding night until nine o'clock the following morning. It seemed a miracle, his escape from dangers which other men would have avoided, but which he seemed to delight

to push himself into. The result proved that what his officers often thought rashness was close calculation, based upon factors which they did not possess. But certainly we had some nice shaves, which kept us pretty generally in a state of anxiety and suspense.

Jackson sought advice and counsel, as far as I knew, of none. He never called a council of war, to my knowledge, but acted solely on his own responsibility; and, unadvised as he was, it is a fact that he always went farther in advance and retired later in retreat than any commander I ever knew.

Jackson was a wonderful gatherer of supplies. He had a pet commissary, General Banks. He would leave behind nothing that he had captured. After the battle of Port Republic, when we had pursued the command of Shields miles down the Luray Valley, we retraced our steps, marching in full view of the foiled army of Fremont, on the opposite side of the river, barred from approaching us because of burned bridges, and ensconced ourselves in Brown's Gap of the Blue Ridge. Late at night Jackson sent an officer to inquire if I had brought off the captured artillery. The reply was, "Everything except an unserviceable caisson," and that only for the want of horses; the weather was wretched, the roads intolerable; but the order came back, post-haste, that, if it took every horse in the command, that caisson must be brought up before daylight. It was ten miles off. The officer who had to fetch it was very much of the opinion of the soldier who, when his company was ordered to bring in a gun which had been left outside the skirmish line, proposed to

his captain to "take up a subscription to pay for the thing, and let it be;" but he hardly ventured to make the suggestion to General Jackson, and accordingly the caisson was "on time." It was just before the battle of Port Republic that Jackson so narrowly escaped capture, and the famous adventure of "the bridge" occurred. The day before the battle of Cross Keys, which preceded that of Port Republic by one day, Jackson, retreating before the combined forces of Banks, Fremont, Milroy and Schenck in his rear, and Shields on his left flank, marching up the Luray Valley, reached the Shenandoah at the village of Port Republic. His trains of all kinds, quartermaster, commissary and ordnance, were thrown across the bridge into the town on the south bank, but, never in a hurry on a retreat, he halted his whole army on the opposite or north side of the river. His own headquarters were established in the town, which was not occupied by more than a single company of soldiers. My own brigade was lying on the north side, next the town, in the hills, back from the river; General Winder's (Stonewall) brigade next back of me, and Ewell's Division some distance still in the rear, confronting the enemy.

On the next morning the chaplains were directed to hold services in their several regiments, and the serenity of the atmosphere and the loveliness of the day betokened anything but the sanguinary strife which was to break the quiet of that Sabbath day.

Believing that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and in the conservative effect of the army regulations which, founded upon that idea, required Sunday inspections, I ordered my regiments and batteries to

assemble for inspection, instead of for church. It was a fortunate circumstance, if I may not be permitted to call it a providential one. Just as the regiments were formed the sound of guns and the scattering fire of small arms was heard in the town. Without an instant's delay I rushed my command by regiments towards the river, which was hidden from us by the intervening hills, aiming for the covered bridge which spanned the river. The Thirty-seventh Virginia Regiment, Colonel Fulkerson, from its position, had the good fortune to be much in the advance of the others. Half way to the bridge I met General Jackson spurring up the road. He was not excited—he never was, and never, under any circumstances that I am aware of, lost his presence of mind or yielded to panicky influences. I remember receiving no order from him, unless to hasten on; there was no time for orders. I do not recollect his turning back with us, as some writers have asserted; I do not believe he did; I think he pushed on to forward reinforcements. Throwing one company from the rear of the regiment to deliver its fire upon the opposite bridge-head, without halting a moment, we rushed, by file, into the covered bridge. A gun was planted at its mouth on the other side, and the lanyard was in the hand of the Federal gunner; but the impetus and shock of our advance were so sudden that he threw it down without firing and took to flight. The other regiments were close behind the Thirty-seventh, and of course we soon regained the town. Mr. John Esten Cooke, in his life of Jackson, tells the story of Jackson's personating a Federal officer, ordering

the gun away from the bridge, and then, before the mistake was discovered, escaping. I have no reason to doubt the correctness of the incident; it would have been in keeping with the quiet coolness of the man under the circumstances; but it is certain that a whole brigade was double-quicking to the bridge before he had crossed it.

The battle of Port Republic was fought next day. About twelve o'clock at night I was sent for by General Jackson. He was pacing the floor of a small bedroom. He explained that Captain Mason, the famous bridge builder, would improvise a means of crossing the north fork of the river, and that he wished me to cross, with my brigade, "at early dawn"—his favorite expression—for the purpose of attacking Shields. He then informed me that he would walk a while in the garden attached to the dwelling-house, and invited me to lie upon his bed and sleep until his return. His object in seeking the seclusion of the garden was to engage in prayer, unseen by any eye. He was, without doubt, a genuinely devout man.

I do not think his religious belief, save and except his abiding confidence in the providence of God, had any influence or effect in causing him to expose his person to the extent to which he did. He was simply impelled by a conviction, which often carried him too far, that his duty required him to go to the front and see for himself, and he was certainly as unconscious of fear as any man I ever met.

At Cedar Run, or Slaughter's Mountain, the escape of Jackson from death was miraculous. The enemy had turned our left flank, and we were surrounded

and forced back. He was in the thickest of the combat, at very short range. I rode up to him and insisted that he should retire, plainly and emphatically telling him it was no place for the commander of an army. He looked, perhaps, a little surprised, but the logic of the situation forced itself upon his mind, and with his invariable ejaculation of "Good, good," he rode to the rear.

This battle was fought with an intensity of bitter feeling on the part of the Confederates, which was not often, if ever, exhibited. It was due to the obnoxious and outrageous orders issued by General Pope (General Orders No. 11), which intensely inflamed our soldiers and called forth retaliatory measures on the part of the Confederate government.

After our lines were re-established and advanced, just after the gallant charge of General Bayard's cavalry upon us, rising a hill, the Twenty-third Virginia Regiment encountered part of General Prince's brigade, who, taken unawares, were forced to surrender. A dozen muskets were leveled at their commander, when a sergeant saved his life by calling out, "Don't shoot him, boys, save him to hang."

Jackson's movements were always shrouded in mystery. None of his division commanders were informed of his intentions, and it was a source of much annoyance to them to be ordered blindly to move, without knowing whither or to what purpose.

Lying near Gordonsville, after our return from the battles around Richmond, I received an order to have my wagons packed and have my command stretched out on the turnpike by "early dawn" the

next morning. The order was obeyed to the letter. We were standing under arms at the first gleam of day. There we stood; the sun rose, and we were there still. An hour passed, bringing with it the heat of a July day, and yet no intimation of a movement. I rode to the general's headquarters, found him at breakfast, declined his invitation to join him, and, apologizing for the liberty which I ventured to take, begged to be allowed to march my troops anywhere. He smiled, asked if I knew the road to the Green Spring country in Louisa County, and if so, I might proceed. He merely wished to change his camp. It was fifteen miles off, but before three o'clock the men were comfortably in bivouac, and I had received half a dozen invitations to dinner from the hospitable gentlemen of that beautiful region.

About ten o'clock at night Ewell's troops joined us. They had received no orders to march until midday. On another occasion I was ordered to have my camp well policed and to issue orders for regimental and brigade drills. It was significant of a long stay, but I did not so interpret it. I gave the orders, but also quiet directions to have rations cooked and wagons packed. Before sunrise we were marching in the direction of Fredericksburg, to meet a force which had ventured up the Rapidan. The orders to drill were intended, and properly so, for a blind, to prevent his contemplated movement being suspected or communicated by visitors to his camp.

I have mentioned Jackson's affection for artillery and his unconsciousness of danger. At Cunningham's Ford, on the Rappahannock, in the campaign

against Pope, Jackson's old division, commanded by himself, was in advance, with orders to cross the river at that point. These orders were countermanded by General Lee, and the whole army halted. The enemy were showing themselves in considerable numbers on the opposite bank, whereupon I ran up several field-pieces to the front, bringing on a lively artillery duel.

Our guns were moved from time to time to different positions to divert the range of the opposing pieces, whose practice was excellent. Jackson rode up, approved of my disposition of the troops, which had been retired to the woods in the rear, and proposed to me to ride with him to the batteries. Seeing no particular necessity for exposing my staff, I sent them back and accompanied him. He took his station close beside the guns, and soon seemed to become fascinated by the work in hand and utterly unconscious of the peril to himself. He was out of place undoubtedly, but he seemed to have forgotten himself in his eagerness to see the guns served, leaning forward on his horse to watch the effect of the discharges, and now and then exclaiming in his quick, sharp way, when a shot told, "Good, good." Men and horses were killed around him, among them one of his couriers, but he did not seem to observe it or to realize the situation. All at once, however, he turned to me and asked, as quietly as if he had been sitting in his tent, "General, are you a man of family?" "Yes," I replied, "I have a wife and five children at home, and my impression is that in less than five minutes there will be a widow and five orphans there." "Good, good,"

and then suddenly, to the relief of all who were with him, it appeared to flash upon him that, however exciting the role of battery commander might be, it was not altogether consistent with the position and responsibilities of the chief of a corps, and, giving orders to have the battery moved, he galloped to the rear, in which retrograde movement I felt it to be my duty to accompany him. I have always had a sort of suspicion, however, that his own life was saved on that occasion by his sympathy for my wife and children.

The march of the two opposing armies the next day presented a novel spectacle. Each was seeking the upper fords of the Rappahannock, and on either bank of the river they moved, on nearly parallel lines, separated by a space so narrow that not only could their trains and artillery be seen by one another, but at times the lines of infantry and their distinctive flags be recognized. It was a reproduction of the scene presented by the armies of Wellington and Massena in Spain, so graphically described by the historians of the peninsular campaign.

The star of Jackson seemed for a time the succeeding day to be dimmed, and, indeed, part of his corps was in great peril. Early's brigade and one regiment of Lawton's had been thrown to the north bank of the river by a bridge at Warrenton Springs, when a rain storm of unusual severity raged throughout the night, and every mountain tributary poured the volume of its accumulated waters into the torrent of the Rappahannock.

Early's situation was one of imminent danger; he was beyond the hope of succor and enveloped

by the enemy. The anxiety and solicitude felt for him by Jackson and his whole command were intense. Early's self-reliance and the vigor and skill with which he mastered the situation were wonderful, and Jackson's efforts to extricate him untiring. He personally superintended the construction of the bridge over which relief was to be afforded, and over which Early ultimately returned, urging by his presence and encouragement the Herculean efforts of the men who were struggling in the water to fasten the timbers of a new and improvised bridge. His anxiety was great, but it was not manifested by speech or look. He was as impassive as when, the day before, he sat by the sulphur spring and asked questions about the properties of the water.

The movement of Jackson, with his corps, in the rear of the army of General Pope is well known. No achievement of the war was effected with greater secrecy, if not with more absolute mystery to the enemy, than "Jackson's raid," as it was called, and no one of his exploits was planned and executed with more skill, a more consummate exhibition of the principles of strategy and grand tactics, or with greater celerity of movement, than this. Although cut off from the rest of General Lee's army, although miles removed from his supplies, although much nearer to the Federal capital than was the Federal army itself, he was as confident and self-reliant as if he had been where the Federal government and General Pope supposed him to be—across the mountains, in the Valley of Virginia.

I was ordered to hold my division in and around Manassas Junction, take charge of the immense stores

which we had captured, and, after providing for the wants of the troops, to destroy what remained. Among the prisoners was the post commissary, a major, whose name I can not recall. He was a conscientious officer, whatever his name might be, for he begged to be allowed to save his papers, in order to settle with his government, and was no little concerned when I suggested that the easiest way to square his accounts would be to report them "destroyed by the enemy," and I would take pleasure in summarily auditing and passing them in that manner. I then requested him to point out to me the barrels of whisky and other liquors which were in store, that I might have them destroyed before the men could get access to them. This was done, but he commended to my own use a rundlet of cognac, as being much too good to be staved. At this moment General Jackson and General Stuart entered the room, and I proposed to them to share with me this spoil and to test at once the commissary's judgment. This they both declined to do, and I was obliged to drink "better luck next time" to my unfortunate host without their assistance.

Only on this one occasion, in my service with Jackson, did he communicate to me, and, as far as I know, to any of his officers, the plans he had formed. To General Stuart and myself, in that commissary office at Manassas Junction, he explained the movement he intended to make that night and the next day, and the manner in which he would reunite his corps with that of Longstreet, if that general should be unable to push his corps through Thoroughfare Gap. His idea was simply to place himself, by

retiring to a point west of the Warrenton Turnpike, nearer to the Bull Run Mountains, and thus nearer to Longstreet, on the flank of the enemy, in the neighborhood of Aldie Gap, and thus to provide the avenue of retreat in the event of the failure of Longstreet to join him.

In moving my division that night Jackson's habit of pushing to the front led to a ludicrous and, to me, rather unpleasant incident. Parties of our cavalry every now and then straggled past us, to the great annoyance of the infantry, who had much difficulty in getting out of their way. This irritated me so much that I was not very choice in the language that I applied to them. At last, one party, rather more numerous than their predecessors, passed by me, crowding the men off the side of the road, and breaking into the imperfect organization which the darkness only permitted. I called to this party to halt, and ordered the infantry to stop their further progress, threatening to have them taken from their horses, if not well trampled besides, by my men, as a punishment for their reckless behavior. I was very angry, and hardly know what expletives I used, when one of the party called out, "This is General Jackson and his staff, sir." I made the best apologies I could, and frankly told General Jackson he was out of place, that I was too far to the front myself; we were near the leading regiment, and we had better halt and allow a brigade or two to pass before he ventured further. To this he willingly consented, and we remained together until the troops were halted, at daybreak.

At the battle of Fredericksburg Jackson again

unnecessarily exposed himself. The morning of the second day, when the contending armies were confronting each other, he rode with me along the front line from Taylor's quarters towards our right, to verify the position of my division. We rode between the line of battle and the line of pickets, and while the practice of firing from the picket line had been to a great extent abandoned, the fact, which was quite plainly manifest, that our party contained at least one general officer afforded a great temptation to sharpshooters to pick him off, and, in fact, it proved too great to be resisted, for a scattering fire was kept upon us, the balls passing uncomfortably near our heads. However, no one was hurt.

The winter of 1862 afforded Jackson more rest and quiet than any other period of his military career. His corps occupied the country near the south bank of the Rappahannock, from the neighborhood of Fredericksburg to the town of Port Royal. Intermediate between these places is Moss Neck, one of the seats of the ancient Virginia family of Corbin. This old and handsome residence was offered to Jackson for his headquarters. He was induced to visit it, and was received by the ladies of the family with their accustomed hospitality and with those evidences of admiration for his services which were accorded him wherever he went, coupled with an urgent invitation that he would establish himself there for the winter. On leaving the house, the courier who held his horse modestly inquired how he liked the establishment, and if he would not consent to occupy it. "Yes,"

said Jackson, "I think I will select this place for my headquarters." "I am very much pleased," was the reply of the courier; "I shall feel honored that you do so. I am Mr. Corbin, the owner of the property."

I mention this circumstance to show the character of the material of which the Southern soldiery was composed. The wealth, the refinement, the learning and the best blood were in the army, and much or most of it in the ranks. Our men were born to command, and knew how to obey.

At Moss Neck Jackson declined to occupy the mansion, but modestly contented himself with an office on the lawn. There he received a number of visitors, attracted by his reputation. Among them, I believe, the present Lord Wolseley. His reception of them and his general officers was marked by a modest but genuine politeness.

In the early spring of 1863 I was ordered to the Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and my connection with General Jackson ceased. I never saw him afterwards, as he died two months later.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON COMMANDING SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

By Brigadier-General Bradley T. Johnson.

(Commanding Maryland Line under General Jackson.)

I can add nothing to the grand record of achievements made by General Jackson's biographers, but I am glad to be asked to light a farthing rushlight that may fairly illuminate some quaint mark of characteristic which has escaped the glare of general observation.

I must excuse myself in advance for the predominance of the personal pronoun, for I can add nothir about Jackson that is not derived from personal knowledge.

I first knew him in May, 1861. I had a company at Frederick, Md., and went to Harper's Ferry to see what arrangements I could make about getting myself and my men taken into the service of the Confederacy.

I went at once to headquarters at Barbour's house, and asked to see Colonel Jackson. Colonel Angus McDonald came out to find out my business, and without delay took me in to Colonel Jackson's room. I explained my business, that I had one company of which I was captain, and that I had no doubt of soon getting a regiment if I had a point where

I could rendezvous and feed them, and that the Point of Rocks on the Virginia side was the best point for that operation.

Colonel Jackson said to Colonel Marshall McDonald, "Give Captain Johnson an order to report to Captain Ashby, at the Point of Rocks." And that was the way I got into the Confederate army.

Colonel Angus McDonald then examined me at length about the movements of the Federals at Chambersburg, some forty miles north of Frederick, and whose movements, in fact, were the incentive to my movement to Virginia. He wanted me to establish a chain of communication from farm house to farm house from Chambersburg to Frederick, whereby word could be passed to me as to what was going on in the Federal camps.

I thought the scheme an utterly wild one, but Colonel Jackson sat by and never opened his lips, in a conversation which lasted certainly an hour. I was not impressed by him or his silence. I thought that was the way soldiers did, and that it was part of the play. But I went about my business without spending much time in cogitating over the manners or the ways of my commanding officer.

This was on May 6th, 1861, and on May 8th I moved to Virginia. While I was at Point of Rocks General J. R. Trimble came to me and we went together to call on Colonel Jackson. Trimble was a West Point man, an old soldier and a man of ability. He afterwards became Major-General Trimble. I was as ignorant of military affairs, tactics or etiquette as the simplest country boy from the mountains. But I had too much respect for authority to presume to

ask curious questions of my superiors. Trimble had no such reticence. He was as inquisitive as could be and he carried Jackson all over the hills and valleys, rivers and mountains of the neighborhood, discussing their relative value for defence.

Colonel Jackson sat perfectly silent and erect during all this overflow of talk, and never made a sign of approval, disapproval or anything else. Trimble had been an engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and knew what he was talking about, and his conversation was very interesting and instructive to me. At last he said, as the point and consequence of his dissertation on the defensive lines of Harper's Ferry, "How many men have you here present for duty?" Jackson said, without a modulation of his voice, as if he were answering the most commonplace instead of the most astounding question ever put to a commanding officer by an outsider, "We never tell that!" That was all. It was not as deep as a well nor as wide as a barn-door but it was sufficient, and the conversation stopped there and we left.

General Jackson had, when he pleased, as much tact as the most adroit diplomatist. In September, 1862, happening to be in Richmond, Mr. Seddon, the Secretary of War, asked me to escort to the army, then around and north of Winchester, three English gentlemen of consequence, who had brought letters of introduction to President Davis, General Lee and the Confederate government. The government desired to show them some particular attention, and therefore I was requested to take them up to General Lee's headquarters, which I did. They

were Mr. Lawley, correspondent of the London *Times*, Mr. Vizatelli, correspondent of the *Illustrated News*, and Major Garnet Wolseley, on furlough from his regiment in Canada.

He has now become Sir Garnet Wolseley, Field Marshal Lord Wolseley of Cairo, commander-in-chief of the British army.

Mr. Lawley was the youngest son of a peer and represented the greatest paper in the world. Mr. Vizatelli was a Bohemian of the Bohemians. Had been everywhere, with all sorts of people. His last adventure had been with Garibaldi in Sicily. He was lost in the English advance to Khartoum to the relief of "Chinese" Gordon.

I took my party to Staunton, to Winchester, to general headquarters, where the letters to General Lee were presented. After that call was made we all rode over to General Jackson's, to whom I introduced them, by order of General Lee.

We were all seated in front of General Jackson's tent and he took up the conversation. He had been to England and had been greatly impressed with the architecture of the Cathedral of Durham and with the history of the Bishopric of Durham. The Bishops of Durham had been Palatines from the date of the Conquest and exercised semi-royal authority over their bishopric, which was a bulwark against the Kelts on the one side and the pirates of the North Sea on the other.

There is a fair history of the Palatinate of Durham in Blackstone and Coke, but I can hardly think that General Jackson derived his information from those two fountains of the law. Anyhow he exam-

ined and cross-examined the Englishmen in detail about the cathedral and the close and the rights of the bishop, etc., etc. He gave them no chance to talk, and kept them busy answering questions, for he knew more about the Durham question than they did.

As we four rode away I said, "Gentlemen, you have disclosed Jackson in a new character to me, and I've been carefully observing him for a year and a half. You have made him exhibit *finesse*, for he did all the talking to keep you from asking too curious or embarrassing questions. He did not want to say anything, so he did all the talking. I never saw anything like it in him before." We all laughed and agreed that the general had been too much for the interviewers.

I never saw General Jackson laugh or deviate from an intense earnestness of deportment and demeanor, I would call it "seriousness." But occasionally his eye would twinkle for a flash, and you could not always tell what he was thinking about.

One evening he sent for me to come to his quarters and I rode over to Bunker Hill to see him. He wanted to talk to me about my promotion, to secure which he greatly interested himself, and said I should stay there all night and in the morning we would lay the subject before General Lee. I slipped out after this very dry conversation, and Hunter McGuire, his medical director, and I "sampled" some very new and very fiery apple-jack which Hunter had hid under his blankets in the mess tent. At the supper table—we had three turkeys for supper, I remember; the women of that neighborhood lavished good things to eat on "their Stone-

wall" for he was "theirs"— McGuire and I, moved and seduced by the spirit of mischief and possibly also by the spirit of apple-jack, started a learned discussion on the discovery, use and effects of alcohol on the human physiology, its effect on the heart and circulation, and on the brain and the nerves. We concluded that it was an unmitigated evil and that we did not like either the taste or the effect of it. Drinking, we concluded, was the great curse of modern civilization; we had the grace not to pretend that we did not drink but to deplore the abuse and extended use of alcohol and its bad effects.

So far the discussion had been confined to the two young braggarts, who were showing off their knowledge to hide their offenses.

The general sat straight, never looked to the right nor to the left, and let the cockerels crow themselves out. Then said he, "I like the taste and the effect both, that's the reason I never touch it." To this day I don't know whether he smelled a rat, from the odor of the apple-jack in the tent or the loquacity of the disquisition on the evil of drinking. But he shut us up.

The next morning we all three rode over to General Lee's, and on the way to Winchester after that call, at McGuire's instigation, I got at the general to have his photograph taken, on the ground that it would gratify so many people with so little trouble to himself.

He put me off and rather pooh-poohed the notion, as rather weak for a man to have his photograph taken. However, in the town he went off with McGuire, and I went about my business. Returning

to camp in the afternoon, we fell in together on the Berryville Pike.

McGuire said to me aside, "The general had his photograph taken, sure enough. At the dinner table my little sister [a girl of fourteen or thereabouts, I think] got to teasing him about it and he agreed, and he and she and I went down to Rantzahu's and had it taken. He had his hair trimmed first, however."

Of course I claimed a copy from the general, and he said I should have one, which McGuire afterward gave me, one of the few copies from this original negative at Winchester. It is the portrait frontispiece to this volume. I like the one taken by Minnis, of Richmond, the photographer who went to Guiney's or Hamilton's in the spring of 1863, on my motion, to get his photograph. The Winchester one was always a flat one. The profile view of Minnis' shows him to the best advantage. After death his face and profile were perfectly handsome.

All that was thirty-three years ago just this season, the fall of 1862. But three hundred years from now the people of Virginia will recall the grand figure, the close-shut lips, the bright eyes shining beneath the low visor, and in all the world those who love patriotism, justice, truth, honor, chivalry and devotion to duty will turn to him as among the noblest and highest types that Virginia has ever given to humanity.

Radley T. Hunter

November 1, 1895.

GENERAL JACKSON.

By Brigadier-General James H. Lane.
(Commanded Brigade Army of Northern Virginia.)

General T. J. Jackson and I entered the Virginia Military Institute the same year, 1851, he as a professor and I as a cadet. That quiet, polite and dignified new professor, twice brevetted for gallantry in the Mexican War, soon impressed that corps of high-toned but mischievous young Virginians as being a man of intense individuality of character. He was conscientious and fearless in the discharge of every duty and strictly just in all his intentions.

In his class room and at artillery drill he always, in a few but polite words accompanied with that well-known military salute, turned the laugh on all cadets who ventured a joke at his expense, and no excuses were ever rendered for the reports subsequently read at parade, the result of their youthful indiscretion.

While in camp I was visited by my sister, and during her stay at the Rockbridge Alum Professor Jackson was exceedingly polite and deferential. She was deeply impressed by his delicate and gentlemanly attention and kindness to her—a young girl just from school—and it was through her that I first learned to honor the then unknown hero for his chivalrous bearing in the presence of women.

The outbreak of hostilities brought to this modest professor his opportunity to show the world that he was a very great soldier—that he possessed an instinctive genius for war of an amazing brilliancy that could not long be concealed. His conclusions, and their tremendous results when reduced to practice, never appeared to be reached through ordinary intellectual processes, but by instantaneous inspiration.

He knew that his ragged and often starving soldiers idolized him and had most implicit confidence in him, and yet he never courted public demonstrations of any kind. However, his presence on the march and on the battle-field always created the greatest enthusiasm. I often noticed that when cheered on the march he would simply lift his cap in recognition of the shout and immediately spur his Old Sorrel to get by as soon as possible. At Cedar Run, when he appeared in my front after we had driven the enemy, my men greeted him with one of their wild rebel yells, and when it had subsided many called out: "Let General Jackson tell us what he wishes done and we will do it." In recognition of such great enthusiasm on the battle-field he simply bared his head and said not a word.

This great soldier was pure and clean as ever man was; he was both a lover and doer of truth. Of the slightest equivocation or of any conscious indirection he was absolutely incapable. In this respect he measured others by his own standard and, as I well know, he expected every man, and more especially every officer, to perform his whole duty without evasion or neglect or failure.

When in camp at Bunker Hill, after the battle of Sharpsburg, where the gallant Branch was killed, I, as colonel commanding the brigade, was directed by General A. P. Hill to hold my command in readiness, with three days' rations, for detached service, and to report to General Jackson for further orders. That was all the information that Hill could give me. I had been in Jackson's corps since the battles around Richmond, and had been very derelict in not paying my respects to my old professor. As I rode to his headquarters I wondered if he would recognize me. I certainly expected to receive his orders in a few terse sentences and to be promptly dismissed with a military salute. He knew me as soon as I entered his tent, though we had not met for years. He rose quickly, with a smile on his face, took my hand in both of his in the warmest manner, expressed his pleasure at seeing me, chided me for not having been to see him and bade me be seated. His kind words, the tones of his voice, his familiarly calling me Lane, whereas it had always been Mr. Lane at the Institute, put me completely at my ease. Then, for the first time, I began to love that reserved man whom I had always honored and respected as my professor, and whom I greatly admired as my general.

After a very pleasant and somewhat protracted conversation, he ordered me to move at once, and as rapidly as possible, to North Mountain Depot, tear up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and put myself in communication with General Hampton, who would cover my operations. The cavalry outposts then did not extend beyond that point. While we were there burning the ties, bending the rails and

tying "iron cravats" around some of the trees, General Jackson sent a member of his staff to see how we were progressing. That night as I, my staff, and other young officers of my command were about to attend an entertainment given us by some of the patriotic ladies of Hedgesville, I received orders to move at once and quickly to Martinsburg, as there had been heavy skirmishing near Kerneysville. Next morning when I reported to General Jackson he received me in the same cordial, warm-hearted manner, complimented me on the thoroughness of my work, told me that he had recommended me for promotion to take permanent charge of Branch's brigade, and that as I was the only person recommended for the position through military channels, I would be appointed in spite of the two aspirants who were trying to bring political influence to bear in Richmond in their behalf. When I rose to go he took my hand in both of his, looked me steadily in the eye, and, in words and tones of friendly warmth which can never be forgotten, again expressed his confidence in my promotion, and bade me good-bye, with a "God bless you, Lane."

When I had reported back to General Hill and was about to begin to destroy the railroad near Kerneysville, a courier rode up with orders from General Jackson "that Lane's brigade be sent back to Bunker Hill to select a new camp and rest, as it had done its share of the work." This is one of the many instances to show that Jackson, while watching the enemy and planning great battles, was never forgetful of details, and that he always looked after the comfort of his men to the best of his ability.

My last social chat with General Jackson was on Hamilton's Heights, near Fredericksburg. When I remarked that our being ordered up from Moss Neck was a great surprise to me, he asked "Why so?" And when I laughingly told him it was because he had Mrs. Jackson with him, and I thought him too gallant a soldier to allow his wife to be at the front in the hour of danger, he replied, with a smile: "Ah, Lane, you must not trust always to appearances." Little did I dream then that he was to fall so soon before the unerring rifles of my brave men.

After that brilliant flank movement at Chancellorsville my brigade was formed across the plank road for a night attack. "Push right ahead, Lane!" was General Jackson's last order. He rode directly to the front, and I to the right to put my line in motion. Suddenly there was a skirmish fire in my front, from right to left; then the sound of horsemen; next, the cry of cavalry, and then those deadly volleys from the Eighteenth North Carolina. The gallant Pender, whose line had not been formed, dashed through the dark woods on the right of the road, calling for "Lane," to whom he made the sad announcement that our illustrious leader and General A. P. Hill had been wounded, through a misapprehension by their own devoted followers, and advised me not to advance.

There are periods in every man's life when all the concentrated sorrow and bitterness of years seem gathered in one short day or night. Such was the case with myself, as I lay under an oak the second night, black with smut and smoke, and

reckoned the frightful cost of that complete victory, and reflected that in less than thirty-six hours one-third of my command had been swept away; one field officer only left for duty out of the thirteen carried into action — the rest all killed or wounded, and most of them my warmest friends; my boy brother, who had been on my staff, lay dead on the field, and Stonewall Jackson, my old professor, whom I, as a boy, had honored and respected, and whom, as my general, I then loved, was lying wounded, and probably dying, shot by my own gallant brigade, those brave North Carolina veterans, whom I had so often heard wildly cheering him as he appeared on many a hard-fought battle-field.

Jackson died, but his memory lived in the hearts of his soldiers, and on many a subsequent hard-fought field I heard them exclaim: "Oh, for another Jackson!"

James A. Lane.

Extract from the "War of the Rebellion," Series I, Vol. XIX, Part II, page 689:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.
October 30th, 1862.

"MAJOR-GENERAL GUSTAVUS W. SMITH, Commanding, etc., Richmond, Va.:

"GENERAL,—I have received your letter of the 26th ultimo. When I applied for Brigadier-General Pettigrew I did not know that he was assigned to

the command of a brigade. I do not desire that he shall be disturbed. I think it better that General (T. L.) *Clingman* should remain in North Carolina, where he could probably be of more service than here. Under the circumstances I *consider it just and proper* that the *colonel* of Branch's brigade, who has been recommended for promotion, be assigned to the command.* . . . .

"Most respectfully and truly yours,

"R. E. LEE, General."

* General Lane was colonel of Branch's brigade referred to above.

GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON.

(From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Jackson, considered the best extant.)

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA.

A TRIBUTE TO

GENERAL JACKSON.

By Augustus Choate Hamlin.

(Late Lieutenant-Colonel United States Army.)

During the past five years earnest attempts have been made to decipher the varied and the vague accounts of the events occurring at the battle of Chancellorsville on the first day, or May 2d, 1863. On one of the three personal visits to the battle-field General Lane and Colonel W. H. Palmer, Colonel Blackford, Captain Randolph Barton and others of the Confederate army, General Pennock Huey, General J. T. Lockman, Captain Herbert Dilger of the Federal army, all of whom had been engaged in the battle, accompanied me, and it is to them that the clear solution of many of the obscure and ambiguous accounts have been made possible, and to the proper and just credit of either army.

At half past five P. M., May 2d, 1863, Jackson and his army, after passing in broad daylight directly in front of the Federal army entrenched on the plateau of Chancellorsville, had successfully reached its right flank and rear, and with two and three lines of battle concealed in the dense woods, and with a front of two miles in length, was about to overwhelm the almost unsuspecting foe. Jackson's objective point

was the open space in rear of the Chancellor House, the vital center of the Federal position, and but three miles distant. Sickles had taken twenty thousand men from the right center of the fortified line and had gone southward, past the Welford furnace, and at a distance of two miles was vainly seeking the whereabouts of Jackson and his men who had been seen in the vicinity in the early morning, and at this moment there was absolutely no obstacle in Jackson's path but the nine thousand men of the Eleventh Corps extended on a line of over a mile in length and nearly all facing south and unprepared for a vigorous attack on their right flank and rear.

Jackson's first orders were to advance without halting and seize the position at the Doudal farm, and it is clearly evident, that if his commands had been implicitly obeyed, the two divisions of Devens and Schurz would have been destroyed at the first blow. But the error of a subordinate kept seventeen regiments on Jackson's extreme right from marching at the same time up and along the plank road and enveloping the left of the Eleventh Corps. For forty to sixty minutes this great force of seventeen regiments was detained, and the delay was fatal. In half an hour Devens's division of nearly four thousand men, attacked in flank and rear, was crushed; in twenty minutes more Schurz's division was forced back to Bushbeck's line across the Doudal farm. At seven P. M. the battered wrecks of the Federal corps were driven from the Bushbeck line into the woods, and the way to the White House was open to the victorious Confederates. For an hour and a half the

nine thousand men of the Eleventh Corps, attacked in flank and in rear, without any assistance from the other corps, had endeavored to stay the impetuous march of Jackson's determined battalions, but had been hurled back into the forest with a loss of eight or nine guns, fifteen hundred killed and wounded men and about a thousand prisoners. The Federal army was now in extreme peril, and the single avenue to the important point near the White House was only about two thousand yards distant, and no force to oppose the advancing Confederates except the twelve or fifteen hundred men of Schurz's retreating upon it. Sickles and his twenty thousand men were still far below in the depths of the forest and as yet unconscious of the fact that Jackson's army had been pulverizing the Eleventh Corps in his rear for an hour and a half, and that his chances of escape were exceedingly small; in fact, Hooker did not learn of Jackson's attack until almost half past six in the evening, as he heard none of the sounds of the battle and no couriers came to him.

When Jackson's men drove the Federals into the woods, at seven o'clock in the evening, there seemed to be no escape for the Federal army from a serious, if not a fatal, disaster, but at this moment Generals Colston and Rodes, who had commanded the two front lines of battle, urged Jackson to call a halt to allow some of their tired and broken battalions to reform. Jackson chafed at the delay and reluctantly gave the order to halt and reform the broken parts of the two divisions; in the meantime, as he had nine unbroken brigades close at hand, he ordered Hill, with his powerful and fresh division, to push up the

road, cover the front and prepare for further attack. Nearly all of Jackson's army obeyed the order to halt, and halted at or near the Doudal Tavern, but desultory groups, numbering from one to two thousand men, not heeding or hearing the order to halt, drifted slowly half a mile up the road to the log works of Williams' division of the Twelfth Corps, where they captured then, or shortly after, two hundred or more of the Federal soldiers of the Twelfth Corps returning through the woods in search of their former positions, and they then returned with their prisoners to their respective regiments, reforming at or near the Doudal House. About two hundred more foragers from Doles's brigade, in search of adventure or booty, went forward in the woods as far as Hazel Grove, about a mile south of the plank road, where they stampeded the Federal trains and artillery resting along the entrance to Hazel Grove field, and soon frightened Pleasanton out of his wits, but took to their heels as soon as the terrific artillery fire from the twenty-two Federal cannon permitted them to rise from the cover they found in the deserted Third Corps redoubts.

The battle Pleasanton describes belongs to the pages of Baron Munchausen.

General A. P. Hill ordered his division forward, and General James H. Lane took the lead with his brigade of North Carolinians, preceded by a battery of three guns. The battery, arriving at the entrance of the Hazel Grove road, unlimbered and tested the Federal line, supposed to be about twelve hundred yards distant and obscured in the evening haze. The first shot was fired at eight P. M., and found the

Federal artillery ready for action, and who promptly replied with a rapid fire from eight or ten guns, which raked Lane's men, then coming up the plank road in close column. The fire was so severe that Lane ordered his men to deflect to the left of the road and in the woods, out of the direct range of the enemy's guns.

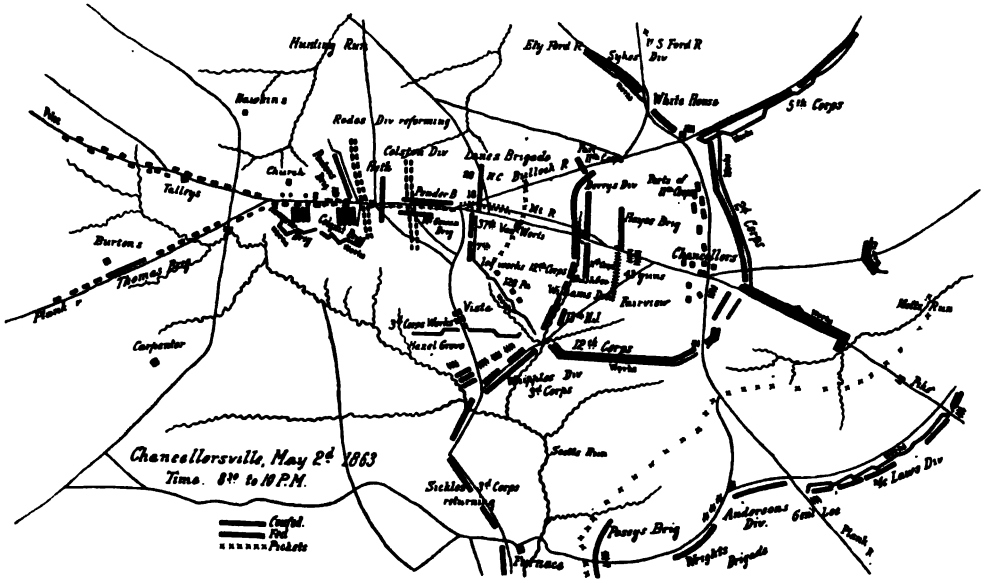
The artillery duel continued for about fifteen minutes, and then Hill ordered Lane to deploy his men in line of battle and prepare for a night attack. The Thirty-third North Carolina Regiment was thrown out as a line of skirmishers and deployed near Van Wert's cabin, about two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards in front of the picket guns or the log works of the Twelfth Corps. On the right of the road, and in front of the abatis of these abandoned works, Lane placed a line of battle, the Thirty-seventh and the Seventh, while on the left of the road the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth were drawn up, a little in advance of the line on the right of the road, and as soon as this was accomplished Lane rode back to the road for his final orders, as he understood Hill that he was to prepare for action. When Lane reached the road it was too dark to distinguish persons, and he called out for General Hill, but the reply he got came from General Jackson, who recognized the voice of his old pupil and called him to his side. He found Jackson at or near the meeting of the Hazel Grove and the Bullock road and in rear of the three guns placed on picket. Jackson was at that time alone; neither Hill nor any of his staff was visible.

Lane reported for final orders, and Jackson, rais-

ing his arm in the direction of the enemy, exclaimed briefly, "Push right ahead, Lane, right ahead!" Lane knew his old instructor too well to ask for any further instructions, and at once rode along his line to prepare for the advance, and he had reached the extreme right of his position and was about to give the signal when Lieutenant-Colonel Hill, one of his bravest officers, came to him and begged him not to give the order until he could ascertain what forces were moving on his right and rear, whether they belonged to the army of Lee or Hooker. At this time distinct sounds of troops and trains could be heard in the woods, both in front and on the right flank, which was totally unprotected. In fact, neither Jackson, Hill nor Lane had heard of the conflict at Hazel Grove, as described by Pleasanton and Sickles, and they were not aware of any danger impending from that quarter. Lane was so ignorant of the presence of the enemy in that direction that he had not placed a single picket on the right of the log works, behind which his men were then standing, nor on the Hazel Grove road; neither was he aware of the cannon and caissons and wagons of the Third Corps, left in that road in the stampede caused by the Georgia foragers, an hour or more previously.

While Lane and Hill were discussing the causes of the sounds on their right, a Federal officer came up along the log works, waving a handkerchief and demanding to know what troops were in front of him. The officer proved to be Colonel Smith of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, which had come up from the expedition

towards the Furnace, and were trying to find their baggage and former place of the regiment in the log works; he was promptly seized by some of the men of the Seventh North Carolina and brought before General Lane, who then ordered Colonel Hill to send a squad of soldiers and ascertain how much of a force was threatening their right flank and concealed by the wood and darkness of the night. Lieutenant Emack, of the Seventh North Carolina, was detailed with four men to reconnoitre the wood from which Colonel Smith had emerged. About this time a Federal officer [probably General Kneip] rode up in the woods in front and called for General Williams of the Twelfth Corps. One of the skirmishers of the Thirty-third North Carolina fired at the Federal officer, and the fire was returned by the Federal pickets not far distant, and a part of the Seventh North Carolina fired a volley in the direction of the Federal officer and into the rear of a portion of the skirmish line of the Thirty-third North Carolina. The picket fire became more animated and rolled along both picket lines to the northward, past the plank road, and was increased by volleys from one of the Federal regiments stationed near the plank road. This desultory firing occurred shortly after nine P. M., and is the cause of the accident to General Jackson. When Lane left Jackson he was in the road near where the Bullock road comes into the plank road, and he was alone, and such was the distribution of his troops at this moment that a Federal scouting party could have come up the Hazel Grove road and seized him as prisoner of war. Even as late as nine P. M. it was totally unguarded,



EXPLANATION.—The map above is made from special surveys and careful compilation of all accessible maps, both Confederate and Federal. The dotted lines show the route Jackson took after parting with General Lane. Returning he stopped at the junction of the Hunting Run, the Mountain and the Bullock roads, and his position was about 60 to 70 paces north of the plank road, where the monument now stands. The Federals at Fairview were well prepared for action along the plank road, but north of that, on the Bullock road, there seems to have been but little preparation made. At Hazel Grove, a mile south of the plank road, Sickles had commenced to muster his troops for his inoffensive midnight charge, but the most of Birney's men were still below, coming up slowly on one narrow path. Barlow and his brigade were still far below and quite lost in the depths of the dark forest. A. C. HAMLIN.

and Major Jed Hotchkiss, of Jackson's staff, rode down the road to the Hazel Grove field at this hour without meeting a solitary soldier of either army, and, in fact, he did not know that Lane's men were deployed between him and Chancellor's, perhaps a hundred yards distant. General Hill and some of his staff soon joined Jackson, and then Jackson gave to Hill his orders in the brief sentence, "Press them, cut them off from the United States Ford, Hill, press them!" A. P. Hill replied that none of his staff were familiar with the country, thereupon Jackson turned to Boswell, who was well acquainted with all roads and paths, and ordered him to report to Hill. Soon after the party turned to the left to the space in the forest where the Bullock and Mountain roads came into the plank road, and were passing up the Mountain road when a courier from General Stuart, who had gone to Ely Ford with his cavalry, rode up to Jackson and delivered a message. Jackson ordered the courier to wait for a reply. This cavalryman, named Dav Kyle, was born at the White House, in rear of Chancellorsville, and was perfectly acquainted with every path and road on the plateau of Chancellorsville, and it is to him that we are able to trace every footstep from this time until the fatal event.

The Mountain road is an old road which comes out of the plank road about half a mile from Chancellorsville, and runs parallel with it, and north of it, sixty to eighty yards distant, and again comes into it, together with the Bullock road, opposite the road from Hazel Grove. Although long out of use, it is still distinctly visible to-day. It is certain that

Jackson and his party passed along the mountain path and not up the plank road, past the guns placed in battery. Furthermore, the two officers of the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment, stationed on the plank road, have declared that Jackson did not pass by them but turned off to the left of their rear and passed out of view in the forest. Jackson was well aware that the plank road was swept by the fire of the Federal cannon at Fairview, and that the batteries were ready to open fire at the first sign of a movement by the enemy. Moreover, there was nothing to call him on the plank road, for Fairview was not his objective point, but the White House, and the path that he was upon led directly to it.

For the first one hundred yards the Bullock and Mountain roads are blended together, and up this roadway, about nine o'clock in the evening, the party of Confederate officers passed along, with their chieftain riding in advance. About one hundred yards from the entrance of the pass into the plank road the party passed quietly through the ranks of the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment, then drawn up in line of battle, extending to the north for some distance, and waiting for the signal of advance from General Lane. They passed so quietly through the Eighteenth Regiment that Major Barry, stationed on the left wing of the regiment, did not notice them, and was not informed of their passage. They continued slowly along the Mountain road toward the Thirty-third North Carolina Regiment, then drawn up in a strong skirmish line extending across the plank road into the forest,

some distance north of it, and from two to three hundred yards in front of the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment. They passed on almost to the line of the Thirty-third North Carolina skirmishers and halted. Jackson listened for a moment to the sounds coming from the Federal lines—the ringing of the axes in building the fortifications, the words of command being distinctly audible—and then turned his horse in silence and slowly retraced his steps back to the place where the Mountain, Bullock and the Hunting roads or paths come together, and about sixty to eighty yards from where the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment was standing in the woods, and about sixty to seventy yards from where the monument now stands, on the plank road. Jackson then stopped and again turned his horse towards the Federal lines, and was apparently listening to the sounds from the front, and for Lane's signal for the advance. General A. P. Hill and his adjutant, Colonel W. H. Palmer, again joined him. The group of horsemen respectfully gathered together in his rear; all were standing still and in silence, when suddenly a single rifle shot rang out distinctly in the evening air, and at some distance south of the plank road. The fatal shot was that fired by the skirmisher of the Thirty-third North Carolina, at the call of General Kneip; it was instantly replied to, and as the firing rolled along the line of the skirmishers of both armies and was increased in volume by the volleys of the Seventy-third New York and a part of the Seventh North Carolina, both lines of battle became keenly on the alert.

At this moment Colonel Purdie and the adjutant of the Eighteenth North Carolina had gone forward on the plank road about two hundred yards, to consult with Colonel Avery, of the Thirty-third North Carolina, near the old Van Wert cabin, about the approach of the enemy on the right flank and rear, and while engaged in this conversation the picket firing broke out in their front. Purdie and his adjutant instantly turned and rushed with all their speed down the plank road towards their position at the head of the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment. The sounds of their footsteps startled the Confederate soldiers already aroused by the roar of musketry in front, and as Major Barry, on the left of the Eighteenth, some distance in the woods, heard these sounds of rapid approach from the front and suddenly saw a group of strange horsemen moving about among the shadows of the trees eighty yards in his front and to his right, he instantly gave the order to fire and repeat the firing.

The fire of the rifles of the North Carolina mountaineers was fearfully effective, and every one of that group of horsemen went down or disappeared before its fatal aim, except Jackson. The chieftain, although grievously wounded, kept his seat in the saddle, even when Old Sorrel, startled by the confusion around him, dashed across the path into an oak tree, whose branches nearly swept him to the ground, and then continued on towards the plank road, but finally stopped a few yards from the road, where some of the officers who had escaped the destructive fire found him, and tenderly lifting him

from the saddle laid the wounded chieftain under a pine tree. Soon after, General A. P. Hill came to his side and sent for aid, but as Jackson could walk, he was assisted to his feet and taken to the plank road and turned towards the Doudal House. As the party walked down the road the number was increased by the officers, who desired to offer some assistance, and the enlarged group of men, both on horse and on foot, attracted the notice of Captain Osborn, who had charge of the two Federal guns placed at the foot of the hill on picket, and about seven hundred or eight hundred yards distant. It was then bright moonlight, and objects could be seen a long distance on the broad road. Osborn at once opened fire, and it was regarded by the batteries in the rear, at Fairview, as a signal that the enemy were advancing in force, and in a moment after half past nine forty-three guns in all were directing a terrific fire down the plank road. At this time the entire road below the Hazel Grove road was filled with battalions of Confederate artillery and troops marching up to take part in the advance movement. The Federal fire raked the road with fearful effect, and Jackson's bearers were struck down twice, and it was in the midst of this tempest of bursting shell that Jackson delivered his last order to his army, and it was to General Pender, whose column was being torn to pieces by the Federal shot and shell, "You must hold your ground, General Pender." The wounded general was at last conveyed in safety to the Doudal Tavern, and Stuart was sent for to take charge of the command. In the meantime General Lane, at the extreme right of his brigade,

was anxiously awaiting the return of the scouting party sent into the forest on his flank.

In a few moments Lieutenant Emack, with his four North Carolinian soldiers, returned with one hundred and fifty or more Federal soldiers of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, who had become bewildered in the dark forest and yielded to the summons of the Confederate officer. As the party came up to the log works where General Lane was standing, Colonel Smith refused to submit to the surrender of his men, as a violation of the handkerchief of truce, and an earnest discussion arose over the question of right, when suddenly the artillery fire of the Federal batteries burst upon them, and to escape the tempest of destruction both Federals and Confederates instantly sprang over to the shady side of the log works and lay side by side in temporary brotherly love. But as soon as the Federal fire ceased General Lane ordered the Federal soldiers to be conducted to the rear as prisoners of war. Shortly after, General Pender went to General Lane, still in the forest, and informed him of the accident to General Jackson, and also of the wounding of General Hill by the Federal artillery fire, and advised General Lane not to advance.

About ten P. M. General Lane withdrew his left wing from the north of the road, and prolonged his right, deflecting it to the Hazel Grove road, while Pender marched his brigade to take the place of Lane's left wing removed. All operations then ceased pending the arrival of General Stuart, who did not reach the field until nearly midnight.

At the hour of nine P. M. Jackson must have felt

sure of success, for the field at the White House was about one thousand yards distant, with only the feeble remnants of the beaten Eleventh Corps and a regiment of Barry's division to oppose him on the direct avenue of approach. It is in evidence that while Lane's strong brigade was to engage the attention of the enemy at Fairview, Jackson intended to slip up the Bullock road with Pender's, McGowan's, Heth's and other brigades, which were then in readiness to march. And this explains why Jackson and Hill were at the junction of the Bullock and Mountain roads instead of being on the plank road. The broad plank road was crowded for a long distance with battalions of Confederate artillery and their ammunition trains, all ready to advance. Williams at this time had returned to strengthen the Federal position at Fairview with his division, but the most of Sickles's force was at or below Hazel Grove, and Barlow's stout brigade was far below and lost in the woods and darkness.

When we consider the position of the Federal army at Chancellorsville at this moment, and how many important battles have been won by trivial flank attacks, how Richepense, with a single brigade, ruined the Austrian army at Hohenlinden, and how the charge of a handful of horsemen under Kellermann won the great battle at Marengo, etc., we must admit that the Federal army was in great peril when Jackson arrived within one thousand yards of its vital point, with more than twenty thousand men and a hundred cannon, and the only obstacle a handful of beaten soldiers of the wrecked Eleventh Corps and a regiment of the Third.

The fatal shots came from the left wing of the Eighteenth North Carolina, and the whole brigade has been blended in the severe denunciations hurled upon them in this unfortunate affair. When Mahone's brigade of Virginians, in broad daylight, on the 6th of May, 1864, fired repeatedly into their own corps, killing General Jenkins and his aide, Doby, and wounding General Longstreet and many others, nothing was said about it. The mistake in daylight was more inexcusable than the error in the darkness of night. Major Barry ordered his men to fire, for he was not aware of any one passing in his front, excepting the pickets, and they were not mounted. Major Barry was an officer cool and brave, and neither Jackson, Hill nor Lane ever blamed him for his fearful error. As to the charge of being panic-stricken, there is no evidence of it to be deduced from the particulars; on the contrary, there is much to be admired in the conduct of Lane's brigade on this unfortunate night. The entire brigade had been warned by its commander to be on the alert, keenly on the alert, as they were in front of the Federal army and without immediate support. The charge that there was no picket line established is completely untrue, for the entire Thirty-third North Carolina Regiment was stretched across the plank road, above and below it, and far in advance of where Jackson stood when fired upon. This brigade faced the Federal front in line of battle, and although twice exposed to the fire of forty-three cannon, it never faltered or called for help until its flank and rear were threatened, about midnight.

The history of this command under its dauntless leader throughout the war, ending at Appomattox, will always be admired and respected by those who believe in American manhood. And the student who seeks to discover a higher degree of courage and hardihood among the military organizations of either army will look over the true records of the war for a long time, if not in vain.

It may perhaps be said that the battle of Chancellorsville, with all its glory to the Southern arms, was a fatal day to the vitality of the Army of Northern Virginia. The gain in cannon, in prisoners and in morale was great, it is true, but the loss of Jackson—the right arm of Lee—was irreparable, and the hosts of dauntless men who went down in the bloody struggle of that day the South could not replace.

Jackson's hold upon his followers was quite remarkable, and much of it was due to his military success, for nothing like victory gives rise to the strong attachment of our nature. "Silence is golden," says the old proverb, and Jackson was a good example, for he was as reticent as Von Moltke. Moreover, he seemed to take no one into his close confidence except General Lee; not for want of faith in the men around him, but because it was a cardinal tenet with him that secrecy was one of the strongest military axioms.

The smile of fortune had so often attended his daring and reckless movements that his followers obeyed his commands with implicit confidence. His earnest religious nature also had a marked effect upon the disposition of his soldiers. Both

Jackson and Lee endeavored to impress upon the Southern soldier a sense of moral duty and a belief in Divine protection, and it certainly added hope, strength and steadiness to their efforts and their bearing, as it did to the followers of Cromwell, Gustavus and Marlborough. Generally, the Northern soldier and the Northern mind willingly accord to Jackson military qualities of the highest rank, and they will admit that he had the intuitive genius of war, courage and endurance, qualities eminently requisite in a soldier.

It was Jackson's nature to be constantly on the offensive, and he often supplied the deficiency of military strength by his skill and combination. Often the Federal soldier might have repeated to himself the remark of the Hungarian veteran concerning Napoleon in the Italian campaigns: "He knows nothing of the regular rules of war; he is sometimes on our front, sometimes on the flank, sometimes in the rear. There is no supporting such gross violation of rules."

Between Jackson and his illustrious commander, General Lee, there was much of that steady friendship, that sincere and mutual regard, that admirable adjustment and harmony, which threw an immortal lustre around the names and the actions of the great Marlborough and the Prince Eugene, less than two centuries ago.

As the mists of prejudice clear away and the true ideas of a national sentiment prevail, the wish to accord to the Southern soldier the full measure of his merits in the Civil War grows stronger with the Northern mind, and there is, moreover, a genuine

desire to claim as national treasure the fame of some of the soldiers who fought for secession. It is natural that such a generous feeling should arise and prosper, and it may come to pass in the not far distant future that an intelligent and enlightened nation will erect common monuments to some of the leaders of our great Civil War. A few years ago the best of England's men erected a common monument to the memory of the leaders of the civil war which desolated England in the seventeenth century, and the poet laureate of England composed its noble inscription:

"Art thou a patriot, traveler? On this field
Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath a tyrant's banner. Dost thou boast
Of loyal ardor? Hampden perished here,
The rebel Hampden, at whose glorious name
The heart of every honest Englishman
Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncorrupt,
Friends to their common country both, they fought,
They died in adverse armies. Traveler,
If with thy neighbor thou shouldst not accord,
In charity remember these good men,
And quell all angry and injurious thoughts."

Aug. C. Hamlin.

Late Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. A.

BANGOR, ME., Oct. 10th, 1895.

GENERAL JACKSON'S SWORD.
In the possession of Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson.

THE
PU
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

TRIBUTE

TO

GENERAL JACKSON.

By Brigadier-General Basil Duke.

(Commanded Morgan's Cavalry Forces.)

Any opinion I can offer of General Jackson's military character and of the services he rendered in the field has been formed solely from a study of reports of his campaigns and from conversations with those who were near him during his remarkable career, for I was not so fortunate as to know him personally or to serve under him at any time. It is with great diffidence that such an opinion is submitted. So much has been written about the military operations in which he was so conspicuous and, in all that he personally undertook, so successful, that any contribution to such literature may well appear superfluous, or even presumptuous, unless made by one able to mention something not heretofore considered, or at least present in a new light and with the authority of a witness facts and incidents which have been already often told.

I can not, therefore, attempt any narration, much less anything in the nature of criticism, of matters with which every reader of military history is familiar, but shall simply furnish that tribute due his genius and heroism which his every countryman

and comrade has the right to render, in terms which, however trite they may seem, are cordial and sincere.

General Jackson's fame as a strategist, great as it is, will perhaps increase as his campaigns are more closely studied and more perfectly understood from a comparison of the data furnished by those who participated in them on both sides. His expedition into the Shenandoah Valley in May, 1862 — which has been so frequently and aptly compared to Napoleon's first campaign in Italy — has rarely been equaled for boldness of initiative and celerity of movement, and for the accuracy with which the enemy's situation at the moment of advance was surmised and his subsequent movements anticipated. Calculating with marvelous precision where and when to strike, timing the swift movements of his little column with a skill as perfect as was the judgment with which he handled his detachments, he succeeded, with an army insignificant in numbers, in not only baffling but defeating and driving before him in confusion an immense host of the enemy, neutralizing all the forces under Fremont, Banks and Shields at a period vitally critical to the Confederate cause. His march immediately afterward with his entire command from the Valley to Richmond, to take part in the battles with McClellan, was a fitting strategic conclusion to a prelude so brilliant.

Scarcely less indicative of strategical ability were his movements just preceding the second battle of Manassas and those before the capture of Harper's Ferry, and no criticism will ever be thought extrava-

gant which gives unqualified commendation to both the conception and the execution of that masterly movement by which Hooker's right flank was turned and crushed at Chancellorsville.

His reputation as a tactician will be little, if any, less than that of a strategist; for while opportunity was never afforded him to demonstrate a capacity for handling large masses of men in the presence of the enemy, it would be difficult to cite the name of any general famous in modern warfare who could more perfectly utilize all tactical advantages with small bodies of men, and supplement lack of numbers by promptness, celerity and decision in manœuvring. That he was entitled to full credit as a daring and stubborn fighter was incontestably demonstrated by his conduct in every battle wherein he was engaged, as either commander or subordinate. General Jackson certainly possessed in very marked degree the moral and intellectual qualities most essential to success in war. His energy seemed tireless, his will always active and unyielding, and his capacity for prompt decision and adherence to the judgments he formed very remarkable. He had the faculty of acquiring the implicit confidence of the men he led, and of inspiring them with extreme enthusiasm, while himself never losing any particle of self-control or the coolest and clearest understanding of every situation. All great soldiers have had these characteristics.

General Jackson had also that rare combination of caution and audacity in which each is fully efficient and neither unduly predominates. He never suffered himself to be attacked that the event did

not show his ability to repulse the enemy—he never failed to deliver attack when, for any reason, his enemy was vulnerable; and although constantly offering or receiving battle with forces so inferior numerically to those opposed to him, that, in this regard, to risk encounter seemed a reckless tempting of fortune, it must be admitted that not only the result, but a fair criticism of all the conditions on which his action was predicated, in almost every instance, vindicated his judgment. Such were the qualities which made General Jackson a great commander. In addition to these, he possessed higher and rarer attributes—a clear and exalted conception of duty and firm, unselfish resolution to perform it, which reinforced the courage and skill of the soldier with the influence which grandeur of soul and the noblest patriotism could exert.

Basil W. Duke

JACKSON, "THE HERO."

By Major-General S. G. French.
(Commanded Department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia.)

. . . "Stonewall" Jackson was endowed with those great and harmoniously balanced powers of mind that nature occasionally bestows on one of her favorite children, and which when directed to the art of war gives to the world an organizer, strategist and tactician, and makes him master of all its details and manifold requirements. He possessed a magnetic influence that gave to his soldiers an individuality that was returned by an abiding confidence in his judgment and ability.

He was resolute, enduring, patient and reticent. His ambition—however vailed—was boundless, and his reliance on his own abilities as wonderful as his success. Instance his reply to the authorities, "Give me more men and fewer orders," and his remarks when the boy Pelham with one gun checked Burnside's advance at Fredericksburg—"Give me fifty thousand Pelhams and I will subjugate the world."

Although, with humility, he disclaimed them, his deeds were all his own.

In his Valley campaign against Freemont and Shields his combinations, strategy and tactics were not unlike those of Napoleon at Rivoli, when Alvinczy debouched from the Tyrol, by the Adige and the Brenta, with sixty thousand men to relieve Wurm-

ser whom Napoleon was besieging in Mantua. Like Bonaparte struck Quasdonovich at Rivoli, Jackson struck Fremont at Cross Keys, just hard enough to paralyze him; then, leaving a small force in his front, he withdrew Ewell and quickly crossed the Shenandoah at Port Republic and routed Shields; thus preventing their junction, although in sight of each other. He defeated each in quick succession.

But it was at Chancellorsville, where he fought his last battle, that the star of his destiny shone resplendent in glory, and there he showed himself the great captain.

Sent by Lee (whose tactics in this battle for audacity is unparalleled) with his three divisions to attack the enemy on his left and rear, he sped to his object, like an arrow to the mark, from which nothing could divert him.

Told, when riding at the head of his troops, that the enemy had attacked the rear train, he said, "Tell the rear guard to whip them off." Again a courier came and announced some of his wagons captured; moving on, he asked, "Did they get any of the ordnance wagons?" "No." "Ah! tell the guard not to lose any ammunition wagons," and on he pressed to the mark; and therein he showed the great captain that he was. It was six P. M. before the line of battle was formed. But when it moved—

"Roncesvalles! Roncesvalles!! saw men ever such a sight!"

Like the tidal wave of the monsoon the tide of battle rolled on, overthrowing everything before it till lost in darkness, shaking the Chancellor mansion, where the Federal commander had his headquarters, to its foundation.

Returning from the front of the enemy, crowned by victory, filled with hope for the morrow, in the meridian of his fame, this great man fell—fell by the fire of his own men who loved him but too well! Providence denied the enemy to make the sacrificial offering that was that day required to be made as the price of victory. And so his spirit, on invisible wings, sailed over the river to Valhalla; and if it be that kindred souls attract each other in that vale, then the shades of Havelock, "Stonewall" Jackson and "Chinese" Gordon rest under a tree alone—the three great Christian heroes of the age.

J. G. Finch.

WINTER PARK, FLA., September 24, 1895.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

GENERAL JACKSON.

By Major-General Lafayette McLaws.
(Commanded Division Army of Northern Virginia.)

We had realized, at the commencement of the war, that General Jackson's very brilliant and daring achievements in the Valley of Virginia, during the period when the combination of United States armies, under direction of General McClellan, was culminating against Richmond, resulted in such a menace to the Federal capital, Washington, that the advance of the forces under General McDowell on our left was withdrawn in order to protect that capital from Jackson's forces, thus relieving the Confederate army, under General J. E. Johnston, of very embarrassing conditions.

Although at that time he was personally unknown to most of us, the conclusions of all who read the details of that campaign were that General Jackson was a man, calm, cool, with a mind serious and concentrated and adventurous, bringing the most practical ideas to bear on the most daring undertakings, a man of few words but essentially one of action. Give him his orders and his impulse was to obey, and in the execution he halted not for precise instructions, nor made excuses for non-action by asking for more men, but dared everything and

made his assaults regardless of the superiority of the force opposed to him.

If he had been at Gettysburg on the evening of July 1st, when the enemy were in full retreat and in confusion upon the hill and ridge on which the battles of the 2d of July occurred, there would have been no delay in the onward march of his then victorious troops; he would not have hesitated, when he saw the chance of success offered by the evident confusion of the retreating foe, but have gone forward, with his characteristic dash and daring, and those important positions would doubtless have been ours, and the battle of Gettysburg of the 3d would not have occurred. This was the reputation he had made for himself, to last forever.

I met him for the first time, and had conversation with him, after the surrender of Harper's Ferry. I was on the Maryland side of the Potomac with my command, a portion upon Maryland Heights, which had been captured by them, and the rest in other positions, offering battle to the forces under General Franklin. When my aide-de-camp, returning to me after carrying a message to General Jackson then in Harper's Ferry, informed me that General Jackson wished to see me, I turned over the command temporarily to General R. H. Anderson, and, crossing the bridge over the Potomac, reported to him. But few words passed between us. He informed me that he intended to move with a part of his command to Sharpsburg that evening, but gave me no special instructions as to my movements. The captured garrison was being sent across the river upon the only bridge, the pontoon one just

mentioned, and were marched along the river bank and along the front of my troops, and, passing around the ridge on the left or east of the Valley, through Weverton Pass at its foot, were free to go wherever they wished; and as Franklin's corps and command of Federal troops were but a few miles distant above, information as to the status of my force was doubtless communicated to him; so that my force was held in line ready to resist any attack that might be made upon it.

I thus waited until the way was clear, and was therefore unable to cross to the Maryland shore until the next day about eleven or twelve A. M.

Many of my men were without shoes and the entire command without provisions, and had been so for several days, except such as could be obtained by spasmodic efforts of individuals and regimental officials; all that had been captured in Harper's Ferry had been otherwise disposed of. I made strenuous efforts to get something, but with very little results. My destitute troops nevertheless went forward cheerfully towards Sharpsburg and, crossing the Potomac before daylight, were halted near Sharpsburg, by special order of General Lee given to myself in person, within one-quarter of a mile from the headquarters of General Lee who at the same time directed me to rest my men and to obey no orders except such as came direct from himself—this before sunrise on that day.

So soon as halted, I myself, who had not slept for three nights, and nearly all of my command, which had been marching all night, went to sleep in the high grass alongside of the road.

About nine o'clock, as I judged by the sun, I was awakened by a staff officer and told that my division was wanted, and had been formed and was marching to the front, as I could not be found at the time, being concealed by the high grass in which I slept. Mounting my horse, which had been grazing close by, I was soon at the head of my men; and being met by a staff officer of General Jackson and one of General D. H. Hill, the direction in which I was to attack was pointed out. At the proper time my line was formed to make it. General Jackson came to me then and directed that I send one brigade to the support of Early, which was done at once, and as our men, of whose command I do not know, were seen retiring in my immediate front, my force (three brigades) was ordered forward rapidly, and moving in order, in splendid style met the advance of the conquering enemy and drove them back in confusion.

When the lines were reformed along the crest of the small elevation, which had been won from the enemy, a tremendous cannonade, hurling shot and shell and grape and canister at us from a very short range, was then going on. The enemy, having failed in the direct charge to drive our troops, were attempting to make us give way by this means. General Jackson then came to where I was sitting on my horse, and we stood, he also on horseback, facing each other; and although from our standpoint we could not see the batteries of the enemy, yet it seemed as if our position was known to them, for while there ten or more shells were burst over our heads, and the sound of the shrapnel shot

could be heard as it crashed through the branches of a tree not over five steps beyond us. One shell passed between General Jackson and myself, and one struck a courier and, I think, broke his leg, not ten feet from us, and fell between our horses. General Jackson looked at it and so did I, but it did not explode. General Jackson then remarked, "The enemy, it seems, are getting our range," and rode away, much to my gratification.

He remarked two or three times when with me that "God had been very kind to us to-day," and directed me to "press the enemy on the left!" But as my division was about the center of the line and the enemy were in force directly in my front, not over a quarter of a mile distant, and my command in a half starved and exhausted condition, having already lost forty per cent in killed, wounded and missing, I had no force with which to do anything but watch and guard my own front, especially as the enemy continued their terrific and concentrated fire from their batteries upon it—the grape shot and shells cutting down limbs of trees which fell among my men, and the fragments of the shells and the shrapnel injuring many who were lying down or sheltering themselves as they best could while waiting for the charge which this concentrated fire led me to expect would come every moment.

As our lines did not give way, the cannonade gradually ceased and both sides in my front became quiet. During this, General Jackson sent me word, or came himself, requesting me to make a reconnoissance on the left. General J. E. B. Stuart was near me at the time, and at my request he rode with

me, passing through Jackson's command on to the left, where we ascended a little hill from which we saw a battery of eight to sixteen guns, not over six hundred yards away, having a large number of men aboard it; but before we could make a more minute inspection with our glasses, the battery opened fire upon us, firing a number of guns at once, the shells going a little beyond us. We retired precipitately without further examination, it seeming to me that this action by the enemy evidenced an apprehension on their part that we were reconnoitring to attack them, rather than that they were preparing to attack us on our left, and I so reported. Whatever fighting of consequence that took place after this was done elsewhere than in my front, and we remained quiet in position.

From the opportunities I had to form a conception of the character of General Jackson I was convinced that he deserved all of the great confidence in which he was held by General Lee, and that was a high honor for any one. There was no other such character in our army, for in addition to the qualities I have stated, in which he stood preeminent, he had a sublime faith in the justness of our cause, and often acted as if he was, on special and desperate occasions, asking God's aid for success; and as he was so often successful, even in the most desperate enterprises, the impression prevailed that he was favored by the Almighty, and this added confidence to the brave hearts under him, giving additional dash and determination in their charge.

He had close to his heart the very essence of our cause, as stated by President Davis, believing and

feeling that he was fighting for "the rights of our sires, won in the War of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom and independence, which were left to us as an inheritance for their posterity forever," and no man could have done more to maintain them.

L. McLaws

Major-General C. S. A.

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

By Major-General Henry Heth.

(Commanded Division under General Jackson at Battle of Chancellorsville.)

I was three years at West Point with General Stonewall Jackson; he was graduated in the class of 1846, I in the class of 1847. We never met when officers of the United States Army. It was my fortune to have been in but one battle with General Jackson; that battle was his last, the battle of Chancellorsville.

I consider General Stonewall Jackson the most extraordinary man as a soldier that I ever met. It appeared to me, and I can find but one word to express my idea, that on the battle-field he was an inspired man. To appreciate General Jackson's wonderful ability as a soldier he must have been seen on the field of battle. Quick as lightning to take in the situation confronting him, he knew exactly when, where and how to strike, and when he did strike he was as irresistible as a tornado—he swept all before him. Never excited, he was as cool under fire as he would have been if attending to his devotions in his church. Had he been spared to the Confederacy during the years of 1863, '64 and '65, it is my belief that matters would have resulted differently.

Henry Heth

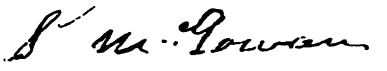
FIRST SIGHT OF JACKSON.

By Brigadier-General Samuel G. McGowan.

(Commanding Brigade under General Jackson.)

. . . I remember the occasion on which I first saw General Jackson—on the eve of the battle of Manassas (July 21st, 1861). The Federals were encamped at or near Centreville, on the north side of Bull Run. The Confederates occupied the south side and guarded the fords of that stream from the Stone Bridge to the Union Mills—a distance of eight miles. They had reason to believe that the impending struggle would be forced on their right, and had made arrangements accordingly. But some short time after midnight, before the battle, it was reported to General Bonham, who guarded the approaches to Mitchell's Ford, that the Federals were moving in large force towards the Stone Bridge—that is to say, to our left instead of to our right, as had been expected. After taking the precaution to verify the report, General Bonham despatched one of his staff officers (who happened to be myself) to gallop down to Manassas Junction and report this information to General Beauregard. That was done, and he (Beauregard) ordered me to find General Jackson, who, as understood, had just arrived from the Valley, and was somewhere near McLean's Ford, and to direct him, in the name of Beauregard, to move at once with his command to

the Lewis House, in the neighborhood of the Stone Bridge. By inquiring, the bivouac of General Jackson was found in a clump of pines, the general himself being already up, by a little blaze of fire, before the gray dawn of that eventful day! After explanations as to authority and the urgency of the case the order of General Beauregard was given to Jackson, who, with the promptness and energy which were his distinguishing characteristics, put his troops on the march, and with his usual celerity traversed the whole distance from the right to the left of our lines, where he arrived just in time to arrest the further progress of the Federal turning column, then elated with the prospect of certain success, and to contribute his full share to the achievement of a great victory and, at the same time, to win for himself that immortal name—better than a title of nobility—proclaimed in the very crisis of the battle by the gallant Bee, borne down by overwhelming numbers, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall!" . . .



STONEWALL JACKSON'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

By Colonel G. F. R. Henderson.

(Professor in the British Staff College, Camberly, Surrey, England.)

The echoes of the Civil War have not yet died away. The survivors of the great conflict still keep its memories green; and we are still privileged to hear, from the lips of those who shared in them, the conversations around the fire of the bivouac, and to learn the opinions of the rank and file on the subjects in which the soldier takes special interest. Foremost among the most absorbing topics of the camp was, undoubtedly, the character of the different generals, whether friend or foe. When one man holds in his hand the lives of thousands, when one word means victory or defeat, the minds of those thousands, even hardened as they may be, must scan with something more than curiosity the individual who rules their fate. The soldier in the ranks tests his commander from two points of view: first, from his achievements, second, from his personality; and than the men who carry the musket there are no shrewder judges. They may be ignorant of the scope of the campaign, of the purpose of the manœuvres, but they have much to do with their execution. Better than all the historians, better than the higher leaders, they appreciate the difficulties which attend the operations. In their own

limbs they have realized the length and labor of the marches; with their own eyes they have seen the strength of the enemy's positions and the numbers that manned them; and their intelligence, rate their military knowledge as you will, is more than sufficient to enable them to recognize a hazardous situation, and to appreciate the exact measure of ability which was brought to bear upon it. They know—and none better—whether the orders of the general were decided and to the point, whether the opportunity was utilized, whether the attack was pressed with resolution, or defence maintained to the utmost limit of endurance. They judge by results. They have seen the enemy driven in panic flight by inferior numbers, his detachments surprised, and his masses outmanœuvred; and though the victories thus won may have been relatively unimportant, the strength of the opposing forces insignificant, the lists of casualties and prisoners comparatively small, yet the soldiers are not deceived. The world at large recks little of minor engagements, and is much too apt to measure military capacity by the "butcher's bills;" but the instinct of the soldier tells him, and tells him truly, that genius of the highest order may display itself in the defeat of ten thousand men as clearly as in the defeat of ten times that number. When he finds that genius he resigns his individuality, and absolute trust takes the place of speculation. The general in whose soldierly abilities his veterans have implicit confidence, no matter what the scale of his victories, is, without doubt, a leader of men; for that confidence is not easily given, it is only to be won

on the perilous edge of many battles, and it is only accorded to consummate skill.

Amongst the echoes of the Civil War there is none of clearer tone than the soldier's estimate of Stonewall Jackson. It never fell to Jackson's lot to lead a great army or to plan the strategy of a great campaign. The operations in the Valley, although far-reaching in their results, were insignificant both in respect of the numbers employed and of the extent of their theatre. Nor was Jackson wholly independent. His was but a secondary role, and throughout the campaign he had to weigh at every turn the instructions or suggestions of his superior officers. His hand was never absolutely free. His authority did not reach beyond certain limits, and his operations were confined to one locality. He was never permitted to "carry the war into Africa." Nor when he joined Lee at Richmond was the restraint removed. In the campaign against Pope, and in the march into Maryland, he was certainly intrusted with tasks which led to a complete severance from the main army; but that severance was merely temporary. He was the most trusted of Lee's lieutenants, but he was only a lieutenant after all. He had never the same liberty of action as Johnston, or Bragg, or Hood; and consequently he had never a real opportunity for revealing the height and breadth of his military genius. What would have been the issue of the war if Jackson had been placed in command of the Western armies of the Confederacy, whilst Lee held fast in Virginia, must remain a matter of speculation. One thing is absolutely certain, Lee would

never have been able to replace him. As a subordinate he was incomparable. "General Lee," he said, "is a phenomenon, I would follow him blindfold," applying, with his wonderful insight into character, exactly the same words that his own men had come to apply to himself.

It seems that Lee was slower to learn his comrade's worth. Even the Valley campaign, with its long roll of victories, did not at once enlighten him. After Sharpsburg, perhaps with the memory of Jackson's untoward delay on June 27th and again at Frayser's farm on the 29th still fresh in his memory, he writes: "My opinion of the merits of General Jackson has been greatly enhanced during this expedition. He is true, honest and brave, has an eye single to the good of the service, and spares no exertion to accomplish his object." How different and how significant was his generous cry, not ten months later, when the glories of Chancellorsville were obscured by Jackson's wound: "Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead." Yet even after the "Seven Days" to Jackson was committed every enterprise that necessitated a detachment from the army. It was Jackson, with plenary powers, who was sent to check Pope's advance on Gordonsville, to cut his communications at Bristoe Station, to capture Harper's Ferry, to hold the Valley when McClellan advanced after Antietam, and to fall on Hooker's flank at Chancellorsville. The records of the war show abundantly, in the letters which passed between them, how the confidence of the commander-

in-chief in his subordinate increased, until, when the news of Hooker's advance on Chancellorsville was reported, Lee could say to one of Jackson's aides-de-camp: "Tell your good general that I am sure he knows what to do." Nevertheless, the fact that Jackson never held an independent command, and, more than this, his very excellence as a subordinate, have served to diminish his reputation. Swinton, the accomplished historian, speaks of him as follows: "Jackson was essentially an executive officer, and in that sphere he was incomparable, but he was devoid of high mental parts, and destitute of that power of planning a combination and of that calm, broad military intelligence which distinguished General Lee." And Swinton's verdict has been very generally accepted. Because Jackson knew so well how to obey, it is assumed that he was not well fitted for independent command. Because he could carry out orders to the letter, it is implied that he was no master of strategy. Because his will was of iron, and that his purpose, once fixed, never wavered for a moment, we are asked to believe that his mental scope was narrow. Because he was silent in council, not eager in pressing his ideas, and averse to argument, it is implied that his opinions on matters of great moment were hardly worth hearing. Because his simplicity and honesty were so transparent, because he betrayed neither in face nor bearing any unusual power or consciousness of power, it is hastily concluded that he was deficient in the imagination, the breadth and the penetration which are the distinguishing characteristics of great generals.

Yet look at the portraits of Jackson, and ask if the following description is not exactly applicable? "Strength is the most striking attribute of the countenance, displayed alike in the broad forehead, the masculine nose, the firm lips, the heavy jaw and wide chin. The look is grave and stern almost to grimness. There is neither weakness nor failure here. It is the image of the strong fortress, of a strong soul buttressed on conscience and impregnable will." And the face limned here with such power of pen is not the face of a great conqueror or a great ruler, of a Cromwell or a Wellington, but of Dante. The truth is that his quiet demeanor concealed not only a vivid imagination, but an almost romantic enthusiasm for all that was great or pure or true. Nor was Swinton's verdict the verdict of the soldiers of the Civil War. It was not the verdict of Lee—witness his letter already quoted. It was not the verdict of the Southern people and it was not the verdict of their foes. It can hardly be questioned, I think, by those familiar with the records of the war, with the ephemeral literature of the time, with the letters and biographies of the actors, that, at the time of his death, Jackson was the leader most trusted by the Confederates and most dreaded by the Federals. Lee was his only rival, but I much doubt whether at the date of Chancellorsville the news of Lee's death would have been received with so much regret in Richmond, or with as much relief at Washington, as was Stonewall Jackson's. Nevertheless, the instinct of the soldiers is hardly sufficient evidence on which to claim for Jackson a place amongst the most famous generals; and for the reason that his

theatre of action was limited, it is difficult to assign the rank which he ought to hold. The rank, however, which, had his power been unfettered as that wielded by Lee or Grant, he could in all probability have attained may be inferred from his achievements in a subordinate capacity. Moreover, Jackson was not always inarticulate. To his intimates he confided his own views on the conduct of the war. His active brain, even whilst he was no more than a brigadier, not only anticipated in what manner victories might be best improved, but, maintaining a comprehensive grasp of the whole theatre of events, determined by what means the ultimate triumph of the Confederacy might be secured. These thoughts took shape in definite proposals. And although they were never, I believe, brought to the notice of the supreme authorities, and whilst it is true that it is much simpler to plan than to execute, much easier to advise than to bear responsibility, these proposals at least reveal the breadth of Jackson's mind, his quick perception of the capital object which should have been held in view by the Confederates, and of the weak joint in the Northern harness. To these, as I pass in review the chief events of Jackson's military career, I may be permitted to refer.

The first year of the war gave the Lexington professor but small opportunity. All he was intrusted with he did well, and his tactical ability was cordially recognized by his superiors. Falling Waters, his first essay in arms before the enemy, was an insignificant affair. At Bull Run his brigade displayed a conspicuous part. The quick perception of the advantages of the position on the *eastern* rim

of the Henry Hill had much to do with the Confederate victory. Had the brigade been pushed forward to the western rim, it would have been exposed to the full force of the powerful Federal artillery; as it was, placed on the further edge of the plateau, it secured a certain amount of cover, and rendered the attempt of the Northern batteries to establish themselves on the plateau a disastrous failure. Again, although it is hardly alluded to in the official reports, there can be little doubt, at least in the minds of those who have seen the ground and read the narratives, but that the well-timed charge of the Stonewall Brigade was decisive of the issue. Nor can I omit to mention the ready initiative with which the Stonewall Brigade, ordered up to support the troops at the Stone Bridge, was diverted on the march towards the heavy cannonade on the left flank, or the determined bearing which inspired his defeated colleagues with renewed confidence. If two opinions exist as to the effect of Jackson's charge there can be no question that, but for his ready intervention and skilful choice of a position, the key-point of the battle-field would have been lost to the Confederates. Why the Southern generals did not follow up their success is a question round which controversy has raged for many a year. The disorganization of the victorious volunteers, the difficulties of a direct attack on Washington, deficiencies of supply and transport, have all been pressed into service as excuses. "Give me ten thousand fresh troops," said Jackson, as the surgeon dressed his wounds after the battle, "and I would be in Washington to-morrow." Within twenty-four

hours the ten thousand had arrived. There were supplies, too, along the railway in the rear, and if means for their distribution and carriage were wanting, the counties adjoining the Potomac were rich and fertile. It was not a long supply train that was wanting, not a trained staff, nor well-disciplined battalions, but a general who grasped the full meaning of victory, who understood how a defeated army, more especially one of raw troops, yields at a touch, who knew "that war must support war," and who, above all, realized the necessity of giving the North no leisure to develop her immense resources. That Jackson was such a general may be inferred from his after career. His daring judgment never failed to discern the strategical requirements of a situation, and no obstacle ever deterred him from aiming at the true objective. Whilst in camp after Bull Run he said nothing. Afterwards, to his intimates, he condemned the inaction of his superiors with unusual warmth and emphasis. Of the accuracy of his insight the letters of General McClellan, hurried from West Virginia to command at Washington, are the best evidence. On July 26th, the fifth day after the battle, McClellan "found no preparations for defence. All was chaos. . . . There was nothing to prevent a small force of cavalry riding into the city. . . . If the Secessionists attached any value to Washington, they committed their greatest error in not following up the victory of Bull Run."

Jackson's removal in the late autumn to the Shenandoah Valley was unmarked for some months by any striking incident. The Romney expedition did little more than frighten the Federals and reveal

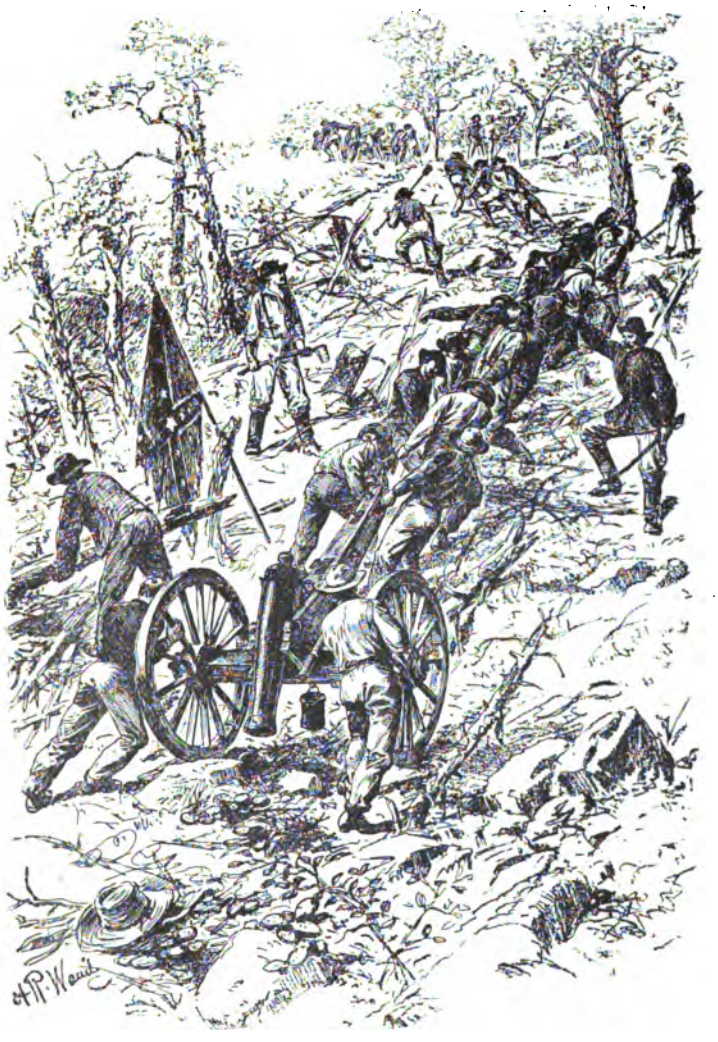
the defects of the raw Confederate soldiers. But during this time Jackson's brain was alive to more momentous questions than the retention of a few counties. The importance of the northwestern districts of Virginia as a recruiting ground, the necessity of an active offensive on the part of the Confederate government, of anticipating the vast preparations of the North, and of bringing the horrors of war home to the citizens of the United States—such questions constantly occupied his mind. But the young brigadier had no voice in the councils of the South. At the end of February began that series of operations which are combined under the title of "The Valley Campaign;" and this campaign, on which Jackson's fame as a master of strategy chiefly rests, was the most brilliant exhibition of generalship throughout the war. As regards this campaign, however, a certain amount of misconception exists. Its success is not to be attributed wholly and solely to Jackson. It was due to Johnston that Jackson was retained in the Valley when McClellan moved to the Peninsula, and his, too, was the fundamental idea of the campaign, that the Federals should be retained in the Valley. It was Lee who at the end of April urged Jackson to strike a blow at Banks, reinforcing the Army of the Valley with Ewell's division for that purpose. It was Lee who saw the diversion that might be effected if Jackson threatened Washington, and it was Lee who exactly at the right moment ordered the Valley troops to Richmond. But it was none the less true that Jackson realized the situation just as clearly as Lee or Johnston. He saw from the

very first the weak point in McClellan's plan of campaign, and the probable effect of a threat against Washington. When Lee urged him to strike Banks at Harrisonburg he was already looking for an opportunity. When Ewell arrived it was in response to his own request for reinforcements, and it may be remembered that Lee made no suggestion whatever as to the manner in which his ideas were to be carried out. Everything was left to Jackson. The swift manœuvres, which surprised in succession his various enemies, emanated from him alone. It was his brain that conceived the march by way of Mechum's River Station to McDowell, the march that surprised Fremont and bewildered Banks. It was his brain that conceived the sudden transfer of the Valley army from one side of Massanutton to the other, the march that surprised Kenly and drove Banks in confusion across the Potomac. It was his brain that worked out the design of threatening Washington with such extraordinary results. To him, and to him only, was due the double victory of Cross Keys and Port Republic. If Lee's strategy was brilliant, that displayed by Jackson on the minor theatre of war was no less masterly.

In March, 1862, 200,000 Federals were prepared to invade Virginia. McClellan, before McDowell was withheld, reckoned on placing 150,000 men at West Point; there were 20,000 in West Virginia, and Banks had 30,000 in the Valley. At no time did the army opposed to them exceed 80,000, yet at the end of June where are the "big battalions?" One hundred thousand men are retreating to their ships on the James. But where are the rest?

Where are the 40,000 men that should have reinforced McClellan? How comes it that the columns of Fremont and Banks are no farther south than they were in March; that the Shenandoah Valley still pours its produce into Richmond; that McDowell has not yet crossed the Rappahannock? What mysterious power has compelled Lincoln to retain a force larger than the whole Confederate army "to protect the national capital from danger?" Let Kernstown and McDowell, Winchester, Cross Keys and Port Republic speak. The brains of two great leaders had done more for the Confederacy than 200,000 soldiers had done for the Union. Without quitting his desk, and leaving the execution of his plans to Jackson, Lee had relieved Richmond of 100,000 Federals. Jackson, with a force of never more than 17,000, had neutralized and demoralized this enormous force, and, finally joining the main army, had aided Lee to drive the remaining 100,000 away from Richmond.

Nor was this result due to hard fighting alone. The Valley campaign lost the Federals no more than seven thousand men, and, with the exception of Cross Keys, the battles were well contested. It was not due to inferior leading on the battle-field, for at Kernstown, McDowell, Winchester and Port Republic the Federal troops were undeniably well handled. Nor was it due to the want of will on the part of the Northern government. It was simply due to the splendid strategy of Lee and Jackson. Jackson's long and rapid marches were doubtless a factor of much importance; but more important still was the skill that enabled him to effect surprise after sur-



"STONEWALL" JACKSON BRIGADE PLANTING THEIR GUNS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

prise, to use the mountains to screen his movements, and on every single battle-field, except Kernstown and Cross Keys, despite the overwhelming superiority of his opponent on the whole theatre, to concentrate a force greater than that immediately opposed to him. "As a strategist," says Dabney, "the first Napoleon was undoubtedly Jackson's model. He had studied his campaigns diligently, and he was accustomed to remark with enthusiasm on the evidences of his genius." "Napoleon," he said, "was the first to show what an army could be made to accomplish. He had shown what was the value of time as a strategic combination, and that good troops, if well cared for, could be made to march twenty-five miles daily and win battles besides." And he had remarked more than this. "We must make this campaign," he said at the beginning of 1863, "an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared, but struck him the first blow." It would be perhaps difficult in the writings of Napoleon himself to find a passage which embodies his conception of war in terms as definite as these, but no words could convey it more clearly. It is such strategy as this that "gains the aid of States and makes men heroes." Napoleon did not discover it. Every single general who deserves to be entitled great has used it. It was on the lines here laid down that Lee and Jackson acted. Lee, in compel-

ling the Federals to keep their columns separated, manœuvred with a skill which has seldom been surpassed. Jackson, falling as it were from the skies into the midst of his astonished foes, struck right and left with extraordinary swiftness, and with seventeen thousand men paralyzed, practically speaking, the whole Federal host. It is when regarded in connection with the operations of the main armies that the Valley campaign stands out in its true colors; but at the same time, as an isolated incident, it is a campaign than which few can show more extraordinary results. It has been compared, and not inaptly, with the Italian campaign of 1796; in some of its features it resembles that of 1814; and in the secrecy of movement, celerity of march, the skilful use of topographical features, in the concentration of inferior force at the critical point, it bears strong traces of the Napoleonic methods. Above all, it reveals a most perfect appreciation of the best means of dealing with superior numbers. The emperor could hardly have applied his own principles with more decisive effect.

Moreover, like that of 1796, the Valley campaign was carried through by an officer who had but scant experience of command. Like Napoleon when he dashed through the passes of the Apennines, driving Austrian and Sardinian before him, Jackson in 1862 had served no long apprenticeship to war, and yet his first important enterprise, involving most delicate questions of strategy and supply, was carried to a successful conclusion in the face of an enemy who at one time was trebly superior, and takes rank as a masterpiece of leadership. It is possible

that Jackson, in one characteristic, even excelled Napoleon. With all his daring he was pre-eminently cautious. He was neither intoxicated by victory nor carried away by the *gaudia certaminis*. His self-restraint was as strong as Wellington's. Like the great Englishman, he knew as well when to decline a battle as when to fight one; he was never inveigled into a useless conflict, and his triumphs were never barren. The whole Valley campaign—from Kernstown to Port Republic—cost the Confederacy no more than twenty-five hundred men; and this economy of life was due as much to Jackson's prudence as to his skilful strategy. He never forgot that his was but a secondary role; that the decisive act of the campaign must be played before Richmond, and that every available musket would be needed to overwhelm McClellan. It is easy to imagine how his patience must have been tried when Fremont, after Port Republic, fell back on Harrisonburg; how every impulse of his being must have urged instant pursuit; how every soldierly instinct must have told him that the prey was before him and that it needed but a few swift marches to crown the campaign by a victory more complete than any he had already won.

The Valley campaign may be said to have been Jackson's only opportunity for showing his strategical ability. In the movements (July 19th to August 14th) against Pope, culminating in the battle of Cedar Run, although he completely achieved his object, the situation demanded no pre-eminent abilities. The Federal commander, in pushing Banks forward without support, committed a mis-

take, and Jackson, with his usual promptness, took swiftest advantage of it. The second phase of the campaign, however, gave a more brilliant opening. Thrust with his single corps astride the enemy's communications, with his back to the Bull Run Mountains, the remainder of the Confederate army still beyond the passes of that outlying range, and Pope's masses rapidly converging on his isolated troops, he had to face a situation that few would have faced unmoved. The manœuvres by which he baffled his adversaries, slipped from between their fingers, and regained his connection with Lee at exactly the right moment, were even more skilful than those in which he escaped the converging columns of Fremont and McDowell at the end of May. Had the worst come to the worst he could always have retired through Aldie Gap; but Lee's object—the immediate overthrow of Pope before he could be reinforced by McClellan—forbade retreat, and Jackson's brains and energy were equal to the task. A month later Lee imposed on him the capture of Harper's Ferry. It was carried out, as were all of Jackson's operations, in a manner which defies criticism, and throughout, the requirements of the general situation, the danger which menaced the main army, were foremost in his mind. With the fall of Harper's Ferry the tale of Jackson's detached enterprises came to an end.

This is hardly the place to discuss his views on the military policy of the Confederate government. He was an ardent and consistent advocate of invasion, and I have already quoted his conviction as to the only sound course which can be pursued by the

weaker side. On this point opinions will probably differ, but it may be said that it is a course which has the sanction of many precedents, and has been the invariable practice of the great masters of war. Nor can I do more than refer to the methods by which Jackson proposed to bring the North to its knees. They are fully explained in Mrs. Jackson's pages, and to examine their merits and to weigh their probable chances of success would be to write a treatise on the war.

So far I have confined myself to Jackson's conception and application of strategic principles. That both conception and application could hardly have been improved upon is my firm conviction. It is difficult to point out even the shadow of a mistake. Nor was Jackson the tactician inferior to Jackson the strategist. Space forbids me examining the salient features of his many battles; but from Kernstown to Chancellorsville the same characteristics almost invariably reappear. Concentration of force against the enemy's weakest point, the employment at that point of every available man and gun, a close combination of the three arms, infantry, cavalry and artillery, relentless energy in attack, constant counterstroke on the defensive, were the leading principles on which he acted; and here again he was Napoleonic to the core. It has been said that the leaders of the Army of the Potomac, as Lincoln's native shrewdness detected, never "put in all their troops." Even Grant, in the campaign of 1864, failed, except at Cold Harbor, in this respect, and at Cold Harbor the troops were not put in at the enemy's weak point. Here Jackson

never blundered, and we may compare the strength of the three lines which crushed Hooker's left at Chancellorsville * with the comparative weakness of the assault at Gettysburg; and yet the Federal army at Chancellorsville was stronger and the Confederate weaker than on July 3d. It is true that Jackson was not invariably tactically successful. He was beaten at Kernstown, although that action was a strategic success; his advanced guard was roughly handled at McDowell; Port Republic might well have been a less costly victory, and at Frayser's farm his delay was disastrous.

To my mind, however, the action with Gibbon at Gainesville, although the troops behaved magnificently, was the only occasion on which Jackson showed less than his wonted skill. His delay at Frayser's farm is explained by his letter to Mrs. Jackson (page 303). Constant rain and unhealthy bivouac had brought on an attack of fever; but at Gainesville the tactical disposition of the Confederate forces was not such as we should have looked for. It was purely "a hammer and tongs" fight, carried through with extraordinary gallantry by the men, but with no manœuvring whatever on the part of the Confederate general.

Napoleon, however, wrote, "I have made so many mistakes that I have learned to blush for them," and the specks on Jackson's fame as a tactician are not only few and far between, but may generally be

* I have not entered into the vexed question of whether Lee or Jackson designed this movement, and I am convinced in my own mind that both saw the weak point in the Federal dispositions, just as they had both seen the weak point in 1862.

attributed to the shortcomings of his subordinates or to the unavoidable accidents of war. One point as regards Jackson's tactical skill has hardly received sufficient attention. Although his whole knowledge of cavalry was purely theoretical, he handled his squadrons with an ability which no other general up to the date of his death had yet displayed. I am not alluding merely to the well-timed charge which captured Kenly's retreating infantry after the engagement at Front Royal, although that in itself was a brilliant piece of leadership, but to the use made of the cavalry in the Valley campaign. It is true that Stuart had already done good work in 1861, but as a general commanding a force of all arms Jackson was the first to draw the full benefit from his cavalry.

"The manner," says Lord Wolseley, "in which he mystified his enemies is a masterpiece." It was not, however, his secrecy regarding his plans on which he principally relied to keep his enemy in the dark. Ashby's squadrons were the instrument. Not only was a screen established which perfectly concealed the movements of the Valley army, but constant demonstrations at far distant points confused and bewildered the Federal commanders. In his employment of cavalry Jackson was in advance of his age. Such tactics had not been seen since the days of Napoleon. The Confederate horsemen in the Valley were far better handled than those of France or Austria in 1859, of Prussia or Austria in 1866, of France in 1870, of the Allies or the Russians in the Crimea. In Europe the teachings of Napoleon had been forgotten. The great cloud of horsemen which

veiled the marches of the Grand Army had vanished from memory; the great importance ascribed by the emperor to procuring early information of his enemy and hiding his own movements had been overlooked; and it was left to an American soldier to revive his methods. Nor was Jackson led away by the specious advantages of the so-called "raids." In hardly a single instance did such expeditions inflict more than temporary discomfort on the enemy, and more than once an army was left stranded and was led into false manœuvres for want of the information which the cavalry would have supplied.

Hooker at Chancellorsville, Lee at Gettysburg, Grant at Spottsylvania, owed defeat, in great measure, to the absence of their mounted troops. In the Valley, on the contrary, success was made possible because the cavalry was kept to its legitimate duty, that is, to procure information, to screen all movements, and to take part in battle at the decisive moment.

Jackson was certainly fortunate when Ashby came under his command. That dashing captain of free lances was a most valuable colleague. It was much to have a cavalry leader who could not only fight and reconnoitre, but who had capacity enough to divine the enemy's intentions. But the ideas that governed the employment of cavalry were Jackson's alone. He it was who, at the end of May, placed the squadrons across Fremont's road from Wardensville, who ordered the demonstrations against Banks and those which caused Fremont to retreat after Port Republic. More admirable still was the quick-

ness with which he recognized the use of cavalry that could fight dismounted. From the Potomac to Port Republic his horsemen covered his retreat, lining every stream and the borders of every wood, holding on to every crest of rising ground, checking the pursuers with their fire, compelling them to deploy, and then withdrawing rapidly to the next position. Day after day was Fremont's advanced guard held at bay, his columns delayed, and his generals irritated by their slippery foe. Meanwhile the Confederate infantry, falling back at their leisure, were relieved of all annoyance. And if the cavalry were suddenly driven in, support was invariably at hand, and a compact brigade of infantry, supported by artillery, quickly sent the pursuers to the right-about. The retreat of the Valley army was managed with the same skill as its advance, and the rear-guard tactics of the campaign are no less remarkable than those of the attack.

I have said nothing about Jackson's marches, and, as a matter of fact, while he managed to get more out of his men than any other commander of his time his marches can hardly be classed as extraordinary. They certainly do not exceed those made elsewhere; and if it be asserted that the Virginian roads are bad, they could hardly have been more infamous than those travelled by both the French and English troops in Spain and Portugal; and yet the marches in the Peninsula, on very many occasions, were longer and more rapid than those of "the foot cavalry."

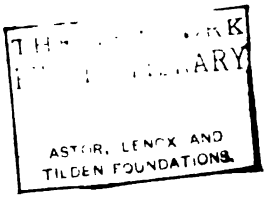
When Jackson fell at Chancellorsville, his military career had only just begun, and the question,

what place he takes in history, is hardly so pertinent as the question, what place he could have taken had he been spared. So far as his opportunities had permitted, he had shown himself in no way inferior to the greatest generals of the century, to Wellington, to Napoleon or to Lee. That Jackson was equal to the highest demands of strategy his deeds and conceptions show; that he was equal to the task of handling a large army on the field of battle must be left to conjecture; but throughout the whole of his soldier's life he was never intrusted with any detached mission which he failed to execute with complete success. No general made fewer mistakes. No general so persistently outwitted his opponents. No general better understood the use of ground or the value of time. No general was more highly endowed with courage, both physical and moral, and none ever secured to a greater degree the trust and affection of his troops. And yet, so upright was his life, so profound his faith, so exquisite his tenderness, that Jackson's many victories are almost his least claim to be ranked amongst the world's true heroes.

G. F. R. Henderson.

NOTE.—On page 596 I excused Jackson's inaction at the battle of Frayser's Farm by saying that he had fever at the time. Since writing this I have studied the Battles of the Seven Days, and the difficulties and circumstances in Jackson's report in greater detail, and have come to the conclusion that Jackson could not have joined in the battle, and that he was perfectly right in not attempting to throw his infantry over White Oak Swamp in the face of Franklin's troops.

A CHARGE AND CAPTURE OF FEDERAL BREASTWORKS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA.


ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

An Autograph Letter from Viscount (General) Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of Great Britain.

London
17th October 1895

Dear Madam

You ask me to express a military opinion upon your late husband the late General Stonewall Jackson. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever met. His clear blue eyes seemed to look through you as you spoke to him, & when he spoke you felt you were in the presence of a man in whom

there was no smile. He returned
to England with the greatest
affection & gave his visit to the
"old country" with the utmost
interest. But he was above
all things a patriot, a sincere
lover of his own country.
He deprecated the circumstances
that had led to the war, & longed
for peace. He seemed to me to be
the Cromwell of America.
& amongst the many attributes
for which I admired him
that of drawing all men towards
him & the devotion he inspired

was the most remarkable. Not only were all his soldiers ready to follow him anywhere, but they did so in an unquestioning spirit. Every one felt certain that he could not make a mistake & could not lead them wrong.

Some of his campaigns will always be studied as splendid examples of strategy. But greater than his achievements as a man & a Christian was still more remarkable.

Believe me to be Dear Madam
very faithfully yours
Wolseley

To Mrs Mary A Jackson

P. S.

You would confer a great favor upon me if you would give me any little note written by General Stonewall Jackson. I should so prize it

W.

INCIDENTS

IN THE

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON

By Major-General M. C. Butler.

(Commanded Division of Cavalry Army of Northern Virginia.)

Some years ago, dining with a brother senator in Washington, a distinguished officer of high rank in the United States Army sat on my left. He turned and asked me if I had ever met Stonewall Jackson. Replying in the affirmative, he said: "I regard it one of the misfortunes of my life never to have met him. He was easily the greatest military genius on either side in our late war."

Coming from a soldier distinguished himself in the United States Army and connected with one of the most distinguished of the Federal generals, I could not avoid surprise, and, at the same time, felt gratified to find so competent a judge coinciding with my own opinion.

I thereupon related an incident which came within my personal knowledge, illustrative of General Jackson's character.

In one of the great battles in Virginia, General Jackson had ordered two brigade commanders, brigadiers of infantry, to attack a very strong position indicated by him. To one unacquainted with his plans and purposes it did look like desperation

and slaughter to the attacking columns, and the two general officers rode up to General Jackson to protest.

He drew himself up and said: "Gentlemen, when I receive orders it is my habit to obey them, and when I give orders I expect them to be obeyed." This ended the interview.

The two officers put their commands in motion, moved to the attack, and carried the point at which General Jackson was aiming. These two brigades were to play a certain part in a general plan, and they did so brilliantly and successfully, without very great loss.

There was a charm about General Jackson which inspired all private soldiers under his command with a sublime, unquestioned confidence in his leadership, an indescribable something, amounting almost to fascination on the part of his soldiers, that induced them to do uncomplainingly whatever he would order. It was not the inspiration of fear, but a deep and abiding devotion to his person, to his character, to his matchless and unerring leadership and self-sacrifice.

It is therefore not surprising that, when the Grand Army of Northern Virginia, whose history he had done so much to immortalize, learned of his mortal wound and death, a gloom of sincere sorrow and grief sank deep into our hearts. The feelings of his grim veterans, so accustomed to suffering, carnage and death, melted into the tenderest pathos over the loss of their great and peerless commander and comrade.

M. C. Butler

GENERAL JACKSON

ONE OF THE

WORLD'S GREATEST SOLDIERS.

By Major-General Fitzhugh Lee.

(Commanded the Cavalry Corps Army of Northern Virginia, Ex-Governor of Virginia.)

Thomas J. Jackson's name has been enrolled upon the pages of history as one of the greatest soldiers the world has produced. His fame, fanned rapidly into existence by the fierce fires of battle, suffers no diminution by the revolution of the hands on the clock of time, or by comparison with the records made by other military heroes.

A singular boyhood developed into a wonderful manhood. Nature richly endowed him with pluck, pertinacity, stubbornness of purpose, determination, vast energy, and great faith in himself. These original foundation stones being securely laid, upon them he, and he alone, constructed a famous superstructure.

Great soldiers have been molded into shape by the watchful care of noble mothers. Jackson when seven years old had no mother, when three no father. His future career was sustained by the dying prayers of the mother. Whether as a little boy of nine attempting to cut firewood on an island

on the Mississippi, or whether occupied with his uncle in agricultural labor, or during his West Point cadet life, or on the burning sands of old Mexico, or amid the showers of shot and shell in the "War between the States," his strong native tendencies were ever greatly strengthened by this mother's supplications.

From a youth thus sustained came a remarkable man and a bold, active, vigilant soldier. The inborn genius slept in the early days of labor; the capacity was there, but obscured during the orphan's trials.

He started at the bottom of the West Point ladder, and, though weighted with disadvantages, climbed higher and higher each year, until at the end of his four years' course he was near the position occupied by those foremost in his class.

Wearing the red shoulder straps of a young officer of artillery, he rapidly distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and by his coolness, sagacity and services came out of the war with a brilliant reputation as a subaltern.

Owing to these qualifications, three years afterwards the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute offered him a professorship over such proposed names as McClellan, Rosecrans and G. W. Smith.

From 1851 to 1861, ten years, his life was not eventful; but in the three years thereafter the renown of a comparatively unknown professor extended to the limits of the civilized world. War quickly developed his latent talent. The echoes of almost the first gun were filled with his achieve-

ments. General R. E. Lee, as early as the 8d of July, 1861, wrote:

"RICHMOND, VA.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I have the pleasure of sending you a commission of Brigadier-General in the Provisional Army; and to feel that you merit it. May your advancement increase your usefulness to the State. Very truly,

"R. E. LEE."

Scarcely two weeks elapsed before Lee's wishes were confirmed; the first battle of Manassas had been fought, and in its fiery furnace Thomas J. Jackson was forever christened Stonewall.

The march of his brigade in that contest towards the point of contact, and the selection of a new line of battle at right angles to the former one, on which the shattered troops which first encountered McDowell's victorious turning columns could rally, and upon which fresh troops could form, gave the battle to the Southern troops.

Jackson changed his position *with* military sagacity, but *without* official orders. He saved Manassas.

His wonderful campaign in the Valley, when four hostile armies were converging to overthrow him, is in itself a marvellous exhibition of military genius.

McDowell, who was advancing from Fredericksburg to unite with McClellan, was ordered to countermarch because Washington was thought to be in danger. The absence of some twenty thousand men who might have been thrown by the Federal commander on his right flank at Richmond, enveloping the Confederate left, was due to the brill-

iant Valley tactics of "Stonewall." Jackson saved Richmond.

At the second Manassas, when he was placed by Lee's orders twenty-six miles in rear of Pope's line of battle, he displayed a masterly ability in defeating Pope's efforts to concentrate his army on him until he was in position to unite with Longstreet, who had been ordered to march through Thoroughfare Gap.

His capture of Harper's Ferry and his services at Sharpsburg largely added to his fame. At Fredericksburg he commanded the right wing of the army, and easily repulsed Franklin's attack at Hamilton's Crossing; and at his last great battle at Chancellorsville his successful flank march has gone into history as the greatest of his splendid achievements. The commanding general's loss was irreparable, and he was never able to wholly fill the vacant commission. Three corps, under Longstreet, Ewell and Hill, replaced the two formerly commanded by Longstreet and Jackson.

There were many who thought J. E. B. Stuart, the Confederate cavalry commander, could have best wielded the dead warrior's sword. Stuart had personal courage, great endurance, ceaseless activity, never failing vigilance, dash, was pugnacious and combative, quick to conceive and prompt to execute. But there could never be but one Stonewall Jackson. When he was lost Lee's right arm was broken forever.

The vigor of his blows, the faith of his men, his own belief in the star of his destiny, the Napoleonic audacity, the celerity of movement, the sublimity of

his hope in God and his cause, never reappeared in another.

"Had I had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg," said Lee, "I would have won a great victory;" and a decisive victory there would have made what Jackson was fighting for—two republics grow in America where only one grew before.

If he had commanded Lee's right corps in that struggle, the "Round Tops" and adjoining ridge would have been seized at a very early hour on the second day, for there were no Federal troops then there to make resistance. It was simply a question of rapid marching from camp, which was "Stonewall Jackson's way." If he had commanded Lee's left corps at Gettysburg, it is most probable the heights in front of the town would have been occupied in the afternoon of the first day's encounter. The great battle would have been fought on another field. Jackson could have saved Gettysburg.

It has been said that Stonewall Jackson could not have commanded mighty armies involving the possession of great strategic skill, or plan a great campaign, but the ready reply comes, the greater his command the greater his success; and like Napoleon, it may be said of him, that if his enemies "would beat him they must imitate him."

The crisis of greatness has been defined as "that nice line in the career of genius when doubt and envy cease and the popular admiration becomes irresistible." Jackson may have "marked time" before it, but the command forward was early given and he crossed it. The English called him a "Heaven-born General;" and in Scotland the car

conductors opening the doors of the compartments announced to the passengers his death. People everywhere, in every clime, are familiar with his exploits.

In the American republic Thomas J. Jackson securely stands in the front rank, side by side with her greatest soldiers.

STATUE OF GENERAL JACKSON, LEXINGTON, VA.

(See description page 637.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

HARPER'S FERRY.

By Captain Joseph G. Morrison.
(Aide-de-Camp on General Jackson's Staff.)

The veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia will always remember Harper's Ferry. It was a salient point during the war, and before the war it was chosen by the anarchist, John Brown, as a strategic point; a point where the first blood of the impending conflict should flow. Brown's object in selecting this unpretentious village was its being the seat of the United States Arsenal. Here were manufactured and stored the government's supply of arms; and the fanatical idea was, that "Uncle Sam" should furnish the implements and the slaves of old Virginia the sinews of war; and they had only to flock to his standard and receive the implements of death. As is well remembered, Brown and his accomplices were hung; but Harper's Ferry, thus made conspicuous, was ever afterwards prominent in the annals of the war. It was here "Stonewall" Jackson first came to the front. As Major Jackson, of the Virginia Military Institute, he took the corps of cadets to Harper's Ferry to put down the insurrection, and remained until after Brown's execution. Again, on the 19th of April, 1861, when the war was inaugurated, Jackson arrived at Harper's Ferry, with a commission of colonel from the Governor of

Virginia, and took command of the forces of volunteer troops assembled there.

Before proceeding to narrate some of the events that occurred here, a description of the place might be interesting. The village is triangular in shape and is located at the juncture of the Potomac and the Shenandoah rivers. These rivers, on uniting, force their way through a precipitous gorge in the Blue Ridge Mountains. On the north of the village and across the Potomac is a cliff several hundred feet high, jutting close up to the town, known as Maryland Heights. On the south and across the Shenandoah is a similar cliff, not quite so high or grand in appearance as its *vis-a-vis*, known as Loudoun Heights.

On the west, stretching from the Potomac to the Shenandoah, is a rolling ridge known as Bolivar Heights. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad passes down the right bank of the Potomac to the village, where, near the mouth of the Shenandoah, it crosses to the left bank, passing through the gorge to Washington. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal also passes down the left bank of the Potomac. On these two great thoroughfares Washington and Baltimore depend in a great measure for their supplies. When Jackson took command at Harper's Ferry, his force consisted of about twenty-five hundred infantry, a few companies of cavalry and fifteen pieces of artillery.

This force had been hastily gotten together from the volunteer companies of the State and partly from other States. They were citizen soldiery, without drill or discipline, and armed partly with what

arms were found in the government arsenal; but as most of the arms of value had been removed to Washington, many of the troops had shot-guns and sporting rifles. Jackson realized fully the work that was before him. With this volunteer militia he would soon have to meet the United States Regular Army, well-armed and equipped soldiers. And it was here, more if possible than subsequently, that Jackson proved himself to be a genius in war, an organizer and a disciplinarian. Here the "Stonewall" Brigade was formed. It was then called the First Brigade and was formed and drilled by Jackson in person. Whilst drilling was constantly going on, a force of men were engaged in removing the valuable machinery for manufacturing arms to Richmond. After this was accomplished the place was no longer valuable to the Confederacy, and on the 19th of June, being threatened on the left and rear by General Patterson, it was evacuated, Jackson retiring to Winchester, thirty miles distant. The Federals now took possession and strongly fortified Bolivar Heights, and for over a year they held the place.

During this time Jackson had fought and defeated, in succession, the commands of Milroy, Banks, Shields, Fremont and Pope, and the invasion of Maryland was on. Jackson's command crossed the Potomac into Maryland, near Leesburg, on the 5th of September, 1862, and on the 10th of September was encamped near Frederick City. It was here that General Lee and General Jackson had a "council of war," and Harper's Ferry was the subject of discussion.

It was then occupied by Generals White and Miles of the Federal Army with 11,000 men, who were strongly fortified and were in such location in General Lee's rear and flank that they could annoy his communications with Richmond and the Shenandoah Valley. The result of the conference was that a bold attempt should be made to capture or destroy the garrison at Harper's Ferry. With Lee and Jackson no sooner was a plan formed than it was executed. McLaws, Anderson and J. G. Walker were detailed to act in concert with Jackson, who was to command the expedition. General Lee, with D. H. Hill and the balance of his army, was to hold off McClellan. McLaws and Anderson marched via Burkittsville and Pleasant Valley to Maryland Heights, and drove the Federal pickets from the heights into the town on the 13th of September.

Walker was to recross the Potomac and occupy Loudoun Heights, which he did; attempting first to cross at Cheek's Ford, but meeting with resistance, crossed at the Point of Rocks and reached Loudoun Heights on the 13th. Jackson, with his own corps, consisting of the divisions of Ewell, A. P. Hill and Taliaferro, marched from Frederick via Boonesboro, and crossed the Potomac at Light's Ford, near Williamsport, and struck the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at North Mountain depot; pushing down the railroad to Martinsburg, where General White was encamped with a brigade of infantry.

White, seeing Jackson's approach in force from the west, retired to Bolivar Heights, and Jackson arrived opposite their fortified camp by noon of the 13th.

Immediately on arriving Jackson threw out signals for McLaws and Walker, and finding them both in position began preparations for attack. Their position on Bolivar was very strong and to attack directly from the front would entail a fearful loss of life, even if successful. The evening of the 13th and all of the 14th was spent in reconnoitring and massing the troops in the best positions. McLaws and Walker were ready for the fray, but they could fight only with artillery. McLaws had hauled by hand two Parrott guns to the top of Maryland Heights and Walker had pulled also by hand a whole battery to the top of Loudoun.

In front of Bolivar Jackson had placed in position the batteries of Poague, Carpenter, Latimer, McIntosh, Davidson, Braxton and Crenshaw. It was not until the night of the 14th that his plans were fully formed. During that night he sent his chief of artillery, Colonel S. Crutchfield, with ten guns of Ewell's division, across the Shenandoah to take position on the western slopes of Loudoun Heights. The position taken by these guns, while not taken until the last moment, was the key to the situation. They took the place of Jackson's usual flank movement. They were not only just the right height to throw shot effectually, but completely enfiladed the enemy's breastworks and trenches.

At daylight of the 15th, as soon as the lifting fog revealed the dark lines of the enemy, a sharp ring of a rifled cannon from the top of Maryland Heights, followed as by an echo from Loudoun and taken up by Crutchfield, told that the work had begun. The enemy replied with spirit. They had seventy-three

pieces of artillery, one battery being siege guns or thirty-pounder Parrotts, but the elevated position of McLaws and Walker gave them decidedly the drop, not only on the big guns but on the whole Federal line.

Crutchfield's guns, taking the enemy in reverse, did terrific execution. It now was only a question of time and ammunition for these guns to do the work. Nearly every shot told and they came thick and fast. The enemy shifted to take every possible advantage of such ground as would shield them, and if they could only hold out until evening, McClellan would come to the rescue; he was even then threatening McLaws' rear. D. H. Hill had heroically held him in check at the South Mountain Pass on the previous evening; but Hill could not hold at bay McClellan's whole army, and retired at nightfall before it. Through his signal corps Jackson received hourly messages of McClellan's approach and position.

At 10 A. M., when the artillery had seemed to accomplish as much as desired, or McClellan's advance was getting hazardous, Jackson rode to A. P. Hill, who commanded his leading division, and said: "General Hill, charge and give them the bayonet." Hill was a soldier of few words. He merely bowed and turned towards his command. Before riding a dozen paces, he motioned to a trooper in his escort, and from the trooper's bugle rang out "the advance!" Now, for it! The men sprang forward with wonderful alacrity. They expected nothing but shot and canister. The enemy seemed more in commotion, doubtless anticipating the work before

them. Suddenly a white flag was seen on their works. What could it mean? Surely not surrender! That flag was looked at with distrust.

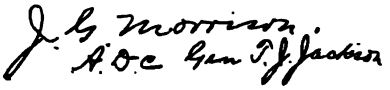
About this time the officer in command of the garrison received a death wound. Some claimed that the shot which killed him was fired after the white flag was hoisted, but if this were so it was because the smoke before some of the guns was so dense that the flag was not seen.

Jackson and A. P. Hill moved forward to receive the surrender. They had been watching the effect of the shot and probably anticipated it more than the line. The Federals stacked their arms and took position in line a few paces to the rear of their guns. As General Jackson rode with his staff through the Federal lines they gazed with curiosity, then began to lift their caps, and finally cheered lustily. Jackson raised his old gray cap and galloped down into the village, directing A. P. Hill to receive the surrender.

This was probably the largest capture made by the Confederates during the war. Eleven thousand prisoners, thirteen thousand stand of arms, seventy-three pieces of artillery, besides abundant supplies of ordnance, medical and commissary stores, were the fruits of this victory.

Two days later, during the battle of Sharpsburg, Jackson's men were using these same guns and ammunition against McClellan, and whilst fighting that battle were living upon their rations and using their medical stores for the relief of the wounded. More than once during Jackson's Valley campaigns did this occur.

After the battle of Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry was again occupied by the Federals, and from then until the close of the war they were permitted to study the beauties of nature and to meditate upon what was and what might have been.



STATUE OF GENERAL JACKSON, RICHMOND, VA.

(See description page 632.)

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

By Colonel F. W. M. Holliday. *

(Ex-Governor of Virginia.)

Most of the actors in the world's drama are those who come and go and perform their work without enchaining our highest attention and admiration. Now and then an individual appears marking his advent and stay with evidences of marvellous superiority to his contemporaries in some high sphere of human action. We can not always define by name his splendid traits and, for want of a better term, we say he is gifted among mortals with genius. Such was "Stonewall" Jackson; he was conspicuously and startlingly the very genius of war.

Save his experience in Mexico, where he gave promise of his coming greatness, he led a retired and unobtrusive life of peace; but whilst thus unobtrusive and seemingly unaspiring, his vigorous and incisive intellect did not rest, nor his towering ambition to achieve things good and great slumber.

* Colonel F. W. M. Holliday commanded the Thirty-third Virginia Infantry, was assigned to General Jackson's brigade and was with him on every march and in every fight, without the loss of a single day, until he lost his right arm at the battle of "Cedar Run" or "Slaughter Mountain." Unfitted on the field by this loss and sickness, he was elected to the Second Confederate Congress and was a member at the time of the surrender; was Governor of Virginia 1878–1882.

He made no display of either, but pursued the even tenor of his way, modestly but faithfully performing all things that were given him to do, his lofty qualities being known only to those who knew him well.

But the opportunity in due time came with the coming of the Confederate War. Carrying the cause in his mind and upon his heart, he went among the earliest into the army to vindicate it. Fortunately for both, he was assigned to a brigade composed of the *elite* of the young men in every walk and sphere in the Valley of Virginia, from Harper's Ferry to Bristol. He and his men seemed, like kindred spirits, to sympathize from the beginning, and in the first great battle, by their heroic courage and fortitude, conferred upon him the name which he ever after bore, and which he, in turn, lifted to an immortality of fame.

It was my fortune and fate to have been a member of that brigade. I was thrown much with its commander and knew him in the privacy of his tent and by his side upon the march and in the fury of the fight. In the former, he was ever the intelligent, self-contained and earnest gentleman, spending no idle time, studying the field of his operations and mastering the details of his work; in the latter he was the same, his faculties not excited, only exalted, by the imminence of the position or of the crisis and in perfect self-possession commanding the situation.

In the quiet of his headquarters his plans were formed, slowly perhaps, but with intense study. When formed, he was ready; ordering his tent to

be struck and putting himself at the head of his columns, with unbounded confidence in himself and his men, who reciprocated that confidence, he moved and struck with the swiftness and fierceness of an eagle upon his quarry. And victory always followed.

In two years' time he rose from comparative obscurity into world-wide renown, and his fame girdled the earth. So modest and retiring and self-denying had been his life, that with each promotion apprehension prevailed that he might not be equal to a higher and more enlarged arena; but his abilities showed themselves greater than his field of action, and he rose from station to station, adding fresh laurels to his crown of victory till reliance in him became supreme and men's heads grew dizzy as they tried to follow "the bright track of his fiery car."

True greatness never ceases to command admiration. It grows with the lapse of years, which scrutinizes its elements and, sifting its adventitious, preserves its real, qualities. Nearly a century has gone since Washington and Napoleon acted their part, but the longing to know them increases, and data are gathered from every quarter to learn the sources of their power. The latter, in the contemplation of their respective careers, said the fame of his illustrious contemporary would wax, whilst his would wane. Time has proven that he was right. No one disputes the amazing intellectual genius of Napoleon, whilst deploring his moral weakness; all bow with spontaneous admiration before the colossal character of Washington, blending the intel-

lectual and the moral in almost sublime proportions.

"Stonewall" Jackson, like the truly great, will likewise grow greater with the centuries. He had all the brilliant military genius of Napoleon, and, considering the brief duration of his career, achieved more marvels in the field of arms. He had the moral qualities of Washington. His life was stainless even of a suspicion, while it was full of the sweetest and gentlest charities, and his burning patriotism was swallowed up in his religious faith.

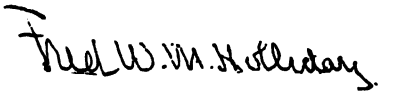
History will be full to bursting of his public work and his name will widen with the ages. His deeds will become a school, in which the science of war will be studied, and volumes will be written upon his methods and his character.

But the profounder student will want to know, and the world at large, whose common sentiment is at last more searching than the learned, what was the private life of this martial wonder? How often genius alone fails to stand the turning on of that keen light!

His wife alone, most competent to know, has told us this with beautiful and winning simplicity and grace, in the story of that inner life; how true, how modest, how devoted he was, how the fierce thunderbolt of war was interwoven through and through with the tenderest Christian virtues.

This new edition of her book will, doubtless, after awhile, be followed by others in quick succession, by wide demand. The scholar will take interest in the study of the elements of his renown and

the central forces of his success; the masses will be elevated by viewing the unpretending and self-forgetting character of the man who carried by storm all hearts, as well as all opposition in the battle; parents will put this story in the hands of their children, that they may learn how goodness makes all greatness greater.



GENERAL T. J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.
From a medallion in the possession of Mrs. Jackson.

APPENDIX.

In adding an appendix, my desire is to place upon the same lasting basis as this book a record of two great statues which have been erected to the memory of General Jackson. These expressions have voiced the feeling, both in England and in this land, that he was worthy to stand alongside the heroes of the past, whose statues have been such an inspiration to the men of our country since the Revolution.

In my description of these statues, I have copied largely from the newspaper accounts of the celebration of the unveiling ceremonies—when Southern loyalty and devotion culminated in these lasting memorials of their beloved chieftain.

But these memorials are not confined alone to General Jackson's mother State, Virginia, to whom he was so true and devoted a son. The Louisiana Division of the Army of Northern Virginia testified their love for him by erecting an imposing statue in Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans, in 1881.

In Augusta, Ga., also, upon a handsome Confederate monument one figure represents General Jackson; and there may be other statues in the South I have not seen, but to which I would give just and grateful recognition.

No tribute that has ever been paid to the memory of General Jackson is fraught with more magnanimity and sympathetic admiration of his character than that of the presentation of the English statue

of him, which stands in the Capitol Square at Richmond, Va.

The Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M. P., was the representative of his countrymen in making this grand offering to the State of Virginia, as the following interesting letter from him to Governor Kemper will show:

"ARKLOW HOUSE, CONNAUGHT PLACE,
LONDON, March 2, 1875.

"SIR,—When the news reached England of the death of General T. J. Jackson (so well known as 'Stonewall' Jackson), a subscription was spontaneously organized in this country, among persons who admired the character of that truly great man, to procure a statue of him which they might present to his native country as a tribute of English sympathy and admiration. The work was intrusted to a most distinguished artist (the late Mr. J. H. Foley, R. A.), and although its progress was delayed by the ill health of the sculptor and by his conscientious desire for the accuracy of the portrait, and, latterly, by his death, it has been brought to a successful conclusion in the form of a standing statue of heroic size, cast in bronze. It is a very noble work of art and, it is hoped and believed, a faithful likeness.

"As representing the subscribers, it is now my pleasurable duty to ask you whether the State of Virginia will accept this memorial of its distinguished son, and tribute of English sympathy, and would guarantee its erection in some conspicuous spot in Richmond. If the answer is favorable, I would take the necessary steps to forward the statue

to its destination. It is the privilege of members of our Royal Academy of Arts that the works of a deceased Academician may be contributed to the exhibition immediately succeeding his death. It is considered due alike to the artist and the subject that the English people should have the opportunity of seeing the statue before it leaves this country forever.

"The annual exhibition of the Academy closes about the beginning of August, after which date no delay need take place in forwarding the statue to Virginia. I have the honor to remain, sir,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE,

"M. P. for University of Cambridge."

From the message of Governor Kemper (who was himself a gallant, wounded Confederate soldier), communicating Mr. Hope's letter to the General Assembly, the following extract is worthy of preservation:

"It revives no animosities of the past, it wounds the sensibilities of no good man of whatever party or section, to honor and revere the name of Jackson. All the world knows that the earth beneath which his body lies covers the ashes of a patriot and hero, whose greatness shed lustre on the age in which he lived. His example belongs to mankind, and his deeds and virtues will be cherished by all the coming generations of the great American republic as among the proudest memories of a common glory. Many others are now the objects of higher honors and louder praises. But when the accidents of fortune and success shall no longer determine the value of

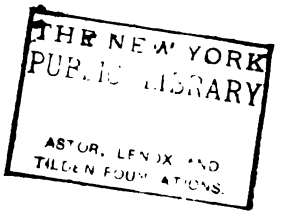
principles and achievements, when the names of others now more applauded shall have been swept into oblivion by the hand of time, the memory of Stonewall Jackson, like that of his great commander, Lee, will continue to grow brighter as the centuries pass into history."

The unveiling of the statue took place on the 26th of October, 1876. The day was one of autumn's richest splendor, and the city was beautifully and appropriately decorated. The flags of Great Britain and the United States waved together—pennants, evergreens and flowers expressed in emblematic and figurative designs the crowning sentiment of the occasion: "England's Tribute to Virginia Valor." From all parts of the country (but chiefly from the South) came such a multitude as had not assembled in Richmond since the close of the war.

The procession was immense and imposing—General Joseph E. Johnston, as chief marshal, with his staff, leading; then General Jackson's staff, without a leader; the Stonewall Brigade; a long line of old officers and soldiers of the Confederate Army, including infantry and cavalry; the dignitaries of the State, citizens and visitors. Bands of music were interspersed and the whole pageant was as grand as love and veneration for the dead could make it. The ceremonies of unveiling were opened with prayer by Bishop Doggett, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Governor Kemper then made a cordial and graceful speech of welcome, in which he said: "With a mother's tears and love, with ceremonies to be chronicled in her archives and transmitted to the latest posterity, the Common-

(Front View.)

FOLEY'S ENGLISH STATUE OF GEN. T. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON, RICHMOND, VA.


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

wealth this day emblazons the virtues and consecrates in enduring bronze the image of her mighty dead. Not for herself alone, but for the sister States whose sons he led in war, Virginia accepts and she will proudly preserve the sacred trust now consigned to her perpetual custody. Not for the Southern people only, but for every citizen of whatever section of the American Republic, this tribute to illustrious virtue and genius is transmitted to the coming ages, to be cherished, as it will be, with national pride as one of the noblest memorials of a common heritage of glory. Nay, in every country and for all mankind, Stonewall Jackson's career of unconscious heroism will go down as an inspiration, teaching the power of courage, and conscience, and faith, directed to the glory of God."

The Governor closed his brief address by presenting the orator of the day, as "the companion and friend of Jackson, the reverend man of God—Moses D. Hoge."

Dr. Hoge has long been known as the great pulpit power of Richmond. His address held the vast audience spell-bound for over an hour—his burning eloquence and magnetism deeply moving the hearts of the people and eliciting the warmest enthusiasm and applause.

At the close of the oration, the statue was unveiled amid thunders of artillery, music and the most enthusiastic applause.

A touching incident of the occasion was a call from the old soldiers to see little Julia, the only living representative of General Jackson, then twelve years of age. She was accordingly led upon the

In connection with the account of English love and liberality, as expressed by this statue, it may not be inappropriate to add several expressions of the same feeling from other sources, yet still English.

FROM THE LONDON TIMES, MAY 26TH.

"The Confederate laurels won on the field of Chancellorsville must be twined with the cypress. . . . Even on this side of the ocean the gallant soldier's fate will everywhere be heard of with pity and sympathy. Not only as a brave man fighting for his country's independence, but as one of the most consummate generals that this century has produced, 'Stonewall' Jackson will carry with him to his early grave the regrets of all who can admire greatness and genius. From the earliest days of the war he has been conspicuous for the most remarkable military qualities. That mixture of daring and judgment, which is the mark of 'Heaven-born' generals, distinguished him beyond any man of his time. Although the young Confederacy has been illustrated by a number of eminent soldiers, yet the applause and devotion of his countrymen, confirmed by the judgment of European nations, have given the first place to General Jackson. The military feats he accomplished moved the minds of people with astonishment, which it is only given to the highest genius to produce. The blows he struck at the enemy were as terrible and decisive as those of Bonaparte himself. The march by which he surprised the army of Pope last year would be enough in itself to give him a high place in military history. But, perhaps, the crowning glory of his

life was the great battle in which he fell. When the Federal commander, by crossing the river twelve miles above his camp and pressing on, as he thought, to the rear of the Confederates, had placed them between two bodies of his army, he was so confident of success as to boast that the enemy was the property of the Army of the Potomac. It was reserved to Jackson, by a swift and secret march, to fall upon his right wing, crush it, and by an attack unsurpassed in fierceness and pertinacity, to drive his very superior forces back into a position from which he could not extricate himself except by flight across the river."

FROM THE LONDON TELEGRAPH, MAY 27TH.

. . . "Add to the splendid valor of a Murat the fervid faith of a Cromwell and the unbroken success of a Havelock, and we have a captain whose waving sword and fearless voice the Southern whites would have followed 'to the pit.'

"That he never lived to exchange a division for an army, a flying corps for the massed columns of the field of battle, may, perhaps, have been good for his fame, but the leader who could find the weak place in Hooker's line at Chancellorsville, and hurl his twenty-five thousand troops upon it so soon as found, as Jackson did, would surely have ripened into a renowned general. Assuredly the most fatal shot of the war to the Confederates, whether fired by friend or foe, was that which struck down the life of 'Stonewall' Jackson—a soldier, every inch of him, for whatever cause he contended."

Soon after the death of General Jackson, the

soldiers of the Stonewall Brigade sent to me the request that they might be permitted to erect a monument over the grave of their late commander.

As the war lasted two years after his decease, and as the brave old brigade was diminished by death, and finally impoverished by defeat, it was necessarily a long time before a monument could be raised. However, "A Jackson Memorial Association" was organized soon after the close of the war, and by dint of perseverance and patriotic loyalty, the object was crowned with success, after the lapse of thirty years. In the meantime the grave looked so neglected, and the turf around it was so trodden down by many visitors, that I had the plot enclosed with an iron railing, and a simple marble headstone, inscribed with his name only, and a footstone bearing his initials, placed at the grave. This unpretentious monument marked his resting place for nearly thirty years, and was frequently commented upon as being singularly appropriate for a man of General Jackson's simplicity and humility of character.

When, however, the bronze statue was ready for erection, this plot was not large enough for it, and the remains of General Jackson and his two children (one an infant, and the other his daughter, Julia, who died a wife and mother) were removed to a larger and more commanding lot, near by, in the same cemetery.

This handsome monument now stands over the dust of the hero, as a testimonial of the love and veneration of his soldiers and friends throughout the South. To the ladies of Lexington great credit

is due for their noble efforts in collecting funds for this monument. They worked long and faithfully, not only with their own hands, but in holding bazaars and entertainments that yielded large returns, which, with true patriotism, they poured into the treasury of the association.

The monument was unveiled on the 21st of July, 1891, which was the thirtieth anniversary of the first battle of Manassas, in which General Jackson won his first laurels as a warrior of immortal fame. In describing the statue and the scenes of its unveiling, extracts have been culled from the newspapers of that date:

"The bronze statue is of heroic size and represents the commander in uniform, standing, with a pair of field-glasses in his right hand, which he has just lowered, and his left hand placed on the top of his sword hilt, his weight resting upon the left leg and sword point. The figure is eight feet high, and rests upon a granite pedestal ten feet and six inches high, giving it from the ground to the top of the figure a height of nineteen feet and two inches. The pedestal is noble for its simplicity, chasteness of style and fit adaptation to the rest of the work. From foundation to cap-stone it is devoid of artistic ornamentation. The north face of the middle stone bears the word, '**STONEWALL**' and the opposite face the name, '**JACKSON**' and the dates of birth and death, '**1824–1863.**' The other two sides are blank. The conception of the whole figure is life-like and natural. The commanding posture and the keen and steady gaze impress the beholder with the idea that Jackson is watching a charge or

some important movement of his troops, and his expression indicates that things are progressing satisfactorily."

The sculptor was Virginia's gifted son, Edward V. Valentine.

"Nature seemed to smile upon the day of the unveiling, which was celebrated amid the glad acclaim of thousands. It was the tribute of a brave and intelligent people to a man whom they regarded as representing the highest type of their civilization, a man of rare genius and of a sturdy virtue hardly less astounding."

"The bright uniform of the soldiers mingled with the sober garb of the citizens. Strains of music from many bands awakened the echoes about the usually quiet town. The tread of a vast multitude was heard upon its streets. Old veteran soldiers gathered in groups and discussed incidents of life around the camp-fire and on the battle-field when with their old commander, and when the jest and laugh went round younger men wondered whether war was, after all, so terrible as it seemed.

"The decorations of the streets and buildings were in keeping with Jackson's views — simple and plain, yet beautiful; the designs showed the taste and the feeling of the people as well as the sentiment they wished to express — 'Welcome to all!'

"At the Virginia Military Institute bunting and flags of all descriptions floated from every conspicuous place. But the section-room on the second floor, once used by Jackson, was the place of beauty. Entering the room, on one side there was a pyramid of potted flowers three feet high, near the chair occu-

pied by General Jackson as an instructor, the chair being garlanded with flowers, in front of a simple pine table once used by him. To the left, a blackboard bearing the inscription, 'He fought a good fight.' To the front, a stand of guns, with the marker's flag of the regiment. On another blackboard was the inscription: 'Lieutenant-General Jackson's body lay in state in this tower, May 14th, 1863.' Next to this was the printed order of his funeral at that time. On another blackboard was inscribed: 'Elected to the chair of experimental philosophy and military tactics, 1851.' To the right of the professor's chair were three rows of plain bench seats, suggestive of a recitation. The whole was simple, but exceedingly impressive."

"The streets of the town were spanned with triumphal arches, which were very handsome and striking. Upon one was written, in immense letters, at the top the name of Stonewall Jackson, and upon its columns the battles fought by him.

"Five other arches had inscribed upon them the five following beautiful couplets, composed by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston:

"'Faith that could not yield
Was the legend of his shield.'

"'Welcome for all who live,
Tears for all who die.'

"'From the fields of death and fame
Borne upon his shield he came.'

"'From the land for which he bled
Honor to the warrior dead.'

"'In the valley let me lie,
Underneath God's open sky.'

"On the arch over the cemetery gate was the quotation:

"'Nor braver bled for brighter lands."

"The exercises were held upon the campus of Washington and Lee University, and were opened

JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN AT FOUR YEARS.
(General Jackson's Granddaughter.)

with music by the Old Rockbridge Artillery Band.

"Rev. Dr. A. C. Hopkins, of Charleston, W. Va., known as 'the Fighting Chaplain' of the Stonewall Brigade, then offered an eloquent prayer."

General Wade Hampton next introduced General Jubal A. Early, who, after being greeted with great enthusiasm, delivered an address on the military life of General Jackson. General Early had been an

T. J. JACKSON CHRISTIAN AT THREE YEARS.
(General Jackson's Grandson.)

able and trusted lieutenant to his old commander, and was conspicuous as long as he lived for his unswerving devotion and loyalty to the Confederate cause.

"After the address the assemblage marched

through the beautifully decorated streets up to the cemetery, which was too small to hold a twentieth of the crowd. The military procession took their stand in a field adjoining the cemetery, in full view of the statue, and formed a phalanx of veterans as brave as those who stood invincible on the historic fields of Greece.

"Beside the statue was erected a little platform, covered with white, upon which those who were to unveil it should stand. A few minutes before the last of the soldiers had filed in, Mrs. Jackson, the wife, and little Julia Jackson Christian, aged four years, and Thomas J. Jackson Christian, aged three years, the grandchildren of 'Stonewall' Jackson, mounted the steps of the platform.

"When the signal gun sounded, the two little children, with united hands, pulled the cord, letting the veil fall, and the statue of the great Jackson stood revealed to the admiring gaze of the thousands around it. The cannoneers of the old Rockbridge Artillery at the foot of the hill announced the event with fifteen guns, from the cannon which they used at First Manassas, and a shout such as these quiet precincts never before heard rent the air. It was answered by the veterans on the other side with an old-fashioned 'rebel yell.' The reverberating hills took it up and echo carried it into the deep recesses of the blue mountains, where it died away into sweet musical cadences, and was lost in the distance. The armed infantry fired volleys until it sounded as if a real battle was in progress.

"Heart saluted unto heart and was silent. Such a scene had never been witnessed in this land.

'Behold how they loved him!' said one, and it was spoken with deepest reverence. Two well-known officers who served under Jackson, both well scarred, were sitting near each other on their horses. Each remarked the silence of the other and, casting side glances, each saw the other in tears. 'I'm not ashamed of it, Snowden!' 'Nor I, old boy,' responded the other, as he tried to smile.

"When, after the unveiling, the column was marched past the monument, the old fellows looked up and then bowed their uncovered heads and passed on. But this silent parting was too much for one tall, gaunt soldier of the old brigade, who, as he passed out of the cemetery, stopped, and looked back for a moment at the life-like figure of his general, and then waving his old gray hat towards it, cried out: 'Good-bye, old man, good-bye; we've done all we could for you, good-bye!'

The New York *Herald*, in commenting on the occasion, said: "Judged by the criterion of success on the field, and especially by his celebrated Valley campaign, which he alone conducted, and which good military critics have compared with the most brilliant of Napoleon's campaigns, no general of the Southern armies, Lee excepted, was his superior either in tactical or strategical ability. With his fall at Chancellorsville, in the hour of his greatest victory, the sun of the Army of Northern Virginia began to set.

"But with all his genius for war Jackson combined a unique character for moral heroism and devotion to what he deemed his duty, which is justly the admiration of the best men of every sec-

tion of the Union. The demonstration at Lexington, therefore, can not be regarded as an attempt to fan the fires of sectional feeling. It was a spontaneous tribute to a great warrior and a great man."

Mr. George R. Wendling, a Northern man, in a magnificent lecture on this Southern hero, said: . . . "A personality so unique, a force so tremendous as Stonewall Jackson, is not projected into human affairs by chance. There must be for us a deep lesson, for our weal or woe as a nation, somewhere in the history of a man whose career bore with immeasurable weight upon our national existence. . . . The purpose of the war, apparently from the divine standpoint, was to select this man, in whose veins flowed no drop of Puritan blood, but only the purest strain of the cavalier, to which was joined the most rigid Puritanic religious convictions—and of a man so blended to make the fusing together the cavalier and Puritan of South and North, in the white crucible of war, and so to cement as never before those diverse and divergent elements and make the American nation."

WORDS FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"To-day Jackson stands in the opinion of Europeans, so far as I know it, the highest chieftain of the Confederate cause. This great academician, this silent professor, constantly rose like a meteor in brightness, for his light was steady as the orb of day, growing in power, increasing in brilliancy, and in the trust which the people reposed upon it."

During his captivity Mr. Davis also said:

"For glory Jackson had lived long enough, and if the result had to come, it was the divine mercy that removed him. He fell like the eagle, his own feather on the shaft that was dripping with his own life-blood.

"In his death the Confederacy lost an eye and an arm, our only consolation being that his summons could have reached no soldier more prepared to accept it joyfully."

Hon. William Porcher Miles, LL. D., president of the South Carolina College, in an address to young men, said:

"The deep religious enthusiasm of Jackson doubtless had much to do with the impression he made upon the Northern mind, especially in New England, where the stamp of the old Puritans remains indelible. There was, too, something of Cromwell about him, though with none of Cromwell's intrigue and personal ambition. His own exalted ideal of duty made him sternly exacting in requiring its discharge by others. He could not easily make allowances for the shortcomings of his subordinates; and indolence and inefficiency he held in lofty contempt. In one of his letters written to me as chairman of the Military Committee of the Confederate House of Representatives, urging the necessity of ridding the army of incompetent officers (and which, I may add, gave rise to what was called 'the army purging bill'), he used the following language:

"'Merit should be the only basis for promotion. A true patriot will not desire an office for which he is incompetent, and none but true patriots should

have office. Officers should be ready to ignore every idea of personal ease and comfort and *to place our cause above every earthly consideration.*'

"Noble words! How characteristic of the man! How unceasingly did his own example illustrate their precepts! Next to his duty to his God stood his duty to his country. In her cause he was willing to spend and be spent. No dangers could daunt, no perils dishearten, no odds dismay, no toil or fatigue subdue the indomitable soul of this Christian soldier. The physical strength, the sinews and muscles of his men and horses could not keep pace with his fiery ardor. He never seemed to feel the necessity of repose. He had a testimony in life to deliver, a mission to accomplish, and could not rest until the goal was attained. 'Rest!' he would have exclaimed in the words of John Wesley, 'Will I not have all eternity to rest in?'

"And he has gone to that rest. Across the broad and silent river he calmly passed, while victory still hovered over his banners, hopeful, trustful, happily unconscious of the impending ruin of that cause which he placed 'above every earthly consideration,' and for which he was ever ready to lay down his life. Truly he might have said: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'"

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DYING WORDS.

By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.

"What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?
What is the mystical vision he sees?
—'*Let us pass over the river, and rest*
Under the shade of the trees.'

"Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks,
Under the shade of the trees?

"Is it the far Shenandoah, whose rush
Ofttime had come to him, borne on the breeze,
Over his tent, as he lay in the hush,
Under the shade of the trees?

"Nay—though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore,
Under the shade of the trees:—

"Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight,—
Heard the harps harping like soundings of seas,—
Saw earth's pure-hearted ones, walking in white,
Under the shade of the trees.

"Surely for *him* it was well,—it was best,—
War-worn, yet asking no furlough of ease,
There to pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees!"